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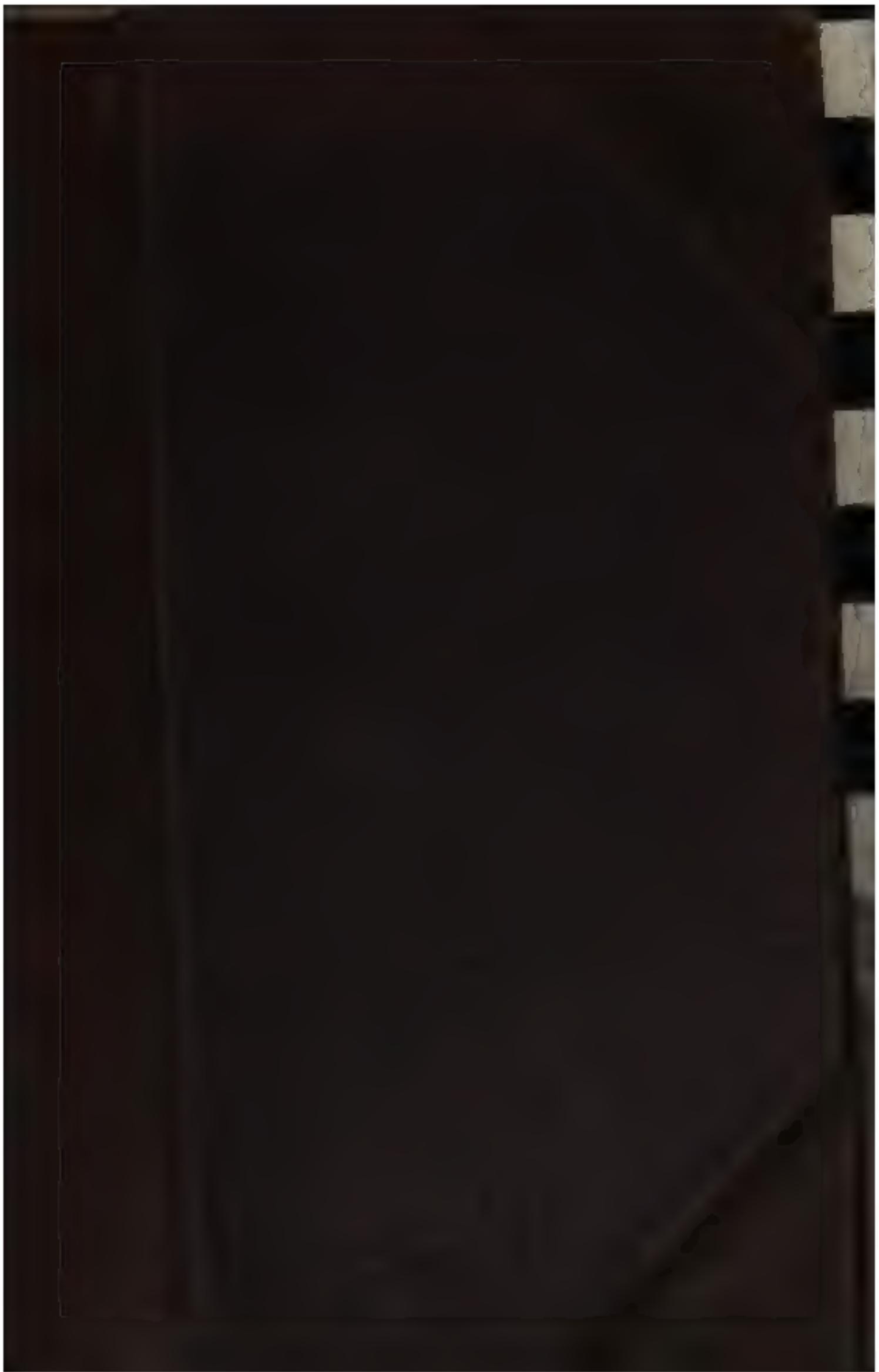
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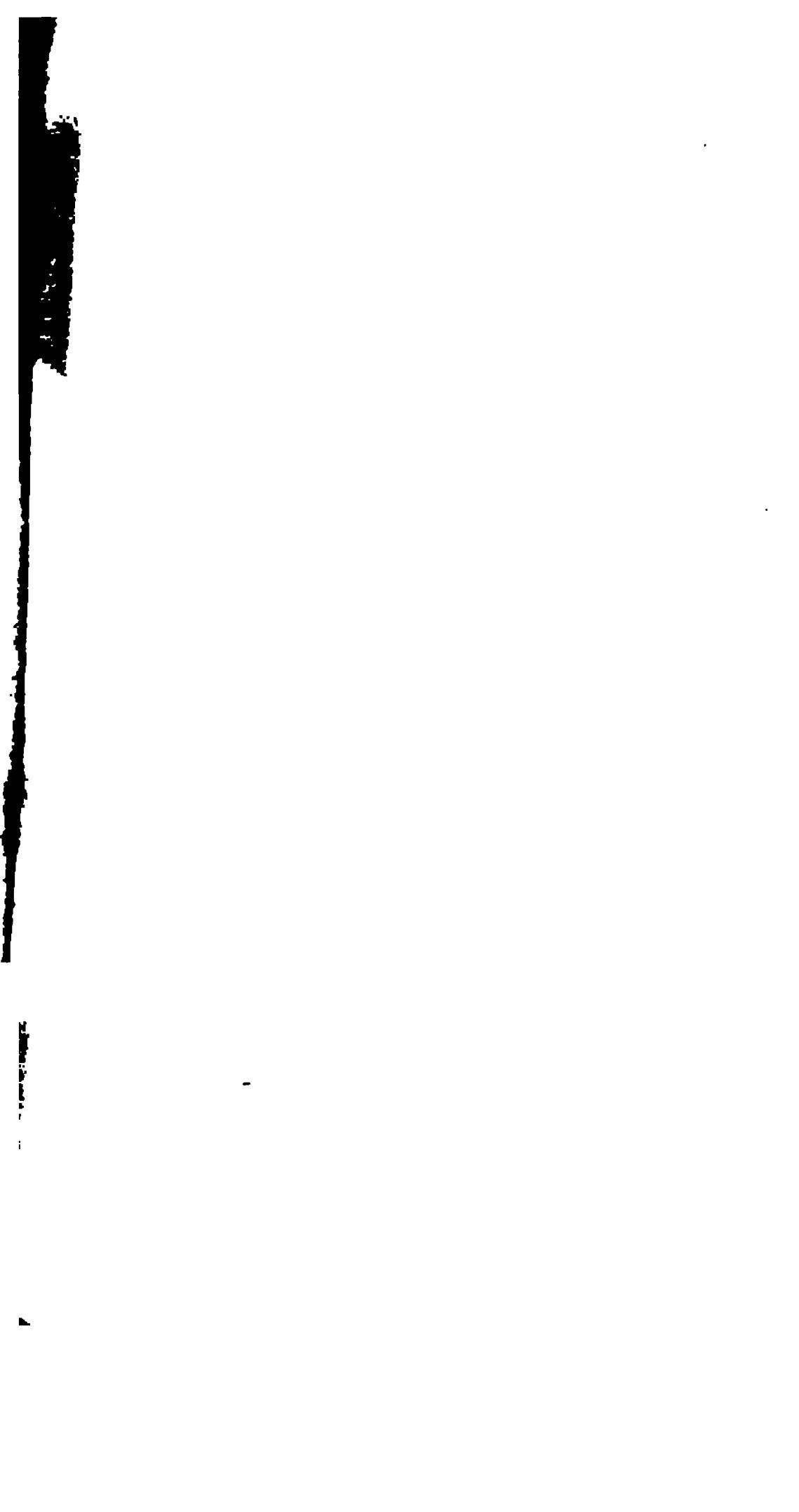
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H Y M N S,
ORIGINAL, AND SELECTED,
FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP,
AND
Private Devotion.
DESIGNED FOR
THE USE OF THE CONGREGATION
ASSEMBLING IN
RANELAGH CHAPEL,
Chelsea.

BY R. H. SHEPHERD,
Minister of Ranelagh Chapel.

“ Sing ye praises with understanding.”

PSALM xlvi. 7.

“ Speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs ; singing and making Melody in your Hearts unto the Lord.”

EPHES. v. 19.

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1818.

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TO THE

Church and Congregation

ASSEMBLING AT

RANELAGH CHAPEL.

Very many of you have frequently expressed your desire that I would prepare a *Hymn Book* for your use, which should include the majority of Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts, and also those which are in common use, from other Authors of eminence, I have at length complied; and although I am conscious of improvement in the present publication, yet I can assure you it has cost me very considerable labour and expense; but I never have, and I hope never shall, regret the employment of my best energies at the request, and for the welfare of those, to whom I am so cordially attached, and from whom I have received so many tokens of affection and esteem: and it affords me great pleasure to avail myself of this opportunity of leaving my fervent prayers for your present happiness and eternal salvation.

I have inserted many original Hymns, for which I am alone responsible. I intended to have distinguished these by a prefixed or added mark, to have screened them among my Friends, by the exercise of their affection for me, from the rigour of criticism. I hope, however, in such company as WATTS, DRIDGE, COWPER, NEWTON, TOPLADY, STEELE, and other names of equal veneration and value, they may escape, by serving as a foil to exhibit, with greater lustre, the beauties of Poetry and the character of Piety, to which, though they aspire, they have as yet attained.

That the present publication may, by the divine blessing, be made the means of instruction and consolation to many, is the fervent prayer of

Your affectionate Friend,

For Christ's sake,

R. H. SHEPHERD

Palace Street, Pimlico,

May 16, 1818.

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HYMNS.



PUBLIC WORSHIP.



1. *The Pleasure of Public Worship. (L. M.)*

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God ;
My God ! my King ! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee ?
- 3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy ways.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength, and, thro' the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

2. *God and his Church; or, Grace and Glory.* (L. M.)

- 1 **G**R EAT God, attend, while Sion sings,
The joy that from thy presence spring
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thine house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day :
God is our shield, he guards our way,
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey ;
And devils at thy presence flee ;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

3. Delight in Ordinances of Worship; or, God present in his Churches. (C. M.)

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts !
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Tho' in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving pow'r displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.

3 With his rich gifts, the heav'nly Dove
Descends and fills the place ;
While Christ reveals his wond'rous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will ;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode :
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God ?

6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove :
O make me, like the sparrows, blest,
To dwell but where I love.

7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within ;
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

4. *Longing for the House of God.* (P. M.)

I L ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young,
With pleasure seeks a nest ;
And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest :
My spirit faints
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears :

O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet !

PAUSE.

5 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside :

- Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence ;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence :

He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace,
And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves :
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls ;

Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts !
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

5. *An Invitation to Worship.* (C. M.)

- 1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King !
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem ;
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand ;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore ;
Come, kneel before his face ;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace !

6. *Praise for the Gospel.* (C. M.)

- 1 TO our Almighty Maker God,
New honours be addrest ;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.
- 2 He spake the word to Abr'am first ;
His truth fulfils the grace ;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her diff'rent tongues ;
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

7. A holy God worshipped with Reverence. (C. M.)

- 1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet ;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race ;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same ;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

8. Psalm C. Paraphased.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command !
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

9. *Public Thanks for Private Deliverances.*

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown ?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints, that fill thine house,
My off'rings shall be paid ;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God !
How dear thy servants in thy sight !
How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move ;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bands of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record ;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

10. *Praise to God from all Nations.* (C. M.)

1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue :
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land ;
Proclaim his grace abroad ;
For ever firm his truth shall stand ;
Praise ye the faithful God.

11. *The same.* (L. M.)

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

12. *The Enjoyment of Christ ; or, Delight in Worship.* (L. M.)

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone ;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see :
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire :
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare !
How sweet thy entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
In thee thy Father's glories shine ;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

13. *The same. (L. M.)*

- 1 L ORD, what a heav'n of saving grace
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name !
- 2 When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light ;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees !
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass thro' this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

14. *Call to Public Worship.* (L. M.)

- 1 A LL people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
 Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
 Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed !
 Without our aid he did us make ;
 We are his flock, he doth us feed,
 And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,
 Approach with joy his courts unto ;
 Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

15. *Introducing Public Worship.* (L. M.)

- 1 WITH one consent let all the earth,
 To God their cheerful voices raise ;
 Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
 And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed ;
 We, whom he chooses for his own,
 The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 God his sov'reign sway maintains ;
King o'er all the earth he reigns :
All to him lift up their eye ;
He does every want supply.
- 3 Sons of earth, the triumph join,
Praise him with the host divine ;
Emulate the heav'nly powers,
Their all-gracious God is *ours*.
- 4 Happy who his laws obey !
Them he rules with milder sway ;
Pure and holy hearts alone,
Shall in heaven surround his throne.
- 5 Him, whose joy is to restore,
Him, let all our hearts adore :
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,
“ Glory be to God on high.”

19. *For the Divine Presence.* (C. M.)

Psalm 140. 13.

- 1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our feeble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise !
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upwards to the skies !
- 3 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heav'nly flame ;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwelling here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,—
A heaven on earth appear.

10. *Praise to God. (P. M.)*

- 1 SING Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !
Sing with a cheerful voice ;
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice ;
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
Until in realms of endless light,
Your praises shall unite.
- 2 There we to all eternity
Shall join th' angelic lays ;
And sing in perfect harmony,
To God our Saviour's praise :
He hath redeem'd us by his blood,
Hath made us kings and priests to God :
For us, for us the Lamb was slain,
Praise ye the Lord. Amen.

11. *Delight in Public Worship. (L. M.)*

- 1 HOW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear !
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.
- 2 O bless the men, bless their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favours raise,
To dwell in these abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 Happy the men, whom strength divine,
With ardent love, and zeal inspires ;
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts, and warm desires.
- 4 One day within thy sacred gate,
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state :
The meanest place is bliss with thee.
- 5 God is a sun ; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows :
God is a shield, thro' all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.
- 6 He pours the kindest blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere ;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown,
The happy fav'rites of his care.
- 7 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest is he,
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes in thee.

22. *The Pleasures of Divine Worship.* (L. M.)

- 1 **G**OD of my strength ! to thee I cry,
To Thee, my surest refuge, fly :
O may thy light attend my way,
Thy truth afford its cheering ray !
- 2 Conduct me to thy hallow'd seat,
Where wisdom, truth, and mercy meet ;
And then, in all its blest array,
My soul with rapture fills !

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 Thy mercies, to my heart reveal'd,
A theme of endless transport yield :
Thy love does all my bosom fire,
Thy praise does all my song inspire.
- 4 In all our cares, in all our woes,
On God our steadfast hopes repose :
To God our thanks shall still be paid,
Our sure defence, our constant aid.

3. *The Promise pleaded.* (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HY gracious promise, Lord, we plead,
In mercy hear our cry :
Thine eye beholds our ev'ry need,—
Thy bounty will supply.
- 2 Where two or three are met to hear
The message of thy word ;
And pour their spirits out in prayer,
Before their Sov'reign Lord :
- 3 There thou thy servants, Lord, wilt own,
And manifest thy grace ;
And there would we approach thy throne,
And seek our Saviour's face.
- 4 How amiable thy courts appear,
To our enraptur'd sight ;
We love the place where Christ is near,
His temple's our delight.
- 5 Thy power and glory there we see,
'Tis there our strength's renew'd ;
Our burden'd spirit's there set free,
Our fainting soul finds food.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

- 6 When envy would impel a sigh,
 And urge the murmur'ring word ;
There we the sinner's end descry,
 And bow before the Lord.
- 7 Within thy house a place and name,
 My Saviour, grant to me ;
This, as my heritage I'd claim,
 For there I meet with thee.

24. *Gratitude, and Prayer.* (P. M.)

- 1 **W**HAT favour, Lord, that we should meet
 With saints around thy mercy-seat,
 And love the house of pray'r !
What once was weariness and pain,
Is now our choice, delight, and gain,
 The solace of our care !
- 2 O let returning sabbaths be
 A sign between our souls and thee,
 Of mercy, love, and peace :
This one desire we'll seek with zeal,
Within thy earthly courts to dwell,
 Until we see thy face !

FAMILY WORSHIP.

25. *Grateful Morning Worship.* (C. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD of my life, O may thy praise
 Employ my noblest powers,
 Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
 And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserv'd by thine Almighty arm,
 I pass'd the shades of night,
 Serene, and safe from every harm,..
 And see returning light.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

3 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes ;
In gentle sleep I clos'd mine eyes,
And undisturb'd repose.

4 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spire
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

5 O let the same Almighty care,
My waking hours attend ;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

26. *An Evening Hymn. (C. M.)*

1 THOU unexhausted mine of bliss,
From whence all comforts flow,
Inspire us with that perfect peace,
Which only Christians know.

2 The curtains of thy love extend
Around our calm abode :
As we began, so may we end
Our every day with God.

3 Our lives unhurt, thy hand hath kept ;
Accept the praise we pay,
For all the dangers we escap'd,
And mercies of the day.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

29. *Saturday Evening. (P. M.)*

- 1 **S**AFELY, through another week,
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek
On th' approaching sabbath-day :
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near !
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear !
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 3 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints :
Thus may all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above !

30. *Family Religion. (L. M.)*

- 1 **W**HERE'ER the Lord shall build my home
An altar to his name I'll raise ;
There morn and ev'ning shall ascend
The sacrifice of pray'r and praise.
- 2 With duteous mind the social band
Shall search the records of thy law ;
There learn thy will, and humbly bow
With filial reverence and awe.

BEFORE SERMON.

- 3 If num'rous blessings of the earth,
Indulgent providence afford,
With warm united hearts we'll pay
Our grateful tribute to the Lord.
- 4 Here may he fix his sacred seat,
And spread the banner of his love ;
Till, ripen'd for a happier state,
We meet th' assembled church above.

BEFORE SERMON.

31. *A Psalm before Sermon. (S. M.)*

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord :
We are his works, and not our own ;
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

BEFORE SERMON.

- 5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews
That unbelieving race ;
- 6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
“ You that despise my promis'd rest,
“ Shall have no portion there.”

32. *A Blessing implored.* (C. M.)

- 1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire,
With joy, and peace, and love !
- 2 Wake, heavenly wind, arise, and come,
Blow on the drooping field ;
Our spices then shall breath perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.
- 3 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim thy word ;
And bid us all devoutly keep
Attention to the Lord.

33. *Waiting for Divine Unction.* (P. M.)

- 1 SOURCE of light and power divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine ;
Lord, behold thy servant stands,
Lo, to thee he lifts his hands :
Satisfy his soul's desire,
Touch his lips with holy fire !
Source of light and power divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine.

BEFORE SERMON.

2 Breath thy Spirit, so shall fall
Unction sweet upon us all ;
Till, by odours scatter'd round,
Christ himself be traced and found ;
Then shall every raptur'd heart,
Rich in peace and joy, depart :
Source of light and power divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine.

4. *Before hearing the Word. (P.M.)*

1 Y E that in his courts are found,
List'ning to the gospel sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bloody sacrifice ;
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven :
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

5. *A Blessing requested. (P. M.)*

1 C OME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed :
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed ;
From the gospel,
Now supply thy people's need.

AFTER SERMON.

2 Help us all to ask the blessing,
Which thou waitest now to give :
May we all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

AFTER SERMON.

36. *A Blessing implored.* (C. M.)

1 A LMIGHTY God ! have we not heard
Once and again, thy voice ;
And has not conscience sometimes feared
And pierc'd us with its cries ?

2 Once and again we had a place
Beneath thy gospel's sound,
What dying beds, what opening graves
Have we been call'd around.

3 Have not thy Spirit's gentle gales
Whisper'd within our ears ?
Have not thy thunder's warning peals
Awak'd our drowsy fears ?

4 Blest Saviour ! let thy powerful grace
Bid thoughtless sinners live ;
And what thy word and rod require,
Let thy free Spirit give.

7. *Holy Resolutions.* (C. M.)

- 1 **A**ND does the kind Redeemer stoop,
In such reviving strains,
Diseased sinners to invite,
And heal their heart-felt pains ?
- 2 Will he on no account cast out
The penitent, that flies
To his kind arms, for life and grace,
And all salvation's joys ?
- 3 From age to age have coming souls
A hearty welcome found,—
Pleasures beyond whate'er they knew
In sin's enchanted round ?
- 4 Can they his truth and grace attest,
With their expiring breath,—
And find his word their trust in life,
Their cordial too in death ?
- 5 Be gone, my unbelieving fears,
Nor more, my soul, delay ;
Jesus, I come, and at thy feet
Fain would thy call obey.
- 6 Frown not away a soul that wants
Thy grace to trust and try,
Determin'd, if I perish, Lord,
Low at thy feet to die.

AFTER SERMON.

38. *For a Blessing on the Word.* (P. M.)

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow ;
The power is thine alone,
To make it spring and grow :
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

39. *After Sermon.* (P. M.)

- 1 **N**OW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep !
- 2 **M**ay he teach us to fulfil,
What is pleasing in his sight ;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night !
- 3 **T**o that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

40. *The same.* (P. M.)

- 1 **H**ASTEN, sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun :
The longer, wisdom you despise,
Harder is she to be won.

LORD'S DAY.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun :
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

LORD'S DAY.

41. *For a Lord's Day Morning.* (S. M.)

1 BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its Maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same ;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In ev'ry diff'rent land
Their gen'ral voice is known ;
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye British lands, rejoice ;
Here he reveals his word :
We are not left to Nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.

- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes :
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
- 6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit ;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.
- 7 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King
In my Redeemer's name.

42. *For a Lord's Day Morning* (S. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tomb
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just !
- For ever sure thy promise, Lord,—
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n.

3. *The Morning of a Lord's Day.* (C. M.)

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face:
 My thirsty spirit faints away,
 Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,
 Thro' all thy temple shine;
 My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
 That vision so divine !
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast
 Can please my soul so well,
 As when thy richer grace I taste,
 And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all her joys,
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
 As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
 I'll bless my God and King ;
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
 And tune my lips to sing.

4. *For the Lord's Day.* (L. M.)

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and si
 To shew thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

LORD'S DAY.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word :
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more :
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below :
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

45.

The same. (C. M.)

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
T He calls the hours his own ;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

LORD'S DAY.

- 3 Hosannah to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosannah, in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

16. *Delight in Ordinances.* (S. M.)

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day, amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

LORD'S DAY.

47. *The Lord's Day.* (C. M.)

- 1 BLESS'D morning, whose young dawi
Beheld our rising God ;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode ! [
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain ;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.
- 5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King ;
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and se:
With glad hosannas ring.

48. *For the Lord's Day Morning.* (L. M.)

- 1 A NOTHER six days' work is done,
Another sabbah is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest.

LORD'S DAY.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away :
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

49.

The same. (P. M.)

1 **A** WAKE, our drowsy souls,
And burst the slothful band,
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand :
Auspicious morn ! thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
Her dark domains confin'd :
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And 'midst their shouts THE GOD ascen-

LORD'S DAY.

3 O may we all from sin awake,
May all in heaven our places take,
Near our exalted Head !
May all our souls to heaven aspire,
In thought, in will, in strong desire,
To carnal pleasures dead !

56. *The Eternal Sabbath. (L. M.)*

1 L ORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house :
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love :
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress ;
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O, long expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

57. *The Sabbath Delightful.* (P. M.)

- 1 WHEN winds and waves unite to foil
The seaman's skill,—the care, the toil
With which he feels opprest ;
When he surveys the low'ring skies,
Then hope and fear alternate rise,
Within his troubled breast.
- 2 But if the raging storm subside,
And that for which he deeply sigh'd—
A pleading calm succeed ;
He sure enjoys the pleasure more,
From what his mind had felt before,
And then is blest indeed.
- 3 So after six days toil and strife,
Engag'd in busy scenes of life,
How sweet the Sabbath day !
A day of rest, a day of peace,
When we from all our labours cease,
Our solemn vows to pay.
- 4 When we in Jesu's courts attend,
Our hearts and voices shall ascend,
And join the heavenly lays ;
'Tis pleasant to our souls to sing,
The honour of our God and King,
And celebrate his praise.
- 5 O may we on that day of rest,
With sweet refreshing peace be blest,
And greater light and love !
Thus may it be till life is past,
And then may we enjoy at last
More perfect rest above.

8. *The Sabbath. (P. M.)*

- 1 **H**AIL, peaceful morn ! thy dawn I hail
 How do thy hours my mind regale
 With feasts of heav'nly joy !
 Nor can I half thy blessings name,
 Which kindle in my soul a flame,
 And all my pow'r's employ.
- 2 Thou hallow'd season of repose,
 Thou balm to sooth the throbbing woes
 Of this care-stricken breast :
 Thy sacred hours I'll ever greet,
 And with the faithful will I meet,
 To taste thy holy rest.
- 3 How shall I best improve thy hours ?
 Lord, on me shed, in copious show'rs,
 Thy spirit and thy grace !
 That when thy sacred courts I tread,
 My soul may eat the heavenly bread,
 And sing Jebovah's praise !
- 4 May every sermon, like the dew,
 Gently distil, refresh, renew,
 And console the mind :
 Receiv'd with meekness, truth, and love,
 Engrafted, fruitful may it prove,
 And leave its joy behind.
- 5 Then to my chamber I'll repair,
 With awe to talk with God in pray'r,
 And all my griefs to tell :
 His kind compassion will relieve,
 His bounteous hand will mercies give,
 With mourners he will dwell.

PRAYER MEETINGS, &c.

6 Thus may my Sabbath pass away,
My best, my holiest, happiest day,
The sweetest of the seven ;
But yet a rest for saints remains,
A Sabbath free from cares and pains,
Eternal and in heav'n !

PRAYER MEETINGS, &c.

9. *For a Spirit of Prayer. (P. M.)*

1 JESU, thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeblest followers call,
And O instruct us how to pray !
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face !

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till thou, who call'dst a world from nought,
The power into our hearts inspire ;
And then we in the spirit groan,
And then we give thee back thy own.

3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
Of all thy tempted followers here !
And now supply the common want,
And send us down the Comforter :
The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
And fix thy agent in our heart.

PRAYER MEETINGS, &c.

4 To help our soul's infirmity,
 To heal thy sin-sick people's care,
To urge our God-commanding plea,
 And make our heart a house of prayer ;
The promis'd Intercessor give,
 And let us now thyself receive.

5 Come in thy pleading Spirit down,
 To us who for thy coming stay :
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
 We ask the constant power to pray :
Indulge us, Lord, in this request ;
 Thou canst not then deny the rest.

60. *Christian Fellowship.* . (C. M.)

1 GIVER of concord, Prince of peace,
 Meek Lamb-like Son of God,
Bid our unruly passions cease,
 O quench them with thy blood.

2 Rebuke the seas, the tempest chide,
 Our stubborn will controul ;
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,
 And calm our troubled soul.

3 O let thy love our hearts constrain,
 Jesus, the crucify'd ;
What hast thou done our hearts to gain ?
 Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd !

4 Who would not now pursue the way,
 Where Jesu's footsteps shine ?
Who would not own the pleasing sway
 Of charity divine !

PRAYER MEETINGS, &c.

5 O let us find the ancient way,
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
“ See how these Christians love !”

61. *The Throne of Grace. (P. M.)*

- 1 WHEN Hannah, press'd with grief,
Pour'd forth her soul in prayer;
She quickly found relief,
And left her burden there;
Like her, in every trying case,
Let us approach the throne of grace.
- 2 Though men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour:
The saints, from age to age,
Are safe from all their power;
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the throne of grace !
- 3 Numbers before have tried,
And found the promise true;
Nor one been yet denied,
Then why should I or you?
Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the throne of grace.

62. *Encouragement to Pray. (P. M.)*

- 1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door;
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

PRAYER MEETINGS, &c.

- 2 The beggar's usual plea
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain ;
And pleas which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to bear.
- 3 'Twere folly to pretend
I never begg'd before ;
Or, if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more :
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.
- 4 Nor can I willing be,
Thy bounty to conceal,
From others, who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel ;
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

63. *The Lord's Prayer, Paraphrased.* (L. M.)

- 1 OUR holy *Father*, all thy will,
We fain would perfectly fulfil,
But each has left thy law undone,
Unworthy to be call'd thy son.
- 2 *Who art in heaven*, enthron'd on high,
Diffusing glory from the sky,
Reigning above, on earth rever'd,
By saints belov'd, by sinners fear'd.
- 3 For ever hallow'd be thy name,
The triune God, the bright I AM ;
At which seraphic choirs, and all
The hosts of heaven, adoring, fall.

PRAYER MEETINGS, &c.

- 4 *Thy kingdom come, even now we wait
Thy glory to participate :
Rule in our hearts, unrivall'd reign,
Nor e'er withdraw thyself again.*
- 5 *Thy will, thy law, thy precept given,
Be done on earth as 'tis in heaven,
Faithful as angels, fain would we
With cover'd faces wait on thee.*

34. *For a Prayer Meeting. (L. M.)*

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
J There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
- 5 Behold ! at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord ;
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

PRAAYER MEETINGS, &c.

6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own !

65. *The same. (L. M.)*

- 1 WHERE two or three with sweet accord
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn pray'r and praise :
- 2 " There, (says the Saviour,) will I be,
" Amid this little company ;
" To them unveil my smiling face ;
" And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word ;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

66. *The same. (L. M.)*

- 1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and me by grace 'tis giv'n
To know the Saviour's precious name ;
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

BAPTISM.

- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus ;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who liv'd, and dy'd, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffer'd for us here below ;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

BAPTISM.

67. *Baptism.* Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38. (L. M.)

- 1 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
" Go, teach the nations, and baptize ;
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov'nant with the seals,
To bless the distant British lands.
- 3 " Repent, and be baptiz'd, (he saith,)
" For the remission of your sins ;"
And thus *our sense* assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.

BAPTISM.

- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean ;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.
- 5 Then we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord ;
O may the great Eternal Three,
In heav'n our solemn vows record !

68. *Children devoted to God in Baptism.*

Gen. xvii. 7. Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33. (L. M.)

- 1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
 “ I'll be a God to thee ;
“ I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
 “ Shall be a seed for me.”
- 2 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
 And gave his son to God ;
But water seals the blessing now,
 That once was seal'd with blood.
- 3 Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house,
 When she receiv'd the word ;
Thus the believing jailor gave
 His household to the Lord.
- 4 Thus later saints, Eternal King !
 Thine ancient truth embrace ;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
 And humbly claim thy grace.

69. *Circumcision and Infant Baptism. (C. M.)*

- 1 THUS did the sons of Abra'm pass
 Under the bloody seal of grace ;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
 Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

BAPTISM.

By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's covenant, and his love ;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

Their seed is sprinkled with his blood ;
Their children set apart for God ;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

Let ev'ry saint, with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice ;
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abra'm praise.

*Faith assisted by Sense, or Preaching, Baptism,
and the Lord's Supper. (C. M.)*

MY Saviour God, my sov'reign Prince,
Reigns far above the skies !
And brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.

My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
They read and hear his word :
My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.

Baptismal water is design'd
To seal his cleansing grace,
While at his feast of bread and wine
He gives his saints a place.

But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean,
As by his *Spirit and his blood*
He'll wash my soul from sin.

BAPTISM.

- 5 Not choicest meats, or noblest wines,
 So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes thro' the signs,
 And feeds upon his flesh.
- 6 I love the Lord, who stoops so low,
 To give his word a seal :
But the rich grace his hands bestow,
 Exceeds the figures still.

71. *Infant Baptism. (S. M.)*

- 1 **G**R EAT God, now condescend
 To bless our rising race ;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
 The subjects of thy grace.
- 2 O what a vast delight
 Their happiness to see !
Our warmest wishes all unite
 To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 Now bless, thou God of love,
 This ordinance divine ;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
 And make these children* thine.

72. *The same. (L. M.)*

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, descend from hi
 Baptizer of our spirits thou !
The sacramental seal apply,
 And witness with the water now.

* Or, this infant.

BAPTISM.

2 Exert thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood ;
May Father, Son, and Spirit join,
To seal this child, a child of God.

73. *The same. (L. M.)*

1 ETERNAL God, in whom we live,
From whom all blessings we receive ;
Ourselves and ours we owe to thee,
And thine we would for ever be.

2 To thee our infant babe we bring,
As a most cheerful offering ;
Accept him, Lord, as henceforth thine,
While we our right to thee resign.

3 Lord, in that cov'nant which we share,
O may he have his int'rest there ;
And to the outward seal here giv'n,
Do thou annex his seal in heav'n.

4 Now let the whole assembly here,
Find thee the God of Israel near ;
Thy choicest blessings, Lord, impart,
And cheer and quicken ev'ry heart.

74. *The same. (P. M.)*

1 HOLY Child, our children take
With thyself on us bestow'd,
Partners of thy nature make,
Bless and bring them up for God.

2 Give them in thy grace to grow,
Favourites of the Deity,
Favourites of thy saints below,
Perfectly conform'd to thee.

BAPTISM.

75.

The same. (P. M.)

1 WHO is this tender-hearted Friend,
That doth for helpless children c
That doth my little ones defend,
And in his gentle bosom bare ?
The arms, within whose soft embrace
With joy my sleeping babes I see,
They measure uncreated space,
And comprehend eternity.

2 Thy hands upon our children lay,
And bless them in thy service here ;
Into their tender hearts convey
A principle of pious fear ;
Thee, by a life of holy fear,
Long may they live to glorify,
Or, innocent from earth remove,
And spotless to thy bosom fly.

76.

The same. (P. M.)

1 JESUS, kind, inviting Lord,
We with joy obey thy word,
In their earliest infancy
Bring our little ones to thee.

2 Born they are, like us, in sin,
Touch th' unconscious lepers clean ;
Purchase of thy blood they are,
Save them by thy dying prayer.

77.

The same. (C. M.)

1 BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays !
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 1 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers giv'n:
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.
- 2 " Permit them to approach," he cries,
" Nor scorn their humble name:
" For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
" The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hand
And yield them up to thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Kindly receive this tender branch,
And form *his* soul for God,
Baptize *him* with thy Spirit, Lord,
And wash *him* in thy blood.
- 5 Thus to the parents and their seed,
Let thy salvation come:
And num'rous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

78. *The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.* (C.)

- 1 NOW let our lips with holy fear,
And mournful pleasure sing,
The suff'rings of our great High-Priest,
The sorrows of our King.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 He sinks in floods of deep distress ;
How high the waters rise !
While to his heavenly Father's ear,
He sends perpetual cries.
- 3 " Hear me, O Lord ! and save thy Son,
" Nor hide thy shining face ;
" Why should thy fav'rite look like one
" Forsaken of thy grace ?
- 4 " With rage they persecute the man,
" That groans beneath thy wound ;
" While for a sacrifice I pour
" My life upon the ground.
- 5 " They tread my honour to the dust,
" And laugh when I complain ;
" Their sharp insulting slanders add
" Fresh anguish to my pain.
- 6 " All my reproach is known to thee,
" The scandal, and the shame ;
" Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
" And lies defiled my name.
- 7 " I look'd for pity, but in vain ;
" My kindred are my grief :
" I ask my friends for comfort round,
" But meet with no relief.
- 8 " With vinegar they mock my thirst ;
" They give me gall for food :
" And, sporting with my dying groans,
" They triumph in my blood.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 9 "Shine into my distressed soul,
"Let thy compassion save ;
"And though my flesh sink down to death,
"Redeem it from the grave.
- 10 "I shall arise to praise thy name,
"Shall reign in worlds unknown ;
"And thy salvation, O my God,
"Shall seat me on thy throne."

79. *Christ's Passion, and Sinners Salvation.* (L. M.)

- 1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord ;
Behold ! the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join,
To execute their curst design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove ;
Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son,
Aton'd for sins which we had done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord,
The honours of thy law restor'd ;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.
- 5 O ! for his sake, our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live ;
The Lord will hear us, in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

80. *The Lord's Supper instituted. 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.* (L. M.)

- 1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake;
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he spake!
- 3 " This is my body, broke for sin;
" Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine;
" 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
- 4 For us, his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn,
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy veng'ance in our stead.
- 5 For us, his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When for black crimes of largest size
He gave his soul a sacrifice.
- 6 " Do this, (he cry'd,) 'till time shall end,
" In mem'ry of your dying Friend;
" Meet at my table, and record
" The love of your departed Lord."
- 7 Jesus! thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
'Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

31. *Communion with Christ, and with Saints.*

1 Cor. x. 16, 17. (S. M.)

- 1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board ;
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh ;
He bids us drink his blood ;
Amazing favour, matchless grace
Of our descending God !
- 3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.
- 4 Our heav'ly Father calls
Christ and his members one ;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread ;
One body hath its sev'ral limbs,
But Jesus is the head.
- 6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
His glorious name to raise ;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

2. *Christ's Dying Love; or, our Pardon bought at a dear Price.* (C. M.)

- 1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son !
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

2 When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
'Without a murmur'ring word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne ;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, tho' he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great ;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

6 Here we behold his bowels roll,
As kind as when he dy'd ;
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed thro' his wounded side.

7 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love ;
Hard is the heart that never feels
One soft affection move.

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

83. *Crucifixion to the World, by the Cross of Christ* Gal. vi. 4. (L. M.)

- 1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
 On which the Prince of Glory dy'd
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

84. *The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood,* 1 John v. 6. (S. M.)

- I LET all our tongues be one,
 To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son,
To fetch us strangers nigh.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name ;
Jesus, th' ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came.
- 3 It cost him cries and tears,
To bring us near to God ;
Great was our debt, and he appears,
To make the payment good.
- 4 My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood ;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.
- 5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our Priest, atones ;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.
- 6 Look up, my soul, to him,
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.
- 7 There on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.
- 8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood ;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 9 While the Eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.
- 10 Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.
5. *Pardon brought to our Senses. (C. M.)*
- 1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!
- 2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine;
There Jesus says, that "I am his,
" And my Beloved's mine."
- 3 "Here," (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side,)
"See here the spring of all your joys,
" That open'd when I dy'd!"
- 4 He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain;
"All this, (says he,) I bore for thee;"
And then he smiles again.
- 5 What shall we pay our heav'nly King,
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our *pardon* to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

6 Let such amazing loves as these
Be sounded all abroad ;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.

7 To him that wash'd us in his blood,
Be everlasting praise ;
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.

86. *Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in Guests.* Luke xiv. 17. 22, 23. (C. M.)

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores !

2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls ;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood
Is food for dying souls.

3 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
“ Lord, why was I a guest ? ”

4 “ Why was I made to hear thy voice,
“ And enter while there's room ;
“ When thousands make a wretched choice
“ And rather starve than come ? ”

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in ;
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

THE LORD'S SUPPER..

- 6 Pity the nations, O our God !
 Constrain the earth to come ;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.
- 7 We long to see thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
 Sing thy redeeming grace.

7. *The Song of Simeon.* Luke ii. 28. (L. M.)

- 1 NOW have our hearts embrac'd our God,
 We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die as Simeon would,
 With his young Saviour in his arms.
- 2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,
 Were but our hearts prepar'd like his ;
Our souls still willing to be gone,
 And at thy word depart in peace.
- 3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
 And view'd salvation with our eyes,
Tasted and felt the living word,
 The bread descending from the skies.
- 4 Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
 Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
 And show the wonders of thy grace...
- 5 He is our light ; our morning-star
 Shall shine on nations yet unknown ;
The glory of thine Israel here,
 And joy of spirits near the throne.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

88. *Our Lord Jesus at his own Table.* (C.)

1 THE mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue :
How rich he spread his royal board,
And blest the food, and sung.

2 Happy the men that ate this bread,
But doubly blest was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

3 By faith the same delights we taste,
As that great favourite did,
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heav'nly bread.

4 Down from the palace of the skies
Hither the King descends,
“ Come, my beloved, eat, (he cries,)
“ And drink salvation, friends.

5 “ My flesh is food and physic too,
“ A balm for all your pains :
“ And the red streams of pardon flow
“ From these my pierced veins.”

6 Hosanna to his bounteous love,
For such a taste below !
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.

7 Come the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to rest !
Then we shall need these types no more
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

The Agonies of Christ. (C. M.).

Now let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine ;
our sufferings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

l lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love ;
ach of us hope, he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

ur humble faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his board ;
nd back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.

is soul what agonies it felt,
When his own God withdrew !
nd the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too.

ut the divinity within,
Supported him to bear :
ying, he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.

ace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day :
 mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.

ur hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise ;
t, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
nd all our lives be praise.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

90. *The Provisions for the Table of our Lord;*
the Tree of Life, and River of Love. (C. E.)

1 **L**ORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet celestial dainties stand,
For every willing guest.

2 The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to't.

3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use,
In rivulets of love.

4 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
The pleasure's well refin'd,
They spread new life through every heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints, that taste his wine,
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.

6 A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joy as this,
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

*triumphal Feast for Christ's Victory o
in, and Death, and Hell. (C. M.)*

COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

Jesus, the God that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell ;
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the powers of hell.

3 Jesus, the God, invites us here,
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down,
For each redeemed guest.

4 The Lord ! how glorious is his face !
How kind his smiles appear !
And O what melting words he says
To every humble ear !

5 " For you, the children of my love,
" It was for you I dy'd,
" Behold my hands, behold my feet,
" And look into my side.

6 " These are the wounds for you I bore,
" The tokens of my pains,
" When I came down to free your souls
" From misery and chains.

7 " Justice unsheathe'd its fiery sword,
" And plung'd it in my heart :
" Infinite pangs for you I bore,
" And most tormenting smart.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 8 " When hell and all its spiteful powers,
 " Stood dreadful in my way,
 " To rescue those dear lives of yours,
 " I gave my own away.
- 9 " But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'
 " I ruin'd Satan's throne,
 " High on my cross I hung, and spy'd
 " The monster tumbling down.
- 10 " Now you must triumph at my feast,
 " And taste my flesh, my blood ;
 " And live eternal ages blest,
 " For 'tis immortal food."
- 11 Victorious God ! what can we pay
 For favours so divine ?
We would devote our hearts away,
 To be for ever thine.
- 12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
 The tribute of our tongues ;
But themes so infinite as these
 Exceed our noblest songs.

92. *Pardon and Strength from Christ.* (C. M.)

- 1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
 To see thy glories shine ;
The Lord will his own table bless,
 And make the feast divine.
- 2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread,
 We drink the sacred cup ;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
 Our souls rejoice in hope.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

1 We shall appear before the throne
 Of our forgiving God,
Drest in the garments of his Son,
 And sprinkled with his blood.

2 We shall be strong to run the race,
 And climb the upper sky ;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
 He bought a large supply.

3 Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
 For joy becomes a feast ;
We love the mem'ry of his name
 More than the wine we taste.

3. *Divine Glories and Graces.* (C. M.)

1 HOW are thy glories here display'd,
 Great God, how bright they shine,
While at thy word we break the bread,
 And pour the flowing wine !

2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
 And pleads its dreadful cause ;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
 Like Jesus on the cross.

3 Thy saints attend with every grace
 On this great sacrifice ;
And love appears with cheerful face,
 And faith with fixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
 To heav'n directs her sight ;
Here every warmer passion meets,
 And warmer powers unite.

5 Zeal and revenge perform their pain
 And rising sin destroy ;
 Repentance comes with aching head,
 Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to us
 Let sin for ever die ;
 Then shall our souls be all delight,
 And every tear be dry.

94. *The Christian Passover.* 1 Cor. v. 7

1 **T**HOU very paschal Lamb,
 Whose blood for us was slain,
 Through whom we out of Egypt
 Thy ransom'd people lead.

2 Angel of gospel-grace,
 Fulfil thy character ;
 To guard and feed thy chosen race
 In Israel's camp appear !

3 Throughout the desert-way
 Conduct us by thy light ;
 Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
 A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain
 With blessings from above ;
 And ever on thy people rain
 The manna of thy love.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

5.

1 Come and Welcome. John vii. 37. (P. M.)

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die ;
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravish'd ear !
“ Love's redeeming work is done,
“ Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

2 “ Sprinkled now with blood, the throne ;
“ Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
“ On my pierced body laid,
“ Justice owns the ransom paid :
“ Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
“ Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

3 “ Spread for thee, the festal board,
“ See with richest dainties stor'd ;
“ To thy Father's bosom prest,
“ Yet again a child confest ;
“ Never from his house to roam,
“ Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

4 “ Soon the days of life shall end,
“ Lo ! I come, your Saviour, Friend !
“ Safe your spirit to convey,
“ To the realms of endless day :
“ Up to my eternal home,
“ Come, and welcome, sinner, come.”

6. A Preparatory Thought for the Lord's Supp.
(L. M.)

1 WHAT heavenly man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from t
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood, [skie
With joy and pity in his eyes ?

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 The Lord ! the Saviour ! yes, 'tis he !
I know him by the smiles he wears !
Dear glorious man that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears !
- 3 Lo ! he reveals his shining breast,
I own those wounds, and I adore ;
Lo ! he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of those sharp pangs he b
- 4 Whence flow these favours so divine !
Lord ! why so lavish of thy blood !
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heavenly wine, this sacred food ?
- 5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed
That nail'd him to the cursed tree ;
'Twas his own love the table spread,
For such unworthy worms as we !
- 6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love ;
Come, Faith, and feed upon the Lord
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

97. *Welcome to the Table.* (C. M.)

- 1 THIS is the feast of heavenly wine
And God invites to sup :
The juices of the living vine,
Were press'd to fill the cup.
- 2 Oh bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed ;
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

PARTICULAR SEASONS, &c.

3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them ;
 Ye trembling souls, appear !
The righteous in their own esteem,
 Have no acceptance here.

4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
 The banquet spread for you ;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
 Then I may venture too.

5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
 And may obtain a place,—
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
 And I shall see his face.

See also the HYMNS on the DEATH OF CHRIST, and the ATONEMENT.

PARTICULAR SEASONS, AND OCCASIONS.

MORNING AND EVENING.

108. *An Evening Hymn. (C. M.)*

1 L ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
 I am for ever thine ;
I fear before thee all the day,—
 Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
 From cares and business free ;
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
 With my own heart and 'Thee.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice,
 And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope reli
 Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd t
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

99. *Daily and Nightly Devotion.* (C.)

- 1 YE that obey the immortal King,
 Attend his holy place,
Bow to the glories of his power,
 And bless his wond'rous grace ;
- 2 Lift up your hands by morning light
 And send your souls on high ;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
 Above the starry sky.
- 3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
 With rays of quick'ning grace ;
The God that spreads the heav'ns abroad
 And rules the swelling seas.

100. *An Evening Hymn.* Psalm iv.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep,
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell,
Tell me a thousand frightful things ;
My God in safety makes me dwell,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

5 Faith in his name forbids my fear :
O may thy presence ne'er depart !
And in the morning make me hear,
The love and kindness of thy heart.

6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

101. *Morning or Evening.* (L. M.)

1 MY God, how endless is thy love ;
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

MORNING AND EVENING.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

102. *A Morning Song.* (C. M.)

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes,
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay,
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand ;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light,
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

3.

An Evening Psalm C.M.

DREAD Sorrow, in thy evening walk,
Like my encircling shade :
Amidst the offences of my tongue,
To search the hidden scale.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above,
Encaps me around,
But O how few returns of love,
Hath my Creator found !

4 What have I done for him that dy'd,
To save my wretched soul ?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as my minutes roll !

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee ;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' *embraces of my God*,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

104. *Morning or Evening.* (C. M.)

1 **H**OSANNA, with a cheerful soul
To God's upholding hand,
Ten thousand snares attend us round
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power,
That rais'd us with a word,
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room ;
We wake, and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day,
For death stands ready at the door,
To seize our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law :
We own thy grace, Immortal King,
In every gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings :
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
Beneath his shady wings.

MORNING AND EVENING.

105. God's Goodness renewed every Morning and Evening. (C. M.)

1 GREAT God, my early vows to thee,
G With gratitude I'll bring,
And at the rosy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praises sing.

2 Thou round the heav'nly arch dost draw
A dark and sable veil,
And all the beauties of the world,
From mortal eyes conceal.

3 Again the sky with golden beams,
Thy skilful hands adorn,
And paint with cheerful splendour gay,
The fair ascending morn.

4 And as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renewes,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefits pursues.

5 For this will I my vows to thee
With ev'ning incense bring ;
And at the rosy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praises sing.

106. Evening Hymn. (L. M.)

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
G For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread,
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may,
With joy behold the judgment day.
- 4 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep ;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.
- 5 Lord, let my heart for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care :
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.
- 6 Should death itself my sleep invade,
Why should I be of death afraid ?
Protected by thy saving arm,
Tho' he may strike, he cannot harm.
- 7 For death is life, and labour rest,
If with thy gracious presence blest :
Then welcome sleep, or death to me,
I'm still secure, for still with thee.
- Praise God, &c.

107.

The same. (C. M.)

- 1 NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of love arise ;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

MORNING AND EVENING.

2 Minutes and mercies multiply'd,
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were,
More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require :
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts desire.

4 Lord of our days, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score ;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

108. *The same. (L. M.)*

SLEEP, downy sleep, come close mine eyes,
Tir'd with beholding vanities ;
Welcome, sweet sleep, that drives away
The toils and follies of the day.

2 On thy soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die ;
O Israel's watchful Shepherd, spread
Thine angel-tents around my bed.

3 Clouds and thick darkness veil thy throne,
Its awful glories all unknown ;
O, dart from thence one cheering ray,
And turn my midnight into day.

4 Thus when the morn, in crimson drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east ;
My grateful songs of praise shall rise,
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

MORNING AND EVENING.

9. *The same. (S. M.)*
- 1 SOFT season of repose,
Thy sable curtains spread ;
Come downy sleep, and stretch th
Around my weary head.
- 2 But O ! the lawless range,
With which my thoughts have
Thro' mazy paths of sense and sir
From morn to ev'ning shade.
- 3 Ah ! born to nobler ends,
My soul no more pursue,
These fleeting vanities of life,
But bid the world adieu.
- 4 Thy pity, gracious God,
Thy pardon I implore ;
O ! heal the follies of my mind,
And aid me with thy pow'r.
- 5 Be thou my friendly guard,
While slumb'ring on my bed ;
And with thy sacred teachings fil
The visions of my head.
- 6 When morning's gladsome rays
Salute my waking eyes ;
All vig'rous may my soul to Thee
In grateful songs arise.
- 7 Devoted to thy fear,
Thy service, and thy praise ;
My God, I would be wholly thine
The remnant of my days.

MORNING AND EVENING.

110.

The same. (C. M.)

1 O GOD, the hour of sleep's at hand ;
My spirit calls for rest ;
Oh ! that my pillow may be found
The dear Redeemer's breast.

2 This night, my longing soul with Christ
Would take up her abode ;
I would be happily divest,
Of ev'ry thing but God.

3 The nightly watches would I spend,
In fellowship above ;
And hold communion with my Lord,
And feast upon his love.

4 While in the hours of deep repose,
My spirit seeks to fly,
Where Jesus keeps his heav'nly feast,
And banquets in the sky.

5 When dead unto the world I am,
I'd be alive to God ;
And rest my soul in His embrace,
Who bought me with his blood.

6 Oh ! may I then, of Christ, this night,
Be happily possess'd ;
Have angel troops surround my bed,
And Jesus for my guest.

MORNING AND EVENING.

111.

The same. (C. M.)

- 1 THOU Son of God, whose flaming eye
Our inmost thoughts perceive ;
Accept the ev'ning sacrifice,
Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere :
But show us, Lord, is ev'ry one,
Thy real worshipper ?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of Thee ?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree ?
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desp'rate state explain ;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead
And bid the sleeper "rise ;"
And bid his guilty conscience dread,
The death that never dies.

112.

A Summer's Morn. (P. M.)

- 1 SWEET the beams of rosy morning,
Silent chasing gloom away ;
Lovely tints the sky adorning,
Harbingers of opening day !
See the king of day appearing, —
Slow his progress, and serene ;
Soon I feel the influence cheering,
Of this grand and lovely scene !

PUBLIC CHARITIES, &c.

- 2 Lovely songsters join their voices,
Harmony the grove pervades ;
All in nature now rejoices,—
Light and joy succeed the shades :
Stars withdraw, and man arises,
To his labour cheerful goes :
Day's returning blessings prizes,
And in praise his pleasure shows !
- 3 May each morn, that in succession,
Adds new mercies ever free :
Leave a strong, and deep impression,
Of my debt, O God, to thee :
Debt of love, ah ! how increasing,
Days and years fresh blessings bring ;
But my praise shall flow unceasing,
And my Maker's love I'll sing !

PUBLIC CHARITIES, &c.

13. *Charity to the Poor; or, Pity to the Afflicted*
(L. M.)

- 1 BLEST is the man, whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do ;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

PUBLIC CHARITIES, &c.

- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dear
Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

114. *The Blessings of the Pious and Char* (L. M.)

- 1 **T**HRIICE happy man who fears the I
Loves his commands, and trusts his
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd :
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.
- 3 When times grow dark, and tidings spr
That fill his neighbours round with dre
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his power is there.
- 4 His soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word
Amidst the darkness, light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.
- 5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God :
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

PUBLIC CHARITIES, &c.

5. *Liberality rewarded.* (C. M.)

HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

As pity dwells within his breast,
To all the sons of need ;
So God shall answer his request,
With blessings on his seed.

No evil tidings shall surprise,
His well-establish'd mind ;
His soul to God his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

In times of general distress,
Some beams of light shall shine ;
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord ;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

6. *God's Blessing on the Merciful.* (L. M.)

BLEST is the man, whose generous mind
To works of mercy is inclin'd ;
The love of Christ his heart constrains,
And in his breast compassion reigns.

PUBLIC CHARITIES, &c.

- 2 With bounteous hands he feeds the poor,
He gives, and still possesses more ;
A faithful God will thus regard,
His deeds, which merit no reward.
- 3 The sons of need his pity move,
He melts with sympathetic love ;
He gives to those who can't repay,
Nor dares to frown the poor away.
- 4 A blessing Providence commands,
On every labour of his hands ;
In health, or sickness, he shall find
The Lord is gracious, good, and kind.
- 5 The merciful shall mercy have,
In that bright world beyond the grave ;
While those who have no mercy shown,
The God of mercy will disown.

117. *After a Charity Sermon for the Benefit of Sick Poor. (C. M.)*

- 1 BRIGHT source of everlasting love !
B To thee our souls we raise :
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.
- 2 Thy mercy gilds the paths of life,
With every cheering ray ;
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.
- 3 When sunk in guilt, our souls approach'd
The borders of despair ;
Thy grace, through Jesus' blood, proclaim'd
A free salvation near.

PUBLIC CHARITIES, &c.

4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see !
Alas ! the goodness worms can yield,
Extendeth not to thee.

5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
We cheerfully repair,
And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be glad ;
And hungering souls we'll gladly point
To Christ the living bread.

7 Thus passing through the vale of tears,
Our useful light shall shine ;
And others learn to glorify
Our Father's name divine.

18. *For the Children of a Charity School.* (L. M.)

1 HOW happy is our peaceful lot,
Tho' number'd with the labouring poor;
Boys.—The helpless sons of ignorance,
Girls.—Daughters of poverty obscure.

2 With pity our neglected youth,
The heavenly Shepherd did behold ;
His arm was stretch'd for our relief,
And we were gather'd to his fold.

3 Oft as the sabbath-day appears,
With cheerful steps, a youthful train,
Up to his holy courts we haste,
And join to raise th' adoring strain.

PUBLIC CHARITIES, &c.

- 4 Then to th' appointed school repair,
To learn with diligence, and read
The book of life, whose sacred truths
To everlasting glory lead.
- 5 When this delightful work is o'er,
With grateful praise we close the day ;
Thus while life's dangerous paths we t
May we pursue the heavenly way.
- 6 And when our willing feet no more
Meet in an earthly house of prayer ;
May we in happier regions dwell,
And love, and praise, and worship the

119. *For Children taught, or supported by* (L. M.)

- 1 IN cheerful songs of artless praise,
I Would we our feeble voices raise ;
And celebrate with one accord
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord.

Boys. 2 Great God, thy universal love,
Is sung by all thy saints above ;
And we, thy children here below,
The greatness of that love would :

Girls. 3 When cheerless poverty had spre
Its threat'ning clouds around our
Soon did our gracious God appear
And gave us an asylum here.

Boys. 4 Our lives protected by thy care,
Our feet preserv'd from every sna
Our minds directed to the road
That leads to virtue, and to God

PUBLIC CHARITIES, &c.

Wk. 5 For these our generous patrons too,
Would we the grateful theme renew ;
O may each tender mind they rear,
Thy precepts love, thy name revere.

Wk. 6 And when that awful day shall come,
That thou, great God, shalt call us home ;
May we with these thy servants join,
To sing thy praise, in hymns divine.

20. *At a Collection for the Spread of the Gospel.* (P. M.)

1 PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him all ye hosts above ;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love :
Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her monarch know ;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.

2 See how beauteous, on the mountains,
Are their feet, whose great design,
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine ;—
Who proclaim the joyful tidings,
Of salvation all around,
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.

3 With my substance I will honour,
My Redeemer and my Lord ;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word :

PUBLIC CHARITIES, &c.

While the heralds of salvation,
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

121. After a Collection for a Charity School. (1)

1 SWEET the streams of mercy flowing
Health and blessings spreading round
Knowledge, peace, and love, bestowing
Heav'nly fruits on earthly ground :
Like its inexhaustless fountain,
Never failing to relieve,
Greater favour, it accounting,
To impart, than to receive.

2 In the morn of life, selected,
By your sympathising care,
You our wandering steps directed ;—
In our wants you kindly share.
Constant in your gen'rous labour,
What can we to you return ?
To our God, and to our neighbour,
May we each our duty learn !

BY THE CONGREGATION.

3 Grace shall our souls inspire
With holy love to all ;
Nor let us ever tire
Where want and duty call.
A feeble tribute we impart,
Be it sincere, and with the heart !

PUBLIC CHARITIES, &c.

192.

The same. (P. M.)

1 JESUS, Saviour ! we adore thee,
God of glory, and of grace ;
Grateful, now, we fall before Thee,—
Celebrate thy lofty praise !
Feebly we our worship render,
In compassion deign to smile :
Now accept our hearts' surrender,
Free our sacrifice from guile.

2 Thou art benefits bestowing,
Numberless, and daily given,
Streams of truth and knowledge flowing,
Bear our happy souls to heav'n ;
Warn'd of snares, which, youth surrounding,
Lead from God, and lead to woe ;
Oh ! what grace, to us abounding,
Train'd in wisdom's ways to go !

BY THE CONGREGATION.

3 Heavenly Parent, shed thy blessing
On this young assembled throng !
Hear us now thy throne addressing—
Mercies to our God belong !
We, the means dependant using,
Ask the increase from above !
While thy knowledge we're diffusing,
Grant that increase, God of Love !

PUBLIC CHARITIES, &c.

123.

The same. (P. M.)

- 1 JESUS ! within thy courts we meet
And now surround thy mercy-seat
Thy favour to implore :—
Children of old, thy smile obtain'd,
And if thy smile, by us, be gain'd,
We need not ask for more !
- 2 'Tis this shall gild life's rosy morn ;—
'Tis this shall pluck from woe the thorn
And for each scene prepare :
O listen, Saviour, to our voice,
And bid our youthful hearts rejoice,
Bid us thy favour share !
- 3 O bless the means so kindly us'd,
Nor let them ever be abus'd,
Thy Spirit's grace impart !
To lead us Jesus to adore,
(" God over all, for evermore,")
And render Him our heart.
- 4 What can we ask for every friend,
Who weep for us, and kindly lend
Their *constant—liberal care*?—
We ask for them the Saviour's smile :
'Tis this shall all life's scenes beguile.
'Tis this the angels share !

PUBLIC CHARITIES, &c.

194.

The same. (P. M.)

1 OUR praises, Lord, to thee ascend,
Propitious let thine ear attend,
The tribute which we bring ;
All creatures should thy praise resound,
Thy love is great, and knows no bound,
Thy love to us we sing.

2 O let the mercies we partake,
Our warmest gratitude awake,
To thee, and ev'ry friend :
Taught in our youth thy name to fear,
And in thy earthly courts appear,
And there thy word attend.

3 Now pour thy choicest blessings down,
On those who us have favour shown,
And pitied human grief ;
May love constrain each tender heart,
Out of their bounty to impart,
To grant us fresh relief.

4 Our praises, Lord, to thee ascend,
Propitious let thine ear attend,
The tribute which we bring ;
All creatures should thy praise resound,
Thy love is great, and knows no bound,
Thy love to us we sing.

Hallelujah,

PUBLIC CHARITIES, &c.

125.

The same. (P. M.)

1 **L**O! our Jesus now ascended,
Choicest gifts on man bestows ;
Human grief is now befriended,
Through the grace which ever flows
From the Saviour,
Healer, He, of all our woes !

2 See the children round him thronging,
Eager for his mild caress :
See the parents, wishful, longing,
That their offspring Christ would bless
Favour'd children,
May we share your happiness !

3 Though we cannot now assemble
Thus before the Saviour's face ;
Yet our bliss shall yours resemble,
While on us he pours his grace ;
And, in union,
We with you will shout his praise.

4 Thankful friends, you us selected,
In the morning of our days ;
May your care be ne'er neglected,
But improve our future ways :
And then issue,
In our great Redeemer's praise.

ORDINATIONS, &c.

5 Then our happy souls shall greet you,
When you reap your full reward ;
In the realms of love we'll meet you,
Grateful for your kind regard :
And we'll echo,
Come, ye blessed of the Lord !

26.

The same. (P. M.)

- 1 TO God, our praises first belong,
Whose mercy like a river flows ;
His merey claims our sweetest song,
And rises higher than our woes.
- 2 We'll praise our God, that we are brought
In tender years to hear his word ;
For in the Scriptures we are taught
All sin to shun, and fear the Lord.
- 3 As every good from God descends,
The Author and the Source of grace ;
May grace and peace to all our friends,
Be multiplied, and still increase.
- 4 O may success their labours crown,
And God reward their ev'ry care ;
While we with thanks their kindness own,
And for them lisp our daily pray'r.

ORDINATIONS, &c.

27. *After a Charge at an Ordination. (C. M.)*

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give ;
Now let them from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

ORDINATIONS, &c.

- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
 The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
 And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lo
 Did heav'nly bliss forego ;
For souls, which must for ever live,
 In raptures, or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
 Th' account to render there ;
And should'st thou strictly mark our fa
 Lord, how should we appear !
- 5 May they that Jesus, whom they preacl
 Their own Redeemer see ;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for thee.

128. *Prayer for Ministers.* (C. M.)

- 1 CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen shee
 From death and sin set free ;
May ev'ry under shepherd keep,
 His eye intent on thee !
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prep:
 To execute thy will :
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
 And faithfulness and skill.
- 3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal,
 Their flocks to feed and teach ;
~~And let them live, and let them feel,~~
 The sacred truths they preach.

ORDINATIONS, &c.

9. For the Ordination of a Minister. (L. M.)

- 1 GREAT Lord of angels, we adore
The grace that builds thy courts below;
And through ten thousand sons of light,
Stoops to regard what mortals do.
- 2 Amidst the wastes of time and death,
Successive pastors thou dost raise,
Thy charge to keep, thy house to guide,
And form a people for thy praise.
- 3 The heavenly natives with delight,
Hover around the sacred place;
Nor scorn to learn from mortal tongues,
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 4 At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,
Thy servants join the angelic band;
With them through distant worlds they fly,
With them before thy presence stand.
- 5 O glorious hope! O blest employ!
Sweet soft'ner of our grief and care;
When shall we reach those radiant courts,
And all their joy and honour share?
- 6 Yet while these labours we pursue,
Thus distant from thy heavenly throne,
Give us a *zeal and love like theirs,*
And half their heaven shall here be known.

130. At the Settlement of a Minister. (

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, thou dos
With constant care thy humble
By thee inferior pastors rise,
To feed our souls, and bless our eye
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modell'd by thine own gracious hea
Whose courage, watchfulness, and
Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear,
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread.
- 4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows
And scatter'd blessings on thy hous
Thy saints are succour'd, and no m
As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke
And bless the shepherd and the floc
Confirm the hopes thy mercies rais
And own this tribute of our praise

131. Christ ever present with his Ministe

- 1 **W**IIDE o'er all worlds the Savi
Unmov'd his power and lov
And on his arm his church shall
Fair Zion, joyful in her King,
Through every changing age shall
With his perpetual presence b'

FAST DAY.

tyrannic death, in vain thy rage,
thy triumphs new in every age,
O'er the first heroes of his host ;
Unconscious of more than mortal aid,
Our bleeding hearts are not dismay'd,
But an immortal leader boast.

Though buried deep in dust they lie,
Those tuneful voices rais'd on high
Led the sweet anthems to his name ;
The children learn the father's song,
And unform'd tongues shall still prolong
The ever-present Saviour's fame.

The present Saviour, he shall give
millions of future saints to live,
And crowd the temples of his grace :
The present Saviour, lo, he comes,
To call whole legions from their tombs,
And teach their dust sublimer praise.

FAST DAY.

Prayer and Hope of Victory. (L. M.)

NOW may the God of pow'r and grace,
Attend his people's humble cry !
Jehovah hears when Isr'el prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.

The name of Jacob's God defends,
better than shields or brazen walls ;
He, from his sanctuary, sends,
Courage and strength when Zion calls.

FAST DAY.

- 3 Well he remembers all our sighs ;
His love exceeds our best deserts ;
His love accepts the sacrifice,
Of humble groans, and broken hearts.
- 4 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Isr'el's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,—
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boast ;
Our surest expectations are,
From thee, the Lord, of heav'nly hosts.
- 6 O may the mem'ry of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight !
Our foes shall fall, and die with shame,
Or quit the field with shameful flight !
- 7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear ;
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
'Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

133. *The Church's Safety.* (L. M.)

- 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress inv^e
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd,
Down to the deep, and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

FAST DAY.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God :
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fears controuls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

34. *On a Day of Humiliation for Disappointment in War.*

1 L ORD, hast thou cast the nation off ?
Must we for ever mourn ?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath ?
Shall mercy ne'er return ?

2 The terror of one frown of thine,
Melts all our strength away ;
Like men that totter, drunk with wine,
We tremble in dismay.

FAST DAY.

3 Great Britain shakes beneath thy stroke,
And dreads thy threat'ning hand :
O heal the island thou hast broke ;—
Confirm the wav'ring land.

4 Lift up a banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name ;
Save thy beloved with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.

5 Go with our armies to the fight,
Like a confed'rate God ;
In vain confed'rate pow'rs unite,
Against thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown,
By thine assisting hand ;
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand.

135. *National Judgments.* (C. M.)

1 THE gathering clouds, with aspect da
T A rising storm presage ;
O ! to be hid within the ark,
And shelter'd from its rage !

2 See the commission'd angel frown ;
That vial in his hand,
Fill'd with fierce wrath, is pouring down
Upon our guilty land !

3 May we, at least, with one consent,
Fall low before the throne ;
With tears the nation's sins lament,—
The church's and our own.

FAST DAY.

4 The humble souls who mourn and pray,
The Lord approves and knows ;
His mark secures them in the day,
When vengeance strikes his foes.

36. *Pleading with God for a guilty Land.* Gen. xviii. 23. (L. M.)

1 **G**REAT God ! did pious Abr'am pray
For Sodom's vile abandon'd race ?
And shall not all our souls be rous'd,
For Britain to implore thy grace ?

2 Base as we are, doth not thine eye •
Its chosen thousands here survey ?
Whose souls, deep humbled, mourn the crouds,
Who walk in sin's destructive way ?

3 O Judge supreme ! let not thy sword,
The righteous with the wicked smite ;
Nor bury in promiscuous heaps,
Rebels, and saints, thy chief delight.

4 Jesus the intercessor hear,
And for his sake thy grace impart,
Which, while it stops the fiery stream,
Dissolves the most obdurate heart.

5 Sodom shall change to Zion then,
And heavenly dews be scatter'd round,
That plant of paradise may spring,
Where baleful poisons curs'd the ground.

137. *A guilty People pleading Divine Mercy.* (C)

- 1 WHILE justice waves her vengeful
Tremendous o'er a guilty land,
Almighty God, thy awful power,
With fear and trembling we adore.
- 2 Where shall we fly but to thy feet ?
Our only refuge is thy seat ;
Thy seat, where potent mercy pleads,
And holds thy thunder from our heads.
- 3 While peace and plenty bless'd our day
Where was the tribute of thy praise ?
Ungrateful race ! how have we spent
The blessings which thy goodness lent ?
- 4 Look down, O Lord ! with pitying eye !
Though loud our crimes for vengeance,
Let mercy's louder voice prevail,
Nor thy long-suffering patience fail.
- 5 Encourag'd by thy sacred word,
May we not plead thy blest record,
That when a humble nation mourns,
Thy rising wrath to pity turns ?
- 6 O let thy sovereign grace impart
Contrition to each rocky heart,
And bid sincere repentance flow,
A general, undissembled woe.
- 7 Fair smiling peace again restore,
With plenty bless the pining poor,
And may a happy, thankful land,
Obedient own thy guardian hand.

FAST DAY.

In Time of War. (L. M.)

ON thee, great Ruler of the skies,
On thee our stedfast hope relies :
When hostile powers against us join,
What aid so present, Lord, as thine ?

2 By thee secur'd, no fears we own,
Though earth, convuls'd, beneath us groan,
Though tempests o'er her surface sweep,
And whirl her hills into the deep ;—

3 Though, arm'd with rage, before our eyes,
That deep in all its horrors rise,
While, as the tumult spreads around,
The mountains tremble at the sound.

4 Behold fair Sion's blest retreat,
Where God has fixt his awful seat ;
Whose walls to heaven's almighty Lord,
His chosen residence afford.

5 No tempests there licentious stray,
But soft along their level way,
The sacred streams their course maintain,
And crown with health her happy plain.

6 God, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Bids storms around her harmless fly ;
His early care each foe withstands,
And backward turns the yielding band.

FAST DAY.

139. *The same.* Second Part. (L. M.)

- 1 SEE ! rous'd by discord's fierce alarm
The headlong nations rush to arm
But God aloud asserts his sway,
And earth's whole fabric melts away.
- 2 O come, behold a scene of dread,
Behold a world with slaughter spread
And know, 'tis God, who bids each land
Thus feel the terrors of his hand.
- 3 'Tis his, again the earth to cheer,
To break the bow, to snap the spear,
To wrap in flames the glittering car,
And hush the tumult of the war.
- 4 Be still, ye sons of pride, and own,
That I am God, and I alone ;
Exalted o'er each heathen land,
Exalted o'er the earth I stand.
- 5 On heav'ns high Lord our trust we build
The God of Jacob is our shield ;
His arm exerted in our right,
Shall turn each adverse power to flight.

140. *The same.* (C. M.)

- 1 HARK ! the loud trumpet of our God
Sounds an alarm of war :
Attend, O Earth; ye nations hear,
And tremble from afar !

PRAISE, &c.

2 With humble reverence, and with awe,
We hear the sacred word ;
And, trembling, own the sentence just,
Which dooms us to the sword.

3 Not e'en in war would we repine,
The murd'ring sword to view,
Might the same stroke that wastes the land,
Destroy its vices too.

4 But we shall hail the happy day,
Which ends the painful doom ;
When earth shall, like the world above,
In peace and virtue bloom.

5 Still let our songs declare his name,
Who guards the British race ;
The God of justice we adore,
And bless the God of grace.

PRAISE, &c.

41. *Blessing God for his Goodness to Soul and Body.*

(L. M.)

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the pow'rs within me join,
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?

PRAISE, &c.

- 3** 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4** The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature
Redeems the soul from hell, and
Our wasting life from threat'ning.
- 5** Our youth decay'd, his pow'r refreshes;
His mercy crowns our growing joys;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly joys.
- 6** He sees th' oppressor and th' oppressed;
And often gives the suff'ers relief;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.
- 7** His pow'r he show'd by Moses' hand;
And gave to Israel his commandments;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.
- 8** Let the whole earth his pow'r confess;
Let the whole earth adore his greatness;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worshippin so divine.

PRAISE, &c.

• *Praise for Temporal and Spiritual Mercies*
(S. M.)

O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

O bless the Lord, my soul ;
Nor let his mercies lie
forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

Tis he forgives thy sins,
Tis he relieves thy pain ;
is he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave ;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.

He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the suff'rs rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' opprest.

His wond'rous works and ways,
He made by Moses known ;
t sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

PRAISE, &c.

- 6 Thus when our first release we gain,
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain
We have this desert world to pass,
A dang'rous and a tiresome place.
- 7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.
- 8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord !
How great his works ! how kind his
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise

145. *Praise to God. (P. M.)*

- 1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord ;
The sov'reign King of kings ;
And be his grace ador'd.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name,
Have endless praise.
- 2 How mighty is his hand !
What wonders hath he done !
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heav'ns alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure,
Abides thy word.

PRAISE, &c.

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light ;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4 He smote the first-born sons,
The flow'r of Egypt, dead ;
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

His pow'r and lifted rod,
Cleft the Red Sea in two ;
And for his people made,
A wond'rous passage through.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

But cruel Pharaoh there,
With all his host, he drown'd :
And brought his Isr'el safe
Through a long desert ground.

PRAISE, &c.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

PAUSE.

- 7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand ;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

- 8 He saw the nations lie,
All perishing in sin,
And pity'd the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

- 9 He sent his only Son,
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

PRAISE, &c.

10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King ;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

146. *The same. (L. M.)*

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
“ Wonders of grace to God belong,
“ Repeat his mercies in your song.”

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown ;
“ His mercies ever shall endure,
“ When lords and kings are known no more.”

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high :
“ Wonders of grace to God belong,
“ Repeat his mercies in your song.”

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
“ His mercies ever shall endure,
“ When sun and moon shall shine no more.”

5 The Jews he freed from Pharoah's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land :
“ Wonders of grace to God belong,
“ Repeat his mercies in your song.”

PRAISE, &c.

- 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within :
“ His mercies ever shall endure,
“ When death and sin shall reign no more.”
- 7 He sent his Son with pow'r to save,
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
“ Wonders of grace to God belong,
“ Repeat his mercies in your song.”
- 8 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat :
“ His mercies ever shall endure,
“ When this vain world shall be no more.”

147. *Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth* (P. M.)

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die, and turn to dust ;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood :
Their breath departs, their pomp and power
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

PRAISE, &c.

3 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Isr'el's God : he made the sky,

And earth and seas, with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;

He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell ;

Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage ;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

48. *The same. (L. M.)*

1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise :
His nature and his works invite,
To make this duty our delight.

PRAISE, &c.

- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name :
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 He form'd the stars, those heav'ly flames
He counts their numbers, calls their names
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd
- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might ;
And all his glories infinite :
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

- 5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds all round the sky
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 7 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the war-like horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb ?
All are too mean delights for him.
- 8 But saints are lovely in his sight ;
He views his children with delight :
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

9. *Praise to God from all Creatures.* (P. M.)

1 YE tribes of Adam join,
With heav'n and earth and seas,
And offer notes divine,
To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.

2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.

His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above,
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.

He spake the word,
And all their frame,
From nothing came,
To praise the Lord.

He mov'd their mighty wheels,
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfills,
While time and nature last.

PRAISE, &c.

In different ways
His works proclaim
His wond'rous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

- 5 Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's pow'r.

- 6 Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow,
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

- 7 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear ;
Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms
In various forms,
Exalt his name.

PRAISE, &c.

Ye kings, and judges, fear
The Lord the sov'reign King ;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours sing :

Nor let the dream,
Of power and state ;
Make you forget,
His power supreme.

Virgins, and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age,
Their feebler voices join :

Wide as he reigns,
His name be sung ;
By every tongue,
In endless strains.

Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above ;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love :

While earth and sky,
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise,
His honours high.

Universal Praise to God (L. M.)

 OUD hallelujahs to the Lord, [dwell :
From distant worlds where creatures
et heav'n begin the solemn word,
nd sound it dreadful down to hell.

CHORUS.

ach of his works *his name* displays,
at they can ne'er fulfil the praise.

PRAISE, &c.

- 2 The Lord ! how absolute he reigns !
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee ;
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.
- 3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss :
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.
- 4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare :
And the sweet whisper of his name,
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.
- 5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agi
To join their praise with blazing fire ;
Let the firm earth, and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.
- 6 Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill ;
Valleys, lie low before his eye ;
And let his praise from every hill,
Rise tuneful to the neighbouring sky.
- 7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches, and adore :
Praise him, ye beasts, in different str.
The lamb must bleat,—the lion roar.
- 8 Birds, ye must make his praise your !
Nature demands a song from you ;
While the dumb fish, that cut the str.
Leap up, and mean his praises too.

PRAISE, &c.

- 9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings?
0 for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!
- 10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder, shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 11 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word,
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 12 Speak of the wonders of that love,
Which Gabriel plays on every chord:
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

151. *Universal Praise.* (S. M.)

- 1 LET every creature join,
To praise the eternal God
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And' sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
. And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

PRAISE, &c.

- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers, or snow,
Ye thunders, murmur'ring round the
His power and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above,
His honours be exprest;
But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE I.

- 7 Let earth and ocean know,
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye watery worlds below
And monsters of the seas.
- 8 From mountains near the sky,
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs, and cedars.
And vales and fields around.
- 9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.
- 10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flow'ry boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

PRAISE, &c.

- 11 Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show,
And flies, in all your shining swarms,
Praise him that dress'd you so.
- 12 By all the earth-born race,
His honours be exprest ;
But saints that know his heav'ly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.
- PAUSE II.
- 13 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King ;
Judges, adore that sov'reign hand,
Whence all your honours spring.
- 4 Let vigorous youth engage,
To sound his praises high ;
While growing babes, and withering age,
Their feebler voices try.
- 5 United zeal be shown,
His wond'rous fame to raise :
God is the Lord : his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
- 6 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest ;
But saints that dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

PRAISE, &c.

152. *A Song of Praise.* (C. M.)

- 1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise ;
His grace he there reveals ;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds ;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest ;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

153. *The same.* (L. M.)

- 1 NATURE with all her powers shall sing
God the Creator, and the King ;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs that sit near his throne ;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.
- 3 All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name ;
While with our souls, and with our voices
We sing his honours and our joys.

PRAISE, &c.

- 4 To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave ;
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And every word a miracle.
- 5 This northern isle, our native land,
Lies safe in God th' Almighty's hand :
Our foes of victory dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.
- 6 He builds and guards the British throne,
And makes it gracious like his own,
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.
- 7 Raise monumental praises high,
To him that thunders through the sky,
And, with an awful nod or frown,
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.
- 8 Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' eternal name ;
While trembling nations read from far,
The honours of the God of war.
- 9 Thus let our flaming zeal employ,
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs ;
Britain pronounce with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.
- 0 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name ;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

PRAISE, &c.

154. *Praise to God for Creation and Redemption*
(C. M.)

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace,
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne :
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word ;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame ;
Salvation to the Lord.

4 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound,
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

155. *Praise to God from all Creatures.* (C.)

1 THE glories of my Maker God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame ;
But from his own immediate breath,
Our nobler spirits came.

PRAISE, &c.

¶ We bring our mortal powers to God,
¶ And worship with our tongues :
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.

¶ Let grov'ling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

¶ Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll ;
Praise him in your unwearied course,
Around the steady pole.

¶ The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

6. *Redemption, and Protection from Spiritual Enemies.* (C. M.)

A RISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God ;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim,
His glorious grace abroad.

He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure,
Than 'twas before I fell.

The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the *rock of ages* set
My slippery footsteps fast.

PRAISE, &c.

8 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his power susta

159. *Thanksgiving for Peace.* (L. M.)

- 1 **G**REAT ruler of the earth and s
A word of thy Almighty breat
Can sink the earth, or bid it rise :
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult rei
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile pl
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly dow
And marks their course, and bou
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no mc
- 4 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore !
O may our hearts, and lives, and to
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

160. *Universal Praise.* (P. M.)

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord, who reigns at
And keeps his courts below ;
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his goodness show :
Praise him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless power :
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

PRAISE, &c.

2 Publish, spread to all around,
The great Immanuel's name :
Let the trumpet's marshal sound,
Him Lord of Hosts proclaim ;
Praise him every tuneful string,
All the reach of heavenly art ;
All the powers of music bring,
The music of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing ;
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their king :
Hallow'd be his name beneath,
As in heaven, on earth ador'd ;
Praise the Lord in every breath,
Let all things praise the Lord.

1. *Spiritual Exultation. (P. M.)*

1 SONS of God, triumphant rise,
Shout th' accomplish'd sacrifice,
Shout your sins in Christ forgiv'n,
Sons of God, and heirs of heav'n.

2 Ye that round our altars throng,
List'ning angels join the song ;
Sing with us, ye heav'nly pow'rs,
Pardon, grace, and glory ours !

3 Love's mysterious work is done ;
Greet we now th' atoning Son ;
Heal'd and quicken'd by his blood,
Join'd to Christ, and one with God.

PRAISE, &c.

4 Christ of all our hopes the seal,
Peace divine in him we feel ;
Everlasting life is won,
Glory is on earth begun.

5 Christ to laud in songs divine,
Angels and archangels join :
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.

6 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by heav'n and earth ador'd ;
Full of thee, they ever cry,
Glory be to God on high.

162. *Praise to God. (P. M.)*

1 MIGHTY God ! while angels bless th
May an infant lisp thy name ?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art ev'ry creature's theme.
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Lord of ev'ry land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days !
Sounded thro' the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.

3 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;
For created works of power,—
Works with skill and kindness wrong'

PRAISE, &c.

- 4 For thy providence that governs,
Through thine empire's wide domains ;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow :
Blessed be thy gentle reign. Ha
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark, through brightness all along ;
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who dare sing that awful song ? Ha
- 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie ?
Fly my tongue, such guilty silence ;
Sing the Lord who came to die. Ha
- 7 Did archangels sing thy coming ?
Did the shepherds learn their lays ?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise. Ha
- 8 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe ;
All to ransom guilty captives :
Flow my praise, for ever flow ! Ha
- 9 Go, return, immortal Saviour !
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne ;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thine own. Ha

B3.

The same. (L. M.)

- 1 A WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
To sing thy great Redeemer's praise :
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free !

PRAISE, &c.

- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foe
Though earth and hell my way oppose
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong.
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd low
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail :
O may my last expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

164. *Praise for Spiritual Blessings.* (L.

- 1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise,
With all his saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

PRAISE, &c.

- 2 All worlds his glorious pow'r confess,
His wisdom all his works express ;
But O his love what tongue can tell !
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 3 How sov'reign, wonderful, and free,
Has been this love to sinful me !
This pluck'd me from the jaws of hell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 4 And, since my soul has known his love,
What mercies has he made me prove !
Mercies which do all praise excel ;
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 Whene'er my Saviour and my God,
Has on me laid his gentle rod,
I know in all that me befell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in his arm shall lose my breath ;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- And, when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

MISSIONARY.

- 4 Thy laws, O God, are right ;
Thy throne shall ever stand ;
And thy victorious gospel proves,
A sceptre in thy hand.
- 5 Thy Father and thy God,
Hath without measure shed,
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
To anoint thy sacred head.
- 6 Behold, at thy right hand,
The Gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.
- 7 Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy Father's house ;
Forsake thy gods, thy idol-gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.
- 8 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ ;
Thy children shall his honours sing
In palaces of joy.

167. *The Glory of Christ, and Power of his*
(L. M.)

- 1 NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour King
Jesus the Lord ; how heav'nly fair
His form ! how bright his beauties are

MISSIONARY.

- 3 O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with a superior grace ;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord !
Gird on the terror of thy sword !
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.
- 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart ;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
- 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands ;
Thy laws and works are just and right ;
Justice and grace are thy delight.
- 6 God, thine own God, has richly shed,
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And, with his sacred Spirit, blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

68. *The Churches Increase.* (C. M.)

- 1 SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,
With beams of heavenly grace ;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.
- 2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the fav'rite land.

- 
- 3 When shall thy name, from
Sound all the earth abroad
And distant nations know, &
Their Saviour and their C
 - 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant
Sing loud with solemn vo
While British tongues exalt
And British hearts rejoic
 - 5 He the great Lord, the sov'
That sits enthron'd above
Wisely commands the world
In justice and in love.
 - 6 Earth shall obey her Maker'
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his cho
With fruitfulness and pe
 - 7 God the Redeemer scatters
His choicest favours here
While the creation's utmost
Shall see, adore, and fear

169. *The Kingdom of Christ*

- 1 **G**REAT God, whose uni
The known and unkno
Now give the kingdom to th
Extend his power, exalt his
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes h
All heaven submits to his c
His justice shall avenge the
And pride and rage prevail

, on fainting souls distils,
only dew on thirsty hills.

ien lands, that lie beneath,
as of overspreading death,
his first dawning light,
ts blossom at the sight.

s shall flourish in his days,
the robes of joy and praise ;
e a river from his throne,
to nations yet unknown.

The same. (L. M.)

shall reign where'er the sun
his successive journeys run :
dom stretch from shore to shore,
s shall wax and wane no more.

MISSIONARY.

- 4 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.
- 5 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim,
Their early blessings on his name.
- 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 7 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more.
In him the tribes of Adam boast,
More blessings than their father lost.
- 8 Let every creature rise, and bring,
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

171. *The God of the Gentiles.* (P. M.)

- 1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise
To sing and bless Jehovah's name :
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

MISSIONARY.

The heathens know thy glory, Lord,
The wond'ring nations read thy word ;
In Britain is Jehovah known :
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made ;
Our Maker is our God alone.

He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there :
His beams are majesty and light ;
His beauties how divinely bright !
His temple how divinely fair !

Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name ;
Then shall the race of man confess,
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

2. *Christ's First and Second Coming.* (C. M.)

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue ;
His new-discover'd grace demands,
A new and nobler song.

Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son ;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

MISSIONARY.

- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise,
The islands of the sea :
Ye mountains, sink, ye valleys, rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless,
The nations as their God ;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear !

173. *Christ Exalted, and Multitudes Come* (L. M.)

- 1 **T**HUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son, “ Ascend and :
“ At my right hand, till I shall make,
“ Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
- 2 “ From Zion shall thy word proceed,
“ Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
“ Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed
“ And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 “ That day shall show thy power is great,
“ When saints shall flock with willing hearts,
“ And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
“ Where holiness in beauty shines.”
- 4 O blessed power ! O glorious day !
What a large victory shall ensue !
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

MISSIONARY.

4. *The Coronation of Christ.* (L. M.)

D AUGHTERS of Zion, come, behold,
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring ;
Accept the well deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay,
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation day !
The King of grace shall fill the throne
With all his Father's glories on.

5. *The Effusion of the Spirit; or, Success of the Gospel.* (L. M.)

G REAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met ;
While on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

MISSIONARY.

- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave !
And power to kill, and power to save !
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north :
“ Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,
“ Go, spread the mystery of his cross.”
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low !
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdued ;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 6 Great King of grace, my heart subdue,
I would be led in triumph too ;
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

176. *For the Success of the Gospel. Psalm xi.* *Isa. xi. 4. (L. M.)*

- 1 GREAT God, whom heaven, and earth
With all their countless hosts obey,
Upheld by whom the nations stand,
And empires fall at thy command :
- 2 Beneath thy long suspended ire,
Let every antichrist expire ;
Thy knowledge spread from sea to sea,
Till every nation bow to thee.

MISSIONARY.

Then show thyself the Prince of peace,
Make every hostile effort cease ;
All with thy sacred love inspire,
And burn the chariots in the fire.

In sunder break each warlike spear,
Let all the Saviour's likeness bear ;
The universal sabbath prove,
The utmost rest of christian love !

The world shall then no discord know,
But hand in hand to Canaan go ;
Jesus the peaceful King adore,
And learn the art of war no more.

77. *For glorious Light to the Gentiles.* Isa. ix. 4, 5.

(P.M.)

1 O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
All the promises do travail,
With a glorious day of grace :
Blessed Jub'lee, &c.
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary ;
Let the gospel, &c.
Soon resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night ;
And redemption, &c.
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

MISSIONARY.

- 4 May the glorious day approaching,
Thine eternal love proclaim,
And the everlasting gospel,
Spread abroad thy holy name ;
O'er the borders, &c.
Of thy great Immanuel's land.
- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease ;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply, and still increase ;
Sway thy sceptre, &c.
Saviour, all the world around.

178. *For Gospel Conquests. Psalm cx. 3. (P. M.)*

- 1 **A** LL hail, incarnate God !
A The wond'rous things foretold
Of thee, in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold :
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.
- 2 To the hoary head,
Its silver honour pays ;
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days :
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all conquering King.
- 3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy, glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway :
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

MISSIONARY.

4 All hail, triumphant Lord !
Eternal be thy reign ;
Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain :
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

179. *For Success to a Preached Gospel.*

(Isa. xi. 10—13. (L. M.)

- 1 CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
Display thy glorious banner high ;
The summons send from coast to coast,
And call a numerous army nigh.
- 2 A solemn Jubilee proclaim,
Proclaim the great sabbatic day :
Assert the glories of thy name,
Spoil Satan of his wish'd for prey !
- 3 Bid, bid the heralds publish loud,
The peaceful blessings of thy reign :
And when they speak of sprinkled blood,
The mystery to the heart explain.

180. *For Missionary Success, and Home Revivals.*

(L. M.)

- 1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear ?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear !
- 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise ?
Till thy own power shall stand confess'd.
And make Jerusalem a praise ?

MISSIONARY.

- 3 Look down, O God, with pitying
And view the desolation round ;
See what wide realms in darkness
And hurl their idols to the ground
- 4 Loud let the gospel-trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar ;
Let all the isles their Saviour know
And earth's remotest ends draw nigh
- 5 On all our souls let grace descend
Like heavenly dew, or copious showers ;
That we may call our God our friend
That we may hail salvation ours.

181. *Prayer for Missionaries.* (C.)

- 1 GREAT God, the nations of thine earth
Are by creation thine ;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love hath given
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 O when shall these glad tidings sound
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound !
- 4 Smile, Lord, on each renew'd attempt
To spread the gospel's rays ;
And build on sin's demolish'd throne
The temples of thy praise.

MISSIONARY.

1. *Missionary Success. (P. M.)*

1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace !
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze :
To bring fire on earth he came ;
Kindled in some hearts it is ;
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss !

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day ;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way ;
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail ;
Sin's strong holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise,
He the door hath open'd wide ;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesu's word is glorified :
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought,
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand ?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land :
Lo ! the promise of a shower,
Drops already from above ;
But the Lord shall shortly pour,
All the spirit of his love.

MISSIONARY.

183. *Prayer for the Jews.* (L. M.)

- 1 A LMIGHTY God ! display thy grace
Its beams effuse on Jacob's race ;
Loose from their chains the captive ben
Restore them to their native land.
- 2 O God of Abr'am, hear our prayer,
Grant them again thy love to share ;
Their mis'ry, let thy mercy heal ;
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal.
- 3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove,
The sad suspension of thy love ?
Say, shall thy wrath perpetual burn ?
And wilt thou, ne'er appeas'd, return ?
- 4 No longer, God of love, delay
Thy wonted mercy to display ;
But let thy all-disposing will,
Thy people's stedfast hope fulfil.
- 5 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart ;
And wake to mirth each grateful heart
While Israel's rescu'd tribes in Thee,
Their bliss and full salvation see.

184. *Latter Day Glory.* Mic. iv. 1—5. Isa. ii. (C. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD ! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this, the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
“ Up to the hill of God,” they'll say,
“ And to his house we'll go.”

MISSIONARY.

The beam that shines on Zion's hill,
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers,
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years ;
To plough-shares soon they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore ;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come then,—O come, from every land,
To worship at his shrine :
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

15. *How beautiful upon the Mountains are the Feet of him who bringeth good Tidings.* (P. M.)

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo the sacred herald stands ;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands :
Mourning captive !
God himself will loose thy hands.

Has thy night been long and mournful ?
All thy friends unfaithful prov'd ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well belov'd.

MISSIONARY.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
He himself appears thy friend :
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
Here their boasts and triumphs
Great deliverance,
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy warfare now is past,
For thy shame thou shalt have done,
Days of peace are come at last
All thy conflicts,
End in everlasting rest.

186. *For Missionary Prayer Meeting*

1 **L**ORD, in thy churches now assembled,
And animate thy saints with ardor,
With great success our prospects we consider,
May we thy presence with us feel.

2 Since thou hast rescu'd us from darkness,
To know thy love, and taste thy grace,
O let us spend our life and breath,
The winning sinners to thy cause.

SEASONS, &c.

5 O let the seed, which may be sown,
Be water'd with the Spirit's pow'r ;
May Christ through ev'ry clime be known
And blessings on the heathen show'r !

187. *The same. (P. M.)*

HAPPY the Friend of God and man,
Whose constant thoughts, and highest p
Aim at the good of all !
“ *Thy kingdom come,*”—he fervent prays,
Then helps the glorious work to raise,
Till Satan's empire fall.

He hails the latter glory's dawn ;—
Darkness and misery, withdrawn,
At Jesu's sceptre fall !
What triumphs shall his cause attend—
Princes and kings their glories lend,
To crown him Lord of All !

SEASONS, &c.

188. *The Seasons of the Year. (C. M.)*

1 WITH songs and honours sounding lo
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his show'rs of blessing down,
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown
And corn in valleys grow.

SEASONS, &c.

- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
 He hears the ravens cry ;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
 Should raise his honours high.
- 4 His steady counsels change the face,
 Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
 And wint'ry days appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
 Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bound.
- 6 When from his dreadful stores on high,
 He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares his God defy,
 Shall find his courage fail.
- 7 He sends his word and melts the snow,
 The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
 And bids the Spring return.
- 8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey his mighty word :
With songs and honours sounding loud,
 Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

189.

The same. (L. M.)

- 1 O BRITAIN, praise thy mighty Go
 And make his honours known abrc
He bade the ocean round thee flow,
 Not bars of brass could guard thee so.

as of snow like wool he sends,
as the springing corn defends.

Snowy frost he strews the ground ;
descends with clatt'ring sound ;
is the man so vainly bold,
as to defy his dreadful cold ?

the southern breezes blow,
dissolves, the waters flow :
with nobler works and ways,
the Britons to his praise.

He isle his laws are shown ;
遍 through the nation known :
not thus reveal'd his word
land : Praise ye the Lord.

The Beginning of a New Year. (L. M.)

HU. at whose almighty word

SEASONS, &c.

3 On all our youth assembled here,
The unction of thy Spirit pour ;
Nor let them lose another year,
Lest thou shouldst strive and call no m

191. *Commencing a New Year. The]*
Luke xiii. 6, 9. (P. M.)

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days ;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holiness,
On our dead souls was found ;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another and another year.

3 When justice bar'd the sword,
To cut the fig tree down ;
The pity of our Lord,
Cry'd, Let it still alone.
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space :
Thou didst on our behalf appear,
And lo, we see another year !

SEASONS, &c.

en dig about our root,
ak up our fallow ground,
I let some gracious fruit
thy great praise abound :
us all thy praise declare,
ruit unto perfection bear.

For the New Year. (P. M.)

THER year, how sweetly run !
Other year, how soon begun !
thus our life we spend.—
s a story briefly told,
orn,—and live,—and soon grow old,
oon our days we end !

in, alas ! the prospect seems,—
y fill'd with airy dreams ;
ime's fantastic joys :
le dull round of pleasure now,—
of grief, and pain, and woe ;
time our years employs !

re this all, we well might say,—
h it : nor would live alway ;
of the world and sin :
ience softly cries, “ I'll wait
lays of my appointed state,”—
shall my heaven begin !

ting days I would improve,
s of faith and holy love ;
esus glorify !
all I woe and sin resign ;—
my Saviour's image shine,
ader world on high !

SEASONS, &c.

193.

The same. (C. M.)

- 1 GOD of our life ! thy various praise,
Let mortal voices sound,
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.
- 2 To thee, shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend ;
While annual mercies from the skies,
In genial streams descend.
- 3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see ;
And constant as thy favours are,
So let our praises be.
- 4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
To every age appear ;
And let the same compassion deign,
To bless the opening year.
- 5 O keep this foolish heart of mine,
From anxious passions free ;
Teach me each comfort to resign,
And trust my all to thee.
- 6 If mercy smile, let mercy bring,
My wandering soul to God ;
And in affliction I shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.
- 7 This year, perhaps, the hand of Death,
May snatch my soul away ;
That awful hand may stop my breath
Before the opening day.

SEASONS, &c.

Father in heav'n, thy will be done,—
I cheerfully resign ;
Make me in life, in death, thine own ;
This year, for ever thine.

4. *The same. (L. M.)*

GREAT God ! let all my tuneful powers,
Awake, and sing thy mighty name :
Thy hand revolves my circling hours,
Thy hand from which my being came.

2 Seasons and moons still rolling round,
In beauteous order, speak thy praise ;
And years, with smiling mercy crown'd,
To thee successive honours raise.

3 To thee I raise the annual song,
To thee the grateful tribute give ;
My God doth still my years prolong,
And 'midst unnumber'd deaths, I live.

4 He bids each season on my soul,
Its sweetest, kindest influence shed ;
And all the periods, as they roll,
Shower countless blessings on my head.

5 My life, my health, my friends, I owe,
All to thy vast, unbounded love ;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

6 Thus will I sing, till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more ;
And, after death, thy boundless grace,
Through everlasting years, adore.

SEASONS, &c.

195. *New Year's Day; or, the right Improvement of Life.* (C. M.)

- 1** **A**ND is this life prolong'd to me?
Are days and seasons given?
Shall I not then prepare to be
Afitter heir for heaven?
- 2** I will not let these moments pass,
These golden hours be gone:
Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace,
I bow before thy throne.
- 3** Now cleanse my soul from every sin,
Through my Redeemer's blood:
Now let my flesh and heart begin,
The honours of my God.
- 4** Let me no more my soul defile,
With sin's deceitful toys:
Let cheerful hope increasing still,
Approach to heavenly joys.
- 5** O may my thankful lips proclaim,
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the savour of thy name,
Where'er I spend my days.
- 6** On earth let my example shine;
And when I leave this state,
May heaven receive this soul of mine,
To bliss divinely great.

SEASONS, &c.

The Year crowned with the Divine Goodness

Psalm lxv. 11. (L. M.)

TERNAL source of every joy !

Well may thy praise our lips employ ;
le in thy temple we appear,
ose goodness crowns the circling year.

le as the wheels of nature roll,
hand supports the steady pole :
sun is taught by thee to rise,
darkness when to veil the skies.

flowery spring at thy command,
palms the air, and paints the land ;
summer rays with vigour shine,
raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

hand in autumn richly pours,
ough all our coasts redundant stores ;
winters, soften'd by thy care,
more a face of horror wear.

ions, and months, and weeks, and days,
and successive songs of praise ;
be the cheerful homage paid,
h opening light, and evening shade.

e in thy house shall incense rise,
circling sabbaths bless our eyes ;
will we make thy mercies known,
nd thy board, and round our own.

ay our more harmonious tongues,
worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
in those brighter courts adore,
re days and years revolve no more.

197. *Reflections on our Waste of Years.*

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow
 Of the revolving year ;
 How swift the weeks complete their
 How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
 And that important day,
 When all, that mortal life has done,
 God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass,
 The swift advancing year ;
 And study artful ways t' increase
 The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
 Its great concern to see ;
 That I may act the Christian part,
 And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful r
 If future years arise ;
 Or this shall bear my smiling soul
 To joy, that never dies.

198. *A New Year's Thought and Prayer.*

- 1 TIME, by moments, steals away,
 First the hour, and then the day
 Small the daily loss appears,
 Yet it soon amounts to years :
 Thus another year is flown,
 Now it is no more our own,
 If it brought or promis'd good,
 Than the years before the flood.

SEASONS, &c.

(may none of us forget)
as left us much in debt ;
ours from the Lord receiv'd,
that have his Spirit griev'd,
k'd by an unerring hand,
is book recorded stand ;
can tell the vast amount,
'd to each of our account ?

py the believing soul !
st for you has paid the whole ;
le you own the debt is large,
may plead a full discharge :
poor careless sinner, say,
at can you to justice pay ?
nble, lest, when life is past,
prison you be cast !

you still increase the score ?
be careless as before ?
forbid it, gracious Lord,
ch their spirits by thy word !
, in mercy, to them show
at a mighty debt they owe !
heir unbelief subdue ;
them find forgiveness too.

'd to see another year,
thy blessing meet us here ;
e, thy dying work revive,
thy drooping garden thrive :
of righteousness, arise !
m our hearts, and bless our eyes ;
our prayer thy pity move,
be this year a time of love.

SEASONS, &c.

199. *For a New Year. (P. M.)*

1 WHILE each revolving *day* demands
A grateful tribute from my hands
For mercies rich and free :
Can I a *year* enjoy, and yet
The praises of my God forget,
For all his love to me ?

2 Shall I review my former state,
What matchless grace, to new create
A heart so hard and vile !
And through another year this grace,
Has crown'd and brighten'd all my days,
And heighten'd nature's smile !

3 Was it paternal care to grant,
A kind supply of every want,
In seasons that are past ?
So goodness great, my days have led,
And richly all my table spread,
Throughout the year that's past.

4 Should I the grateful song neglect,
And love's inspiring notes reject ;
Nor sing my Saviour's praise ;
Nature, inanimate, would try,
To harmonize a thankful cry,
And tuneful accents raise !

5 But still with trembling I rejoice,
And hear the soft, and warning voice,
That this is not my home !
Another year,—how soon 'tis past !
Another year,—may be my last,
And guide me to the tomb !

SPRING.

SPRING.

The Blessings of the Spring. (C. M.)

OOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
sets the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

the clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

the soften'd ridges of the field,
Permit the corn to spring ;
the valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor labourers sing.

the little hills on every side,
Rejoice at falling showers ;
the meadows, drest in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

the barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop ;
the parching ground looks green again,
To raise the reaper's hope.

the various months thy goodness crowns ;
How bounteous are thy ways !
the bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
and shepherds shout thy praise.

SPRING.

201. *The Return of Spring.* (S. M.)

- 1 **G**REAT God, at thy command,
Seasons in order rise :
Thy power and love in concert reign,
Through earth, and seas, and skies.
- 2 How balmy is the air !
How warm the solar beams !
And, to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.
- 3 With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass for kine, and herb and cor.
For men, enrich the land.
- 4 But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son ;
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Through endless ages run.

202. *Waiting for Spring.* (L. M.)

- 1 **T**HOUGH cloudy skies, and northern
Retard the gentle spring awhile ;
The sun will conqueror prove at last,
And nature wear a vernal smile.
- 2 The promise, which, from age to age,
Has brought the changing seasons round
Again shall calm the winter's rage,
Perfume the air, and paint the ground.
- 3 The virtue of that first command,
I know still does, and will prevail,
That while the earth itself shall stand,
The spring and summer shall not fail.

SPRING.

ranges are for us decreed ;
rs have their winters too ;
ing shall certainly succeed,
their former life renew.

and spring have each their use,
ch, in turn, his people know ;
lls the weeds their hearts produce,
her makes their graces grow.

like dead trees awhile they seem,
ving life within their root,
elcome spring's reviving beam,
forth their blossoms, leaves, and fruit.

the tree indeed be dead,
no change, though spring return :
less, naked, barren head,
ims it only fit to burn.

Lord, afford our souls a spring,
know'st our winter has been long ;
forth, and warm our hearts to sing,
y rich grace shall be our song.

Spring. (C. M.)

LEAK winter is subdu'd at length,
Compell'd to yield the day :
e sun, returning in his strength,
Drives all the storms away.

hold the youthful spring is come,
How alter'd is the scene !
The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

Oppress'd with sin and trouble;
I feel 'tis winter still within,
Though all is spring without.

- 5 Oh! would my Saviour from on high
Break through these clouds, and
No creature then more blest than I
No song more loud than mine.
- 6 Till then,—no softly-warbling thru'
Nor cowslips sweet perfume,
Nor beauties of each painted bush
Can dissipate my gloom.
- 7 To Adam, soon as he transgress'd,
Thus Eden bloom'd in vain;
Not paradise could give him rest,
Or sooth his heart-felt pain.
- 8 Yet here an emblem I perceive,
Of —— the — T — J —

SPRING.

The same. (P. M.)

PLEASING spring again is here !
Trees and fields in bloom appear !
Hark ! the birds, with artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise !
Where, in winter, all was snow,
Now the flowers in clusters grow ;
And the corn, in green array,
Promises a harvest-day.

2 What a change has taken place,
Emblem of the spring of grace ;
How the soul in winter mourns,
Till the Lord, the sun returns.
Till the Spirit's gentle rain,
Bids the heart revive again,
Then the stone is turn'd to flesh,
Then each grace springs forth afresh.

3 Lord, afford a spring to me !
Let me feel like what I see ;
Ah ! my winter has been long,
Chill'd my hopes, and stopp'd my song !
Winter threaten'd to destroy
Faith, and love, and every joy ;
If thy life was in the root,
Still I could not yield thee fruit.

4 Speak, and by thy gracious voice,
Make my drooping soul rejoice ;
O, beloved Saviour, haste,
Tell me all the storms are past :

SPRING.

On thy garden deign to smile,
Raise the plants, enrich the soil ;
Soon thy presence will restore
Life to what seem'd dead before.

- 5 Lord, I long to be at home,
Where these changes never come !
Where the saints no winter fear,
Where 'tis spring throughout the year :
How unlike this state below !
There the flowers unwith'ring blow ;
There no chilling blasts annoy ;
All is love, and bloom, and joy.

205. *The same. (P. M.)*

- 1 THE winter is over and gone,
The thrush whistles sweet on the spⁿ
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
The lark mounts and warbles away.
- 2 Shall every creature around,
Their voices in concert unite,
And I, the most favour'd, be found,
In praising, to take less delight ?
- 3 Awake, then, my harp, and my lute !
Sweet organs, your notes softly swell !
No longer my lips shall be mute,
The Saviour's high praises to tell !
- 4 His love in my heart shed abroad,
My graces shall bloom as the spring ;
This temple, his Spirit's abode ;
My joy, as my duty, to sing.

HARVEST.

6. *A Hymn for the Spring. (C. M.)*

- 1 WHILE beauty clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms on the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day !
- 2 How kind the influence of the skies ;
Soft showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought.
- 3 O let my wand'ring heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless,
The garden, field, and grove.
- 4 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.
- 5 Inspir'd to praise, I then shall join,
Glad nature's cheerful song ;
And love and gratitude divine,
Attune my joyful tongue.

HARVEST.

7. *For the Weeks of Harvest. (C. M.)*

- 1 THE rising morn, the closing day,
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice ;
Both in their turns thy pow'r display,
And laden with thy gifts rejoice.

HARVEST.

- 2 Earth's wide extended, varying
All smiling round, thy bounty si
From seas or clouds, full magaz
Thy rich diffusive blessings flow
- 3 Now earth receives the precious
Which thy indulgent hand prep:
And nourishes the future bread,
And answers all the sower's care
- 4 Thy sweet refreshing show'rs att
And through the ridges gently si
Soft on the springing corn desce
And thy kind blessing make it g
- 5 Thy goodness crowns the circling
Thy paths drop fatness all around
E'en barren wilds thy praise dec:
And echoing hills return the sou
- 6 Here spreading flocks adorn the
There plenty ev'ry charm display
Thy bounty clothes each lovely s
And joyful nature shouts thy pr

208.

The same. (P. M.)

- 1 SEE ! the corn again in ear !
How the fields and vallies si
Harvest now is drawing near,
To repay the farmer's toil;
Gracious Lord, secure the crop,
Satisfy the poor with food ;
In thy mercy is our hope,
We have sinn'd, but thou art go

HARVEST.

While I view the plenteous grain,
As it ripens on the stalk,
May I not instruction gain,
Helpful to my daily walk ?
All this plenty of the field,
Was produc'd from foreign seeds ;
For the earth itself would yield,
Only crops of useless weeds.

Though, when newly sown, it lay
Hid awhile beneath the ground,
(Some might think it thrown away,)
Now a large increase is found :
Though conceal'd, it was not lost,—
Though it dy'd, it lives again ;—
Eastern storms; and nipping frost,
Have oppos'd its growth in vain.

Let the praise be all the Lord's,
As the benefit is our's !
He, in season, still affords,
Kindly heat, and gentle show'rs :
By his care the produce thrives,
Waving o'er the furrow'd lands ;
And when harvest-time arrives,
Ready for the reaper stands.

Thus in barren hearts he sows,
Precious seeds of heavenly joy ;
Sin and hell in vain oppose,—
None this harvest can destroy :
Threaten'd oft, yet still it blooms,
After many changes past,
Death, the reaper, when he comes,
Finds it fully ripe at last.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN.

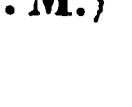
209.

Autumnal Hymn. (L. M.)

- 1 **G**REAT God ! at whose all pow'rful ~~c~~
At first arose this beauteous frame.
Thou bidd'st the seasons change, and ~~all~~
The changing seasons speak thy name.
- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter-storms recover'd, rise ;
When thousand grateful scenes appear
Fresh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.
- 3 O how delightful 'tis to see,
The earth in vernal beauty drest !
While in each herb, and flow'r, and tree
Thy blooming glories stand confest !
- 4 Aloft, full beaming reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys :
And while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quick'ning rays.
- 5 Around us from the teeming field,
Spring the rich grain, or purpled vine ;
At thy command they rise to yield,
The strength'ning bread, or cheering wine.
- 6 Indulgent God ! from ev'ry part,
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow ;
We see, — we taste, — let ev'ry heart,
With grateful love and duty glow.

AUTUMN.

Fall of the Leaf. Isaiah xxxiv. 4. (P. M.)

See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground :
To thoughtless mortals calling,
A sad and solemn sound :
Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
When like us, he blighted fell,) 
I hear the lecture we are reading,
‘Tis, alas, the truth we tell.

Virgins, much,—too much presuming,
“On your boasted white and red ;
View us late in beauty blooming,
“Number'd now among the dead :
Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,
“Gay in health, and many a grace ;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
“Summer gives to autumn place.

Early in our course returning,
“Messengers of shortest stay ;
Thus we preach this truth concerning
‘Heaven and earth shall pass away.’”
the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be staid ;
which alone for ever vernal,
Leaves a leaf that shall not fade.

is all do fade as a Leaf. Isaiah lxiv. 6. (P. M.)

IN I view the pleasing season,
Now in autumn to expire ;
not find another reason,
is so glorious to admire !

WINTER.

- 3 Jesus, my glorious sun, arise !
 'Tis thine the frozen heart to move ;
 O ! hush these storms, and clear my skid
 And let me feel thy vital love !
- 4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
 I faint and droop till thou appear ;
 Wilt thou permit thy plant to die ?
 Must it be winter all the year ?
- 5 Be still, my soul, and wait this hour,
 With humble prayer, and patient faith ;
 Till he reveals his gracious power,
 Repose on what his promise saith.
- 6 He, by whose all-commanding word,
 Seasons their changing course maintain
 In every change a pledge affords,
 That none shall seek his face in vain.

214. *Jesus seen in the Seasons ; or, I will pra Lord at all Times.* (P. M.)

- 1 WINTER has a joy for me,
 While the Saviour's charms I re
 Lowly, meek, from blemish free,
 In the snow-drop's pensive head.
- 2 Spring returns, and brings along
 Life-invigorating suns :
 Hark ! the turtle's plaintive song,
 Seems to speak his dying groans !
- 3 Summer has a thousand charms,
 All expressive of his worth ;
 'Tis his sun that lights and warms,
 His the air that cools the earth.

RIGHT IMPROVEMENT OF LIFE, &c.

hat, has autumn left to say,
thing of a Saviour's grace ;
s, the beams of milder day,
ll me of his smiling face.

ght appears with early dawn ;
ile the sun makes haste to rise,
his bleeding beauties drawn,
the blushes of the skies.

ning with a silent pace,
wly moving in the west,
ows an emblem of his grace,
nts to an eternal rest.

RIGHT IMPROVEMENT OF LIFE, WITH ITS REVIEW, &c.

Life the Day of Grace and Hope.

Eccl. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10. (L. M.)

IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward ;
d while the lamp holds out to burn,
e vilest sinner may return.

is the hour that God has giv'n,
'scape from hell and fly to heav'n,
e day of grace, and mortals may,
ure the blessings of the day.

e living know that they must die,
t all the dead forgotten lie,
eir memory and their sense is gone,
ike unknowing and unknown.

THE RIGHT IMPROVEMENT OF LIFE,

- 4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust ;
They have no share in all that's done,
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon past,
In the cold grave to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

216. *Frailty and Folly. (C. M.)*

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life !
How vast our soul's affairs !
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive,
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay :
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above !
What chains of vengeance should we see
That break such cords of love !

WITH ITS REVIEW, &c.

5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

17. *The Shortness and Misery of Life.* (C. M.)

1 OUR days, alas ! our mortal days,
Are short and wretched too ;
"Evil and few," the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound,
That heav'n allows to men,
And pains and sins run thro' the round,
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste ;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

18. *Love to the Creatures dangerous.* (C. M.)

1 HOW vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky,
Give but a flattering light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

THE RIGHT IMPROVEMENT OF LIFE,

- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
 And leave but half for God !
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
 How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
 Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be,
 My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away,
 From all created good.

219. *The Pilgrimage of the Saints; or, Earth Heaven.* (C. M.)

- 1 L ORD ! what a wretched land is this,
 That yields us no supply ;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
 Nor streams of living joy !
- 2 But pricking thorns through all the ground,
 And mortal poisons grow ;
And all the rivers that are found,
 With dangerous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode,
 Lies through this horrid land ;
Lord ! we would keep the heavenly road,
 And run at thy command.
- 4 Our souls shall tread the desert through,
 With undiverted feet ;
And faith, and flaming zeal subdue,
 The terrors that we meet.

WITH ITS REVIEW, &c.

5 A thousand savage beasts of prey,
 Around the forest roam ;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
 And guides the strangers home.

6 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
 With scarce a twinkling ray ;
But the bright world to which we go,
 Is everlasting day.

7 By glimmering hopes, and gloomy fears,
 We trace the sacred road ;
Through dismal deeps, and dangerous snares,
 We make our way to God.

8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
 But we march upward still ;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
 And reach at Zion's hill.

9 See the kind angels at the gates,
 Inviting us to come ;
There Jesus the forerunner waits,
 To welcome travellers home.

10 There on a green and flowery mount,
 Our weary souls shall sit ;
And with transporting joys recount,
 The labours of our feet.

11 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
 Nor trifles vex our ear ;
Infinite grace shall be our song,
 And God rejoice to hear.

12 Eternal glories to the King,
 That brought us safely through ;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
 And endless praise renew.

220. *Frail Life, and succeeding Eternit*

1 THEE we adore, eternal name,
 And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame !
 What dying worms are we !

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still
 As months and days increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the earth
 To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.

5 Good God ! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal states of all the dead,
 Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
 Attends on every breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
 Upon the brink of death !

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dangerous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God !

WITH ITS REVIEW, &c.

31. *Vain Prosperity.* (C. M.)

NO, I shall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great ;
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to wond'rous height.

They taste of all the joys that grow,
Upon this earthly clod ;
Well they may search the creature through,
For they have ne'er a God.

Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own ;
But death comes hastening on to you,
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies ;
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.

5 Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright you shine ;
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

22. *The Shortness of Life, and the Goodness of God.* (C. M.)

1 TIME ! what an empty vapour 'tis !
And days how swift they are !
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we *can never say*, " They're here,"
But only say, " They're past."

THE RIGHT IMPROVEMENT OF LIFE,

- 3** Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh ;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.
- 4** Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days,
Thy lasting favours share ;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 5** 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love ;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.
- 6** His goodness runs an endless round ;
All glory to the Lord :
His mercy never knows a bound,
And be his name ador'd !
- 7** Thus we begin the lasting song,
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

223: Mortality. Job vii. 8. 1 Sam. xi. 6. (

- 1** SOVEREIGN of life, before thine eyes ! Lo ! mortal men by thousands die : One glance from thee at once brings down The proudest brow that wears a crown.
- 2** Banish'd at once from human sight, To the dark grave's unchanging night, Imprison'd in that dusty bed, We hide our solitary head.

WITH ITS REVIEW, &c.

The friendly band no more shall greet,
Accents familiar once, and sweet ;
No more the well-known features trace,
No more renew the fond embrace.

Yet if our Father's faithful hand,
Conduct us through this gloomy land,
Our souls with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where he leads the way.

He, nobler friends than here we leave,
In brighter, surer worlds can give ;
Or, by the beamings of his eye,
Lost creation well supply,

. *The Vanity of all Creature Good.* (C. M.)

LORD, shall we part with gold for dross,
With solid good for show ?
But live our bliss, and mourn our loss,
In everlasting woe ?

Let us not lose the living God,
For one short dream of joy ;
With fond embrace cling to a clod,
And fling all heaven away.

Fain world, thy weak attempts forbear,
We all thy charms defy ;
And rate our precious souls too dear,
For all thy wealth to buy.

. *The Review of Life.* (C. M.)

IMPRESSIVE view, while life we trace,
May it instruct our mind ;
Our fathers quickly ran their race,
And left their cares behind.

THE RIGHT IMPROVEMENT OF LIFE,

- 2 All their anxieties are o'er,
Their trouble and their joy;
The small concerns of life no more,
Their busy thoughts employ.
- 3 But yet they live,—amazing thought!
For ever fix'd their fate;
The works of good, or ill, they wrought,
Have follow'd to that state.
- 4 Now then, my soul, thy days improve,
Salvation seek to share:
Thy Maker and thy Saviour love;
To meet thy God, prepare!

226.

The same. (P. M.)

- 1 COME let us anew,
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the master appear:
His adorable will,
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.
- 2 Our life is a dream,
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millenial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here!

WITH ITS REVIEW, &c.

3 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
“ I have fought my way through,
ave finish'd the work thou didst give me to do :”
O that each from his Lord,
May receive the glad word,
“ Well, and faithfully done ;
ter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.”

7. *The Parting of Friends.* (C. M.)

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk with him !
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer, and closer let us cleave,
To his belov'd embrace ;
Expect his fullness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart :
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

THE RIGHT IMPROVEMENT OF LII

6 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore ;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

228. *At Parting.* (P. M.)

- 1 **A**S the sun's enliv'ning eye,
A Shines on every place the same,
So the Lord is always nigh,
To the souls that love his name.
- 2 For a season call'd to part,
Let us then ourselves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart,
Of our ever present Friend.
- 3 Jesus, hear our humble prayer !
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep !
Let thy mercy and thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 4 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
Give us if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again.
- 5 Then if thou thy help afford,
Eben Ezers shall be rear'd ;
Grateful shall we praise the Lord,
Who hath our petitions heard.

229. *The same.* (S. M.)

- 1 **A**ND let our bodies part,
ATo different climes repair,
Inseparably join'd in heart,
The friends of Jesus are.

WITH ITS REVIEW, &c.

Jesus, the corner stone,
Did first our souls unite ;
And still he holds and keeps us one,
Who walk with him in white.

O happy, happy placé,
Where men and angels meet !
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

The church of the first-born,—
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

We shall our time beneath,
Live out in cheerful hope ;
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain top.

To gather home his own,
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In endless triumphs end.

D. *The same. (P. M.)*

OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mix'd in one,—
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,—
Is heaven on earth begun :
Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake,
And glow'd with sacred fire ;
He stopp'd, and talk'd, and fed, and ~~walk'd~~
And fill'd thi' enlarg'd desire.

To join the saints who're gone before
We then shall meet to part no more

- 2** The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain ;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain :
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,—
But pour a mighty flood,—
O sweep the nations,—shake the earth,
Till all proclaim Thee God !
“ A Saviour,” &c.
- 3** And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown ;
When all thy sparkling gems shall
Proclaim'd by thee thine own ;
May we, a little band of love,

YOUTH.

u desire a length of days,
peace to crown your mortal state,
rain your feet from impious ways,
lips from slander and deceit.

eyes of God regard his saints,
ears are open to their cries ;
lets his frowning face against,
sons of violence and lies.

umble souls, and broken hearts,
with his grace is ever nigh ;
on and hope his love imparts,
n men in deep contrition lie.

ells their tears, he counts their groans,
Son redeems their souls from death ;
Spirit heals their broken bones,
in his praise employ their breath.

The same. (C. M.)

COME, children, learn to fear the Lord ;
And that your days be long,
t not a false or spiteful word,
Be found upon your tongue.

spart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the works of peace :
shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry ;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

YOUTH.

- 4 What though the sorrows here they taste,
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.
- 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead ;
But God secures his own ;
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.
- 6 When desolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their souls.

233. *The same. (C. M.)*

- 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God perform'd of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known ;
His works of pow'r and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down,
Through ev'ry rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs ;
That generations yet unborn,
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

YOUTH.

To Youth. (C. M.)

the young tribes of Adam rise,
And through all nature rove,
He wishes of their eyes,
Taste the joys they love.

Give a loose to wild desires ;—
Let the sinners know,
What account that God requires,
Of the works they do.

He prepares his throne on high,
Irrigated earth and seas,
The fury of his eye,
Flee before his face.

Will I bear that dreadful day,
Stand the fiery test ?
All mortal joys away,
Be for ever blest.

Advice to Youth. Eccl. xii. 1, 7. Isaiah lxv. 20.

(L. M.)

When in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God ;
The months come hast'ning on,
You shall say, " My joys are gone."

The aged sinner goes,
With guilt and heavy woes,
To the regions of the dead,
Idle curses on his head.

It returns to dust again ;
All, in agonies of pain,
To God ; not there to dwell,
Sinks her doom, and sinks to hell. —

YOUTH.

4 Eternal King! I fear thy name ;
Teach me to know how frail I am ;
And when my soul must hence rem
Give me a mansion in thy love.

236. *Christ's Regard to little Children.* : (C. M.)

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd sta
With all engaging charms ;
Hark, how he calls the tender lamb
And folds them in his arms !

2 “ Permit them to approach, (he c)
“ Nor scorn their humble name
“ For 'twas to bless such souls as
“ The Lord of angels came.”

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful !
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful, that we ourselves are thine
Thine let our offspring be.

237. *Children blessed by Jesus.* (L. M.)

1 JESUS, upon our children lay,
Thy gracious hands, and bless
Into their tender hearts convey
A principle of pious fear.

2 Thee, by a life of holy love,
Long may they live to glorify ;
Or, sav'd by grace, from earth rev
And to thy tender bosom fly.

YOUTH.

38. *Pleading for Children.* (L. M.)

- 1 **G**REAT Saviour, who didst condescend,
Young children in thine arms t' embrace,
Still prove thyself the infant's friend,
Baptise them with thy cleansing grace.
- 2 Whilst in the slippery paths of youth,
Be thou their guardian and their guide,
That they, directed by thy truth,
May never from thy precepts slide.
- 3 To love thy word their hearts incline,
To understand it, light impart ;
O Saviour, consecrate them thine,
Take full possession of their heart.

39. *Parents asking Grace to bring up their Children for God.* (L. M.)

- 1 **F**AATHER of all, by whom we are,
For whom was made whatever is ;
Who hast entrusted to our care,
These candidates for glorious bliss :
- 2 Poor worms of earth, for help we cry,
For grace to guide, what grace has given ;
We ask for wisdom from on high,
To train our infants up for heaven.
- 3 Them may we tend, severely kind,
As guardians of their thoughtless youth :
And plant thou in their tender mind,
The principles of heavenly truth.

YOUTH.

240. *Encouragement for Young Persons.*

- 1 Y E hearts, with youthful vigour wi
In smiling crowds draw near ;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 “ The soul that longs to see my face,
“ Is sure my love to gain ;
“ And those that early seek my grace,
“ Shall never seek in vain.”
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should m
If once compar'd with thee ?
What beauty should command my lov
Like what in Christ I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind !
”Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

241. *The Benefit of Early Piety.* (C. II)

- 1 I N the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrives, and trembling waits
Its summons to the tomb.
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God,
For him thy pow'rs employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope
Thy confidence and joy.

YOUTH.

Defend, and guide thy course
In life's uncertain sea,
Art landed on the shores,
At eternity.

Peace is its own reward,
Peace and pleasure crown'd :
Joy wears no sting, no thorns
In the roses found.

Seek the Lord betimes, and choose,
Lays of heav'nly truth :
Nature affords no lovelier sight,
To religious youth.

Prayer for Divine Guidance. (S. M.)

With, in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know ;
By sanctifying grace
Send on me bestow.

In unguarded youth
Subject of thy care ;
To chuse the way of truth,
From ev'ry snare.

Not to folly prone,
By pow'r divine ;
To thyself alone,
Make me wholly thine.

By word of grace,
Earnest thoughts employ ;
Through all my following days,
sure and my joy.

YOUTH.

- 5 To what thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclin'd ;
O let them dwell within my heart
And sanctify my mind.
- 6 Make thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way ;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

243. *Early Piety.* Matt. xii. 20.

- 1 HOW soft the words my Sav'or speaks ! How kind the promises he makes ! A bruised reed he never breaks, Nor will he quench the smoking brands.
- 2 The humble poor he won't despise, Nor on the contrite sinner frowns ; His ear is open to their cries, He quickly sends salvation down.
- 3 When piety in early minds, Like tender buds, begins to show, He guards the plants from threat'ning foes, And ripens blossoms into fruit.
- 4 With humble souls he bears a part, In all the sorrows they endure ; Tender and gracious is his heart, His promise is for ever sure.
- 5 He sees the struggles that prevail Between the powers of grace and sin, He kindly listens, while they tell The bitter pangs they feel within.

YOUTH.

B Though press'd with fears on every side,
They know not how the strife may end ;
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto vict'ry send.

4.

To Youth. (P. M.)

O LEND your ear, ye youthful tribe,
And early, Wisdom's words imbibe,
To guide your wand'ring way !—
Why should you scorn the heav'nly guest ?
Your happiness is her request,
She leads to endless day.

B If you obediently regard,
Her dictates, she a sure reward,
Will in the end confer !
What heav'nly bliss does she unfold !
To rubies and the choicest gold,
Her merchandise prefer.

B In her right hand she e'er displays
A life of peace, and length of days,—
Relief from guilt and sin :
All needful wealth will she bestow,
Honours from her left hand do flow,
Your youthful hearts to win.

4 How full of pleasantness her ways !
Her paths how full of peace ! Her praise
Is sung by every friend ;
A tree of life, divinely fair ;
Nor death, nor danger, shall they share,
Who Wisdom's voice attend.

5 The Scriptures read, nor sh
The road to life and happine
There Wisdom's voice :
Jehovah fear, from sin depa
And give the Saviour all yo
And share the rich rew:

6 Be true, benevolent, and pu
Patiently suffer, and endure
The chast'ning of the L
Servant of God, to man a fi
Happy your life,—and peace
In heav'n your great rev

BIRTH DAY.

245. *A Birth Day Hymn.* (F)

1 I MY Ebenezer raise,
To my kind Redeemer
With a grateful heart I o
Hitherto thy help I've kno

2 What may be my future lo
Well I know concerns me
This should set my heart a
What thy will ordains is b

3 I my all to thee resign ;
Father, let thy will be min
May but all thy dealings p
Fruits of thy paternal love

4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy
Guard me in the trying ho
Let thy unremitting care,
Save me from the lurking

BIRTH DAY.

5 Let my few remaining days,
Be directed to thy praise ;
So the last, the closing scene,
Shall be tranquil and serene.

6 To thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request ;
Both in life and death to prove,
Tokens of thy special love.

6. *For a Birth Day. (P. M.)*

GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise,
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days :
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day, that I was born.

A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings came ;
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

My soul, and all its powers,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be ;
All, all my happy hours,
I consecrate to thee ;
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

WEDDING.

4 Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live,
To thee my every breath,
In thanks and blessings give ;
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

WEDDING.

247. A Wedding Hymn. (C. M.)

- 1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
To grace a marriage-feast ;
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding-guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands ;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts end
Of all rich dowries best !
Their substance bless, and peace bes
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed;
In prayer, and faith, and hope ;
And see with joy a godly seed,
To build their household up.

OLD AGE.

s Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind ;
o may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.

'n every soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine ;
hy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
Than richest food or wine.

OLD AGE.

The Aged Saint's Reflection and Hope. (C. M.)

MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth ;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

Iy flesh was fashion'd by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine ;
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.

Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year ;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise ;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

OLD AGE.

5 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

249. *The Aged Christian's Prayer and Song.* (C)

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wond'rous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart ?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God my strength depart ?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim,
To the surviving age,
And leave a savour of thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death,
Attends my next remove ;
O may these poor remains of breath,
Teach the wide world thy love !

PAUSE.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds ;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief ;
But when thy hand has prest me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

OLD AGE.

By long experience have I known,
Thy sovereign power to save ;
At thy command I venture down,
Securely to the grave.

When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care ;
These withering limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

). *The Aged Christian's Reflection.* (C. M.)

HOW vain a thought is bliss below,
'Tis all an airy dream !
How empty are the joys that flow
On pleasure's smiling stream !

O let my nobler wishes soar,
Beyond these seats of night ;
In heaven substantial bliss explore,
And permanent delight.

No fleeting landscape cheers the gaze,
Nor airy form beguiles ;
But everlasting bliss displays,
Her undissembled smiles.

Adieu ! to all below the skies ;
Celestial guardian, come ;
On thy kind wing my soul would rise,
To her eternal home.

1. *Consolations of the Aged Christian.* (L. M.)

L ORD, in thy great, thy glorious name,
I place my hope, my only trust ;
Save me from sorrow, guilt, and shame,
Thou ever gracious, ever just.

The fortress where my hopes retire
O make thy power and mercy known
To safety guide my trembling feet

- 4 Preserve me from the fatal snare,
Of secret foes, who plot my fall ;
And make my life thy tender care,
My God, my strength, my hope, my all.
- 5 To thy kind hand, O gracious Lord,
My soul I cheerfully resign ;
My Saviour God, I trust thy Word,
For truth, immortal truth, is thine.

252. *Sickness and Recovery.* Hezekiah

Isaiah xxxviii. 9.

- 1 WHEN we are rais'd from deep despair,
Our God deserves a song ;

DEATH.

We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

Jeovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands ;
Fever and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore ;
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

DEATH.

3. *The Vanity of Man as Mortal.* (C.M.)

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame ;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

DEATH.

- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
 Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs,—they know not
 And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for them
 From creatures, earth, and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
 And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
 My fond desires recal ;
I give my mortal interest up,
 And make my God my all.

254. *Man Frail, and God Eternal.* (C)

- 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come ;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same,
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to du
 “ Return, ye sons of men : ”
All nations rose from earth at first,
 And turn to earth again.

DEATH.

ousand ages in thy sight,
e like an evening gone ;
t as the watch that ends the night,
fore the rising sun.

busy tribes of flesh and blood,
ith all their lives and cares,
carried downwards by the flood,
id lost in following years.

, like an ever-rolling stream,
ears all its sons away ;
· fly forgotten, as a dream,
es at the opening day.

flow'ry fields the nations stand,
eas'd with the morning light ;
flow'rs beneath the mower's hand,
e withering 'ere 'tis night.

od, our help in ages past,
ur hope for years to come ;
ou our guard while life shall last,
id our eternal home.

Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin.

(C. M.)

IRD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grows severe,
dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
id burns beyond our fear.

e anger turns our frame to dust ;
· one offence to thee,
n, with all his sons, have lost,
eir immortality.

DEATH.

fe, like a vain amusement, flies
A fable, or a song ;
By swift degrees our nature dies
Nor can our joys be long.

'Tis but a few whose days amou
To threescore years and ten ;
And all beyond that short accou
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

5 Our vitals, with laborious strife,
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag those poor remains of
Along the tiresome road.

6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone ;
O let our sweet experience prov
The mercies of thy throne !

7 Our souls would learn the heav
T' improve the hours we ha'
That we may act the wiser pa
And live beyond the grave.

256. *The Frailty and Shortness*

1 **L**ORD, what a feeble
 Is this our mortal fi
Our life how poor a trifle
 That scarce deserves th

2 Alas ! the brittle clay,
 That built our body fi
And every month, and e
 'Tis mouldering back

DEATH.

- 3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay ;
Just like a flood, our hasty days,
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight ;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er,
This life's tempestuous sea :
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore,
Of blest eternity.

57. *Triumph over Death.* (C. M.)

- 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay ;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs :
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,
High on a royal seat ;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
- Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh ;
When God shall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afresh.

DEATH.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face,
With strong immortal eyes ;
And feast upon thy unknown grace,
With pleasure and surprise.

258. *Victory over Death.* 1 Cor. xv.
(C. M.)

1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful powers !

2 Joyful with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
“ Where is thy boasted victory, Gra
“ And where the monster's sting ?

3 If sin be pardon'd I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside ;
The law gave sin its damning power
But Christ my ransom dy'd.

4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid ;
Who makes us conquerors while we
Through Christ our living head.

259. *Blessed are the Dead that die in*
Rev. xiv. 13. (C. M.)

1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n saith
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

DEATH.

They sleep in Jesus, and are bless'd ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sins releas'd ;
And freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life,
End in a large reward.

10. *The Song of Simeon; or, Death made desirable.* Luke ii 29. (C. M.)

L ORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came ;
And hope to meet our Saviour here ;
O make our joys the same !

With what divine and vast delight,
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the holy child !

“ Now I can leave this world,” he cry'd,
“ Behold thy servant dies ;
“ I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
“ And close my peaceful eyes.

“ This is the light prepar'd to shine,
“ Upon the Gentile lands ;
“ Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
“ To break their slavish bands.”

5 Jesus, the vision of thy face,
Hath overpowering charms ;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.



DEATH.

6 Then while ye hear my heart-strain
How sweet my minutes roll !
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.

261. *Assurance of Heaven; or, a Sait to die.* 2 Tim. iv. 6—8. 18.

1 DEATH may dissolve my body;
And bear my spirit home ;
Why do my minutes move so slow
Nor my salvation come ?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the way
And wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me,
A crown which cannot fade ;
The righteous Judge, at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone ;
But all that love and long to see,
Th' appearance of his Son.

DEATH.

Death and Eternity. (C. M.)

GOOP down, my thoughts, that use to rise,

Converse a while with death :

INK how a gasping mortal lies,

And pants away his breath.

A quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,

His pulses faint and few ;

Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,

He bids the world adieu.

But, O the soul, *that never dies !*

At once it leaves the clay !

Thoughts, pursue it where it flies,

And track its wond'rous way.

To the courts where angels dwell,

It mounts triumphing there,

Devils plunge it down to hell,

In infinite despair.

And must my body faint and die ?

And must this soul remove ?

For some guardian angel nigh,

To bear it safe above !

Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand,

My naked soul I trust ;

And my flesh waits for thy command,

To drop into my dust.

Christ's Presence makes Death easy. (L. M.)

WHY should we start and fear to die ?

What tim'rous worms we mortals are !

Death is the gate of endless joy,

And yet we dread to enter there.

DEATH.

- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O ! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in ha
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillars are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

264. *Moses dying in the Embraces of God.*

- 1 DEATH cannot make our souls af
If God be with us there ;
We may walk through its darkest sha
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid ;
And run if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arm
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

DEATH.

5. *Death dreadful, or delightful. (C. M.)*

1 DEATH ! 'tis a melancholy day,
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away,
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes ;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell ;
Let stubborn sinners fear :
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell,
A long for ever there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face ;
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
And sing recov'ring grace.

5 He is a God of sov'reign love,
That promis'd heav'n to me ;
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand ;
Then come the joyful day ;
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

66. *A Thought of Death and Glory. (C. M.)*

1 MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

DEATH.

- 2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
 The hollow gaping tomb ;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
 Whene'er the summons come.
- 3 O ! could we die with those that die,
 And place us in their stead ;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the dead.
- 4 Then should we see the saints above,
 In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love,
 To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 How we should scorn these clothes of flesh
 These fetters, and this load :
And long for ev'ning to undress,
 That we may rest with God.
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay,
 Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away,
 To their eternal home.

267. *The same. (C. M.)*

- 1 **H**ARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound
 My ears attend the cry :
“ Ye living men, come view the ground,
 Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 “ Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 “ In spite of all your pow'rs ;
“ The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
 “ Must lie as low as ours.”

DEATH.

Great ~~Good~~ ! is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure !
till walk~~ing~~ downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more !

Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly ;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

8. *The End of the World.* (C. M.)

- 1 WHY should this earth delight us so ?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleasure dies ?
- 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares,
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his pow'r.
- 3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly,
Before my Saviour's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise,
When the last trumpet's sound
Shall call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground ?

9. *Death and Eternity.* Job xiv. 10. (C. M.)

MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go, search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign, Death.

FUNERAL.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word ;
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

279. *Man mortal, and God eternal.* (L.)

1 **T**HROUGH every age, eternal God
Thou art our rest, our safe abode :
High was thy throne ere heav'n was in
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began
Or dust was fashion'd to a man ;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity ;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
“ Return, ye sinners, to your dust.”

4 A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account ;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

PAUSE.

5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;
An empty tale ; a morning flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

6 Our age to seventy years is set ;
How short the term ! how frail the state !
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.

FUNERAL.

low oft thy wrath appears,
ts off our expected years !
ath awakes our humble dread ;
r the power that strikes us dead.

is, O Lord, how frail is man ;
ndly lengthen out our span,
ise care of piety,
o die, and dwell with thee.

: Death and Burial of a Saint. (C. M.)

TY do we mourn departing friends ?
Or shake at death's alarms ?
t the voice that Jesus sends,
all them to his arms.

not tending upward too,
ast as time can move !
ould we wish the hours more slow,
eep us from our love.

ould we tremble to convey,
r bodies to the tomb ?
the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
left a long perfume.

aves of all his saints he bless'd,
soften'd every bed ;
should the dying members rest,
with their dying head ?

he arose, ascending high,
show'd our feet the way ;
the Lord our flesh shall fly,
to great rising day.

FUNERAL.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

281. *Triumph over Death in Hope of Resurrection.* (S. M.)

- 1 **A**ND must this body die ?
This mortal frame decay ?
And must these active limbs of mine,
Lie mould'ring in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often, from the skies,
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,
To Jesus' dying love ;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
With our immortal tongues..

FUNERAL.

Then this vile and sinful nature,
Incorruption shall put on,
Life renewing, glorious Saviour !
Let thy gracious will be done.

284. *On the Death of a Believer.* (P.M.)

- 1 **H**OSANNA to Jesus on high !
Another has enter'd his rest ;
Another escap'd to the sky,
And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast ;
The soul of our brother* is gone,
To heighten the triumph above ;
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
Exalted by Jesus's love.
- 2 How happy the angels that fall,
Transported, at Jesus's name ;
The saints whom he soonest shall call,
To share in the feast of the Lamb !
No longer imprison'd in clay,
Who next from his dungeon shall fly ?
Who first shall be summon'd away ?
My merciful God—Is it I ?
- 3 O Jesus ! if this be thy will,
That suddenly I should depart,
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
And whisper the call to my heart :
O give me a signal to know,
If soon thou would'st have me to move,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions of love.

* Or, sister.

FUNERAL.

35.

The same. (P. M.)

HOW blest is our brother,* bereft
Of all that could burden his mind !
How easy the soul that hath left
This wearisome body behind ;
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relicks with envy I see !
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

This earth is affected no more,
With sickness, or shaken with pain :
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again :
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay,
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion has vanish'd away.

This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
This quiet, immoveable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more ;
This heart is no longer the seat,
Of trouble, and torturing pain ;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

4 The lids, that he seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Now seal'd in a blessed repose,
Shall open—but never to weep ;

* Or, sister.

FUNERAL.

These fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free ;
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

5 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliv'rance pine,
And press to the issues of death :
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become,
My spirit created anew,
Mo flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

286. *Comfort under the Loss of Ministers.*

Josh. i. 2, 4, 5. (C. M.)

- 1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive
And all our tears be dry ;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in g'
Which view a Saviour nigh ?
- 2 What tho' the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade ?
What tho' the prophet, and the priest,
Be number'd with the dead ?
- 3 Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged, and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue.
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His eye still guides us, and his voice,
Still animates our heart.

FUNERAL.

**Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
" My church shall safe abide ;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
" Whose souls in me confide."**

**Bro' every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust ;
nd this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.**

Peaceful View of Futurity. (C. M.)

**A T thy command I meekly yield
My body to the dust ;
esus, I trust in thee alone,
And know in whom I trust.**

**Fix thou the time. The time is fixt,
In the divine decree ;
Call, when the time is fully come,
And I will answer thee.**

**My flesh and soul I give to thee,
In their united state ;
And is it more to trust thee, Lord,
With each, when separate ?**

**I claim thy promise, here below,
To come and dwell with me ;
And why not trust the word that says,
" Where I am, thou shalt be ?"**

**Thy glorious angels stood prepar'd,
Soon as the beggar died,
His parting spirit to convey,
To faithful Abram's side.**

FUNERAL.

- 6 In all my ways, those morning stars,
Have been my daily guard ;
And will they not, when loos'd from cl^a
Direct me to my Lord ?
- 7 Soon as pale death hath clos'd my eyes,
Those radiant sons of light
Are present to my mental view,
O what a joyful sight !
- 8 They'll bear me up, in friendly hands,
To regions yet unknown,
And wafted o'er ethereal seas,
Safe land me near thy throne.
- 9 How glorious is thy gift of faith,
That cheers the darksome tomb,
And through the damp of noisome gra
Can shed a rich perfume ?
- 10 Precious the faith that lifts the soul,
Above desponding fear,
Joyful in hope of heav'n her home,
And longing to be there.

288. *Happiness of the Righteous after Death.*

- 1 WHEN Jesus calls, by death,
His saints from earth away ;
How nature fears to tread the path,
To endless day.
The spirit longs to soar
To the bright world above,
And tread upon that heav'nly shore,
Where all is love !

FUNERAL.

6 Arise, my soul, and turn
From earth's delusive toys ;
And with aspiring ardour burn,
For lasting joys,
That so I may at last,
Through Jesu's sovereign grace,
Attain to everlasting rest,
And see his face !

289. *Loss of Friends by Death.* (P. M.)

- 1 MY friends, alas ! how soon remov'd,
And I, bereav'd of those I lov'd,
Am left to mourn their loss ;
How mutable is all below !
How full of change, and grief, and woe,—
And sin the heaviest cross !
- 2 O may I learn from man to cease,
Then shall I have an inward peace,
To keep my heart and mind ;
Though death's rough blast my comforts shal
Though he my choicest friends shall take,
Yet peace in God I find.
- 3 Friendship divine my hopes shall raise,
Exalt my mind, excite my praise,
Nor will it ever fail :
When I death's gloomy vale shall tread,
My heav'nly friend my steps shall lead,
And o'er my foes prevail.

JUDGMENT.

With rapture then shall I unite
With those in whom I now delight,
While sojourning below ;
What unknown joy when I survey,
Beloved friends in realms of day,
And each distinctly know.

JUDGMENT.

0. *The Last Judgment. (L. M.)*

THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne,
Bids the whole earth draw nigh ;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
“ Judgment will ne’er begin,”
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.

3 Thron’d on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way ;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful way.

Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come ;
And earth and hell, shall know, and fear,
His justice and their doom.

“ But gather all my saints,” he cries,
“ That made their peace with God,
“ By the Redeemer’s sacrifice,
“ And heaven adore my grace.”

JUDGMENT.

- 6 " Their faith and works brought forth to him
 " Shall make the world confess,
" My sentence of reward is right,
 " And heaven adore my grace."

291. *Christ coming to Judgment.* (L. M.)

- 1 H E reigns ; the Lord, the Saviour reigns.
Praise him in evangelic strains :
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown ;
But grace and truth support his throne :
Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo ! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tottering dome.
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day ;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

292. *The Last Judgment.* (C. M.)

- 1 Y E islands of the northern sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns ;
His word like fire prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.
- 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the vallies rise :
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

JUDGMENT.

- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
When this incensed God,
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad.
- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do ?
He once defy'd the Lord ;
But he shall dread the thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel-worm,
And beat upon his naked soul,
In one eternal storm.

294. *The final Sentence, and Misery of the Wi*

Matt. xxv. 41. (S. M.)

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape,
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 And from his righteous lips,
Shall such a sentence sound ?
And, through the millions of the lost,
Spread black despair around ?
- 3 “ Depart from me accurs'd,
“ To everlasting flame,—
“ For rebel angels first prepar'd,
“ Where mercy never came.”
- 4 How will my heart endure,
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonish'd shrink away ?

JUDGMENT.

But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice,
What joyful tidings spread !

Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled ;
And the last awful day shall pour,
His blessings on your head.

5. *The Second Advent. (L. M.)*

HE comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe !
The seventh trumpet speaks him near :
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful soul !

From heav'n angelic voices sound,
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd !
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face !

Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own :
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord !

Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High !
Our Lord who now his right maintains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

JUDGMENT.

296.

The same. (P. M.)

1 **L**O ! He comes with clouds descend
Once for favour'd sinners slain !
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train :
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! Amen !

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree ;
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
 Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away !

4 Now redemption long expected,
See ! in solemn pomp appear !
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air !
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear !

5 Answer thine own bride and spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom !
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home ;
 All creation,
 Travails ! groans ! and bids thee com

JUDGMENT.

298. *The Day of Judgment.* (P. M.)

- 1 **D**AY of judgment, day of wonder,
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !
How the summons, will the sinner's heart com-
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine !
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
Gracious Saviour, own me in that day for
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the pow'rs of nature shaken,
By his looks, prepare to flee :
Careless sinner, what will then become of
- 4 Horrors past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
" Hence, accursed wretch, depart !
Thou, with Satan and his angels, have thy
- 5 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below !
He will say, " Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow :
You for ever, shall my love and glory know
- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your courage raise !
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise :
We shall triumph, when the world is in a

JUDGMENT.

The same. Matt. xxiv. 29—31. xxv. 34.

(P. M.)

L0 He cometh ! countless trumpets,
Blow to raise the sleeping dead ;
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great exalted Head !

Hallelujah,

Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

Now his merit, by the harpers,
Through th' eternal deep resounds ;
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Every eye shall see his wounds ;
They who pierc'd him,
Shall, at his appearance, wail.

Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear !
Truth and justice go before him,
Now the joyful sentence hear :
Hallelujah,

Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy ;
Banish all your fears and sorrows,
Endless praise be your employ.”
Hallelujah,

Welcome, welcome, to the skies.

Now, at once, they rise to glory,
Jesus brings them to the King ;
There, with all the hosts of heaven,
They eternal anthems sing :
Hallelujah,

Boundless glory to the Lamb.

JUDGMENT.

300. *The Signs of the Times.* (P. M.)

- 1 **L**IFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here ;
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear :
Mark the tokens,
Of his heav'nly kingdom near !
- 2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming,
Nature's swift approaching doom !
War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come :
Cleaves the centre !
Nations rush into the tomb !
- 3 Close behind the tribulation,
Of these last tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation ;
See the universal blaze !
Earth and heaven,
Melt before the Judge's face.
- 4 Sun, and moon, are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When, with angel hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,—
Shines the everlasting light.
- 5 See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh ;
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye !

ETERNITY.

302. *The Books opened.* Rev. xx. 12. (L.)

- 1 **M**EETHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb
And wakes the prisoners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command ;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men ;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.
- 4 To every soul, the books assign,
The joyous or the dread reward :
Sinners in vain lament and pine,
No plea the Judge will here regard.
- 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve :
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

ETERNITY.

303. *Eternity joyful and tremendous.* (L.)

- 1 **E**TERNITY is just at hand ;
And shall I waste my ebbing sand
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away ?

ETERNITY.

ternity, tremendous sound !
o guilty souls a dreadful wound ;
ut O ! if Christ and heaven be mine,
low sweet the accents ! how divine !

e this my chief, my only care,
[y high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
n interest in the Saviour's blood,
[y pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

ut should my brightest hopes be vain,
he rising doubt, how sharp its pain !
[y fears, O gracious God, remove,
onfirm my title to thy love.

earch, Lord, O search my inmost heart,
nd light, and hope, and joy impart ;
rom guilt and error set me free,
nd guide me safe to heaven and thee.

The same. (P. M.)

ETERNITY ! tremendous word,
Home-striking point, heart-piercing
Beginning without ending ! [sword,
ternity ! without a shore,
'here'er thy fiery billows roar,
What is thy sight portending ;
ne glimpse of thine unfathom'd deep,
'ould rouse a wretch from sinful sleep.

ternity ! how long, how long,
hou seizesst senses, heart, and tongue,
With panic, fear, and terror ;
'hen I revolve thy dreadful chains,

ETERNITY.

In that abyss of endless pains,
I'm overwhelm'd with horror :
What's in this life of misery,
So awful as eternity ?

3 Should hell endure as many years,
As many men, this world of tears,
Has seen since the creation ;
As many stars adorn the sky,
As many leaves the woods supply,
You'd hope for its cessation.
This sum of ages would but be,
One moment to eternity.

4 But having spent in endless fears,
So many thousand thousand years,
Thy scene is still beginning ;
When thou hast suffer'd all these times,
The just reward of wilful crimes,
Thy thread ne'er ceases spinning ;
Th' eternal Now, who can unfold ?
'Tis ever new, but never old.

5 Awake and rise from sinful sleep !
Bethink thyself, thou straying sheep !
Return by true repentance ;
Arise, thy wicked ways amend,
The glass of life runs to its end ;
Then dread the fatal sentence :
Perhaps within few minutes breath,
Thou'rt snatch'd away by sudden death.

THE PERFECTIONS AND WORKS OF GOD

3 Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees,
Are forc'd into a flame;
But kindled, O how fierce they blaze!
And rend all nature's frame.

4 At his approach the mountains flee,
And seek a watery grave;
The frightened sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up every wave.

5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks,
Are swift as hailstones hurl'd:
Who dares engage his fiery rage,
That shakes the solid world?

6 Yet, mighty God, thy sov'reign grace,
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race,
When wrath comes rushing down.

7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings,
A fiery tempest pour,
While we beneath thy sheltering wings,
Thy just revenge adore.

307. *God, Holy, Just, and Sovereign.* Job ix. 2.

(C. M.)

1 HOW should the sons of Adam's race,
Be pure before their God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts,
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults,
Can bear a just defence.

PERFECTIONS AND WORKS OF GOD.

Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presurers dare,
against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war?

Fountains by his almighty wrath,
From their old seats are torn ;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

He bids the sun forbear to rise,
Th' obedient sun forbears :
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

He walks upon the stormy sea,
Flies on the stormy wind ;
There's none can trace his wond'rous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.

. *Goddess with the Penitent.* Isaiah lvii. 15, 16.

(L. M.)

THEUS saith the High and Lofty One,
“ I sit upon my holy throne ;
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Dwell in my own eternity.

But I descend to worlds below,
On earth I have a mansion too ;
The humble spirit and contrite,
Is an abode of my delight.

The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live,
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

THE PERFECTIONS AND WORKS :

- 4 " When I contend against their sin,
" I make them know how vile they are;
" But should my wrath for ever sin,
" Their souls would sink beneath it."
- 5 O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die;
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chastening love.

309. God's awful Power and Goodness

- 1 O THE Almighty Lord !
How matchless is his power,
Tremble, O earth, beneath his foot,
And all the heav'ns adore.
- 2 Let proud imperious kings,
Bow low before his throne ;
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread you down.
- 3 Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows,
He deals unsufferable pains,
On his rebellious foes.
- 4 Yet, everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise ;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.
- 5 The arms of mighty love,
Defend our Sion well,
And heav'nly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.

THE PERFECTIONS AND WORKS OF GOD.

Salvation to the King,
That sits enthron'd above ;
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

10. *The Divine Glories above our Reason.* (C.M.)

HOW wond'rous great, how glorious bright,
Must our Creator be,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light,
Of vast infinity !

Our soaring spirits upward rise,
Tow'rd the celestial throne ;
Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the Almighty One.

Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies ;
But still how far beneath thy feet,
Our grov'ling reason lies !

Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore,
For the weak pinions of our mind,
Can stretch a thought no more.

Thy glories infinitely rise,
Above our lab'ring tongue ;
In vain the highest seraph tries,
To form an equal song.

In humble notes our faith adores,
The great mysterious King ;
While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep th' immortal string.

THE PERFECTIONS AND WORKS OF GOD

311. *The Divine Perfections.* (C. M.)

1 HOW shall I praise th' Eternal God
That Infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

2 The great invisible ! He dwells,
Conceal'd in dazzling light ;
But his all-searching eye reveals,
The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes that never sleep,
Survey the world around ;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Speak we of strength ! His arm is strong
To save or to destroy :
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.

5 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees ;
Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promises.

6 Sinners before his presence die ;
How holy is his name !
His anger and his jealousy,
Burn like devouring flame.

7 Justice upon a dreadful throne,
Maintains the rights of God ;
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

THE PERFECTIONS AND WORKS OF

2 The thunders of his hand,
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand,
To guard his holy law ;
And where his love,
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms,
And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works,
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs ;
Strong is his arm,
And shall fulfil,
His great decrees,
His sov'reign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend ?
And will he write his name,
“ My Father and my Friend ? ”
I love his name,
I love his word ;
Join all my powers,
And praise the Lord.

314. *God's Dominion and Decrees.* Dan. iv.:
(C. M.)

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod :
My soul stands trembling, while she ad
The honours of her God.

THE PERFECTIONS AND WORKS OF GOD.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree :
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsel shine ;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5 Here, he exalts neglected worms,
To sceptres and a crown ;
Anon, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives ;
Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry,
Between the folded leaves.

7 My God, I ne'er would long to see,
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
May I but find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

THE PERFECTIONS AND WORKS OF GOD.

315. *The Power and Dominion of God.* (L. M.)

- 1 THE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
 In robes of majesty array'd ;
His rule omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have made.
- 2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heav'ns were stretch'd abroad ;
Thy awful throne was fix'd above :
From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar,
Lift their proud billows to the skies,
And foam and lash the trembling shore.
- 4 The Lord, the mighty God on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas ;
He speaks ! and noise and tempest fly,
The waves sink down in gentle peace.
- 5 Thy sov'reign laws are ever sure,
Eternal holiness is thine ;
And, Lord, thy people should be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

316. *The Glories of God.* (C. M.)

- 1 HAIL holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Be endless praise to thee !
Supreme, essential one, ador'd,
 In co-eternal three.
- 2 Enthron'd in everlasting state,
 Ere time its round began,
Who join'd in council to create,
 The dignity of man.

THE PERFECTIONS AND WORKS OF GOD.

To whom Isaiah's vision show'd,
The seraphs veil their wings,
While thee, Jehovah, Lord, and God,
Th' angelic army sings.

To thee by mystic pow'rs on high,
Were humble praises giv'n,
When John beheld, with favour'd eye,
Th' inhabitants of heav'n !

All that the name of creature own,
To thee in hymns aspire ;
May we, as angels on our thrones,
For ever join the choir !

Hail holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be endless praise to thee ;
Supreme, essential one, ador'd,
In co-eternal three.

7. *The Infinite. (C. M.)*

SOME seraph, lend your heav'nly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,
That I may raise a lofty song,
To our eternal King.

Thy names, how infinite they be,
Great everlasting One !
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.

Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
And wond'rous large thy grace ;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

FAITHFULNESS.

- 4 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd
- 5 The myst'ries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds ;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds.
- 6 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole,
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.
- 7 In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity !

FAITHFULNESS.

318. *The Faithfulness of God.* (C. M.)

- 1 MY never-ceasing song shall show,
The mercies of the Lord ;
And make succeeding ages know,
How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heav'n endure :
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

FAITHFULNESS.

3 How long the race of David held,
The promis'd Jewish throne !
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd,
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess,
A throne above the skies ;
The meanest subject of his grace,
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts ! thy wond'rrous ways,
Are sung by saints above ;
And saints on earth their honours raise,
To thine unchanging love.

9. *God's unchangeable Love.* (S. M.)

1 GOD of eternal love !
How fickle are our ways !
And yet how oft did Isr'el prove,
Thy constancy of grace.

2 They saw the wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung ;
But soon thy works of power forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow ;
Now, with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans ;
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.

FAITHFULNESS.

- 5 Their names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes ;
Oft he chas'tis'd, but ne'er forsook,
The people that he chose.
- 6 Let Isr'el bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race ;
And Christians join the solemn word,—
Amen, to all the praise.

320. *The same. (C. M.)*

- 1 OUR God ! how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face !
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands,
His glory and his grace.
- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints ?
Since Christ and we are one ?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles, my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n possess'd ;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

321. *The Faithfulness of God in his Promises. (C. M.)*

- 1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad :
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

FAITHFULNESS.

oclaim “ salvation from the Lord,
‘ For wretched dying men ;’
is hand has writ the sacred word,
With an immortal pen.

lgrav’d as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the pow’rs of darkness rase,
Those everlasting lines.

3 that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please ;
He speaks,—and that almighty breath,
Fulfils his great decrees.

is very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

He said, “ Let the wide heav’n be spread,”
And heav’n was stretch’d abroad ;
Abra’m, I’ll be thy God,” he said,
And he was Abra’m’s God.

, might I hear thy heav’nly tongue,
But whisper, *Thou art mine !*
Those gentle words should raise my song,
To notes almost divine.

ow would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heav’n secure !
trust the all-creating voice ;
And faith desires no more.

- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding with wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, & sea,
“ As days may demand, so thy success.
- 3 “ Fear not, I am with thee, O be not afraid,
“ I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid,
“ I'll strengthen thee, help thee, an
to stand,
“ Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 “ When thro' the deep waters I can tread,
“ The rivers of trouble shall not thee o'ertread,
“ For I will be with thee, thy trouble I'll allay,
“ And sanctify to thee thy deepest trials.
- 5 “ When through fiery trials thy path may lead,
“ My grace all-sufficient shall be thy shield,
“ The flame shall not hurt thee, I on thy side,
“ Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 “ Even down to old age all my counsel

FAITHFULNESS.

God's Fidelity to his Promises. Rom.

(P. M.)

THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke ;
Nor will th' eternal King,
His words of grace revoke ;
They stand secure,
And stedfast still ;
Not Zion's hill,
Abides so sure.

The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears,
The sun and moon decay,
But measure mortal years ;
But still the same,
In radiant lines,
The promise shines,
Through all the flame.

Harmony shall sound,
Through my attentive ears,
Thunders cleave the ground,
Dissipate the spheres ;
Ist all the shock,
That dread scene,
And serene,
Abide my rock.

MERCY.

Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son ;
All praise to the Spirit, whose witness divine,
Seals mercy and pardon, and righteousness, mine.

25. *Salvation by Grace.* Eph. ii. 5. (S. M.)

1 **G**RACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear ;

2 **H**eav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

3 **G**race first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

4 **G**race taught my wand'ring feet,
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 **G**race all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

26. *The returning Backslider; or, a Prayer for returning Grace.* Hosea xiv. 1, 2. (P. M.)

1 **W**EARY of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod :
For thee, not without hope, I mourn ;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

OMNISCIENCE.

- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin ;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in !
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore ;
O ! for thy truth and mercy's sake !
Forgive and bid me sin no more :
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 The stone to flesh again convert ;
The veil of sin once more remove !
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by thy dying love !
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft, and make it new.
- 5 Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin ;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant and root it deep within !
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare t' offend thee more !

OMNISCIENCE.

327. *The all-seeing God.* (L. M.)

L ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through
Thine eye commands with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

OMNISCIENCE.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 " O may these thoughts possess my breast,
" Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
" Nor let my weaker passions dare,
" Consent to sin, for God is there.

PAUSE I.

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love ;
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?

7 Up to heav'n I take my flight,
Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;
Dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

8 mounted on a morning ray,
9 beyond the western sea,
10 swifter hand would first arrive,
11 there arrest thy fugitive.

OMNISCIENCE.

- 9 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the spreading veil of night;
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 10 " O may these thoughts possess my brain,
" Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
" Nor let my weaker passions dare,
" Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE II.

- 11 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon,
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.
- 12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee :
Nor death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.
- 13 " O may these thoughts possess my brain,
" Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
" Nor let my weaker passions dare,
" Consent to sin, for God is there."

328. *God is every where. (C. M.)*

- 1 L ORD, where shall guilty souls retire
Forgotten and unknown ?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.
- 2 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death
And make the grave resign.

GREATNESS.

3 If, wing'd with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

4 If o'er my sins I think to draw,
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee ;
O may I ne'er provoke that power,
From which I cannot flee !

GREATNESS.

9. *The Greatness of God.* (L. M.)

MY God, my King, thy various praises
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear,
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see,
New works of duty done for thee.

1 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream,
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

GREATNESS.

- 4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine ;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim,
The sound and honour of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise,
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song,
The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wond'rous deed ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceed =
Vast and unsearchable thy ways !
Vast and immortal be thy praise !

330.

The same. (C. M.)

- 1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love ;
My work and joy will be the same,
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great :
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways ;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

GOODNESS.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date,
Shall through the world be known ;
Thine arm of power, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendour shown.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love ;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

GOODNESS.

I. *The Goodness of God. (C. M.)*

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness,
In sounds of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines,
His goodness to the skies ;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait,
On thee for daily food ;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
How slow thine anger moves !
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

GOODNESS.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim ;
But saints that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

332. *Love of God. (C. M.)*

- 1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord
And raise your souls above ;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that God is love !
- 2 This precious truth, his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;
Jesus the gift of gifts appears,
To show that God is love !
- 3 Behold ! his patience long display'd,
To those who from him rove ;—
And outward calls effectual made,
To teach them God is love.
- 4 The work begun, by grace proceeds,
And Jesus faithful proves ;—
And every step, to glory leads,—
Proclaiming, God is love.
- 5 And O that you, whose harden'd hearts,
No fears of hell can move ;
May hear the gospel's milder voice,
That tells you, God is love.
- 6 Thousands that once were vile as you,
Surround the throne above ;
The grace that chang'd, has tun'd their hearts
To sing, that God is love.

ETERNITY.

O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove ;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love.

ETERNITY.

3. *God's Eternity. (C. M.)*

RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground;
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad ;
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound,
To praise th' eternal God.

Long 'ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne ;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime ;
Eternity's his dwelling place,—
And EVER is his time.

While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal NOW,
And sees our ages waste.

The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come !
The creatures—look, how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.

ETERNITY.

6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

334. *The same. (C. M.)*

1 **G**REAT God ! how infinite art thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
'Ere seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie,
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view ;
To thee there's nothing old appears ;
Great God ! there's nothing new..

5 Our lives through various scenes are driv'd
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6 Great God ! how infinite art thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

- 2 The heav'ns are for his curtains spread,
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed ;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.
- 3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires ;
And swift as thought their armies move,
To bear his vengeance or his love.
- 4 The world's foundations, by his hand
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand ;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.
- 5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd ; and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.
- 6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round ;
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills and drench the plain
- 7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go ;
Tame heifers there, their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.
- 8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink
The lark and linnet light to drink ;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

PAUSE I.

- 9 God, from his cloudy cistern, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching showers;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.
- 10 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies ;
With herbs for man, of various power,
To nourish nature, or to cure.
- 11 What noble fruit the vines produce !
The olive yields a shining juice ;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
With inward joy our faces shine.
- 12 O bless his name, ye Britons, fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread ;
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

- 13 Behold the stately cedar stands,
Rais'd in the forest by his hands ;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.
- 14 To craggy hills ascends the goat,
And at the lofty mountain's foot,
The feebler creatures make their cell ;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.
- 15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face ;
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

lions lead their young abroad,
Daring ask their meat from God ;
hen the morning-beams arise,
avage beast to covert flies.

man to daily labour goes ;
ight was made for his repose :
is thy gift ; that sweet relief,
tiresome toil and wasting grief.

strange thy works ! how great thy skill !
every land thy riches fill :
isdom round the world we see,
acious earth is full of thee.

ess thy glories in the deep,
fish in millions swim and creep,
wond'rous motions, swift or slow,
and'ring in the paths below.

ships divide the watery way,
ocks of scaly monsters play ;
dwells the huge Leviathan,
jams and sports in spite of man.

PAUSE III.

ire thy works, Almighty Lord,
ture rests upon thy word,
he whole race of creatures stands,
ng their portion from thy hands.

each receives his different food,
cheerful looks pronounce it good ;
and bears, and whales and worms,
ce and praise in different forms.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

- 23 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying to their dust return ;
Both man and beast their souls resign,
Life, breath, and spirit, all is thine.
- 24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men ;
A word of thy creating breath,
Repairs the wastes of time and death.
- 25 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight :
How awful are his glorious ways !
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.
- 26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke ;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.
- 27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet :
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
'Till it expire in endless joy.
- 28 While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory bury'd with their dust,
I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

338. *The Wisdom of God in his Works.* (C)

- 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God ;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

- 2 How great the works his hand has wrought !
How glorious in our sight !
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame !
How wise th' eternal mind !
His counsels never change the scheme,
That his first thoughts design'd.
- 4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure :
The orders that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim :
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name ?
- 6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill ;
And he's the wisest of our race,
That best obeys thy will.

39. *The Wisdom of God in the Formation of Man.* (C. M.)

- 1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey ;
Lord, 'tis thy work ; I own thy hand,
Thus built my humble clay.
- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possest,
Where unborn nature grew ;
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

- 3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
 The growth of every part ;
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had !
 Was copy'd by thy art.
- 4 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind
 Show me thy wond'rous skill ;
But I review myself, and find
 Diviner wonders still.
- 5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
 My flesh proclaims thy praise :
Lord, to thy works of nature join,
 Thy miracles of grace.

340. *The Creation of the World.* Gen. i. (C)

- 1 " **N**OW let the spacious world arise,
 Said the Creator-Lord ;
At once the obedient earth and skies,
 Rose at his sov'reign word.
- 2 Dark was the deep ; the waters lay,
 Confus'd, and drown'd the land :
He call'd the light ; the new-born day
 Attends on his command.
- 3 He bids the clouds ascend on high ;
 The clouds ascend, and bear,
A watery treasure to the sky,
 And float on softer air.
- 4 The liquid element below,
 Was gather'd by his hand ;
The rolling seas together flow,
 And leave the solid land.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

5 With herbs and plants, a flowery birth,
The naked globe he crown'd,
'Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies ;
Behold the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise,
To mark out months and years.

7 Out of the deep th' almighty King,
Did vital beings frame ;
The painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.

8 He gave the lion and the worm,
At once their wond'rous birth,
And grazing beasts of various form,
Rose from the teeming earth.

9 Adam was fram'd of equal clay,
Though sov'reign of the rest ;
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bless'd.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye,
The young creation stood ;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue ;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

341. *Nature and Grace.* (L. M.)

- 1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad
And every labour of his hands,
Show something worthy of a God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here on the cross 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.
- 3 Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.
- 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely mix'd,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasure mine.
- 5 O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her noblest life my spirit draws,
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 6 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

342. *Praise to the Creator.* (L. M.)

- 1 LOOK up, ye saints, direct your eyes
To him who dwells above the skies
With your glad notes his praise rehearse
Who form'd the mighty universe.

his glorious race to run ;
ver moon, nor stars delay,
le along th' ethereal way.

ing with life, air, earth, and sea,
h' Almighty's high decree ;
ry tribe he gives their food,
peaks the whole divinely good.

complete the wond'rous plan,
earth and dust he fashions man ;
the last, in him the best,
aker's image stands confess.

while thy glorious works I view,
thou my heart and soul anew ;
id thy purest light to shine,
eauty glow with charms divine,

Ind the Wm. Cunton C. M.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
 And strike the gazing sight ;
Through skies and seas, and solid ground
 With terror and delight.
- 4 Infinite strength and equal skill,
 Shine through the worlds abroad ;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the builder—God.
- 5 But still the wonders of thy grace,
 Our softer passions move ;
Pity divine, in Jesus' face,
 We see, adore, and love.

344. *The unclouded Sun. (P.M.)*

- 1 TH' unclouded sun ! while I survey
 Th' appointed ruler of the day,
My spirit ardent cries ;
Enlighten, Lord, my darken'd mind ;
By truth's bright beams I fain would find
 Salvation's blessed prize.
- 2 Th' unclouded sun ! how it displays,
In its reviving—cheering rays,
 An image of my Lord ?
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Revive, and cheer, and make me wise !
 Health to my mind afford.
- 3 Th' unclouded sun ! an emblem bright
Of the approaching world of light,
 Without a dark'ning veil !
Knowledge shall shine resplendant there,
Nor clouds, nor tempests interfere,
 But light and truth prevail.

PROVIDENCE.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lo
And in thy light our souls shall see,
The glories promis'd in thy word.

346. *Praise for temporal Blessings.* (L.)

1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good
Who fills our hearts with joy and
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death :
Safety and health to God belong ;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove,
The common blessings of his love ;
But the wide diff'rence that remains,
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

5 The Lord that bruis'd the serpent's head
On all the serpent's seed shall tread ;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas ;
And bring them to his courts above,
There shall they taste his special love.

PROVIDENCE.

47. *The Mystery of Providence unfolded.* (S. M.)

1 SURE there's a righteous God,

Nor is religion vain ;

Though men of vice may boast aloud,

And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,

And felt my heart repine ;

While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,

In robes of honour shine.

3 Pamper'd with wanton ease,

Their flesh looks full and fair ;

Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,

And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains,

That pious souls endure,

Through all their life oppression reigns,

And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaspheme

The everlasting God ;

Their malice blasts the good man's name,

And spreads their lies abroad.

6 But I with flowing tears,

Indulg'd my doubts to rise ;

" Is there a God that sees, or hears,

" The things below the skies ? "

The tumults of my thought,

Held me in hard suspense ;

Till to thy house my feet were brought,

To learn thy justice thence.

PROVIDENCE.

- 8 Thy word, with light and power,
Did my mistake amend ;
I view'd the sinners' life before,
But here I learnt their end.
- 9 On what a slippery steep,
The thoughtless wretches go ;
And O that dreadful fiery deep,
That waits their fall below !
- 10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine ;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine..

348. *The Darkness of Providence.* (L. M.)

- 1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of providence ;
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Now thou array'st thine awful face,
In angry frowns, without a smile ;
We through the cloud believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.
- 3 Through seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith and not by sight ;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the briars and the night.
- 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

PROVIDENCE.

4 Jesus, in whom all fullness dwells,
Through endless years the same ;
To every hungry soul reveals
The glories of his name.

5 Thousands in this dark world below,
His faithfulness attest ;
In worlds above, ten thousand know,
That humble souls are blest.

351. *The Mercies of God reviewed. Psalm cii.* (C. M.)

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Oh ! how shall words, with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart ;—
But thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd ;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints, and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear ;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul,
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd,
From whom those comforts flow'd.

PROVIDENCE.

On in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran ;
A arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
Gently clear'd my way ;
Through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

I worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
When in sins and sorrows sunk,
Liv'd my soul with grace.

Counteous hand, with worldly bliss,
Has made my cup run o'er ;
In a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

Thousands, thousand precious gifts,
Daily thanks employ ;
The least, a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life,
Goodness I'll pursue ;
After death, in distant worlds,
Glorious theme renew.

Nature fails, and day and night
She thy works no more ;
Her grateful heart, O Lord,
Mercy shall adore.

PROVIDENCE.

13 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But O, eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise !

352. *Providence mysterious.* (C. M.)

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
G His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break,
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

*every where present to support and bless
his Servants. (C. M.)*

Tare thy servants blest, O Lord !
ow sure is their defence !
wisdom is their guide,
help, omnipotence.

gn realms, and lands remote,
orted by thy care,
lss unhurt through burning climes,
breathe in tainted air.

roy sweetens ev'ry soil,
s ev'ry region please ;
try frozen hills it warms,
smooths the boist'rous seas.

by the dreadful tempest toss'd,
on the broken wave ;
how thou art not slow to hear,
impotent to save.

rm is laid, the winds retire,
lient to thy will ;
s that roar at thy command.

PROVIDENCE.

8 My life, whilst thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And O may death, when death shall come
Unite my soul to Thee !

354. *Creation and Providence.* (C. M.)

1 LORD, when our raptur'd thoughts
Creation's beauties o'er ;
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air ;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.

4 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord
In all thy works appear ;
And, O ! let man thy praise record ;
Man, thy distinguish'd care !

5 From thee the breath of life he drew ;
That breath thy power maintains ;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd ;
By revelation's brightest rays,
Still more divinely bless'd.

PROVIDENCE.

7 Thy providence, his constant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend ;
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

8 On us that providence has shone,
With gentle smiling rays ;
O, may our lips and lives make known,
Thy goodness and thy praise !

55. *Every Creature at God's Command.* (P. M.)

1 **E**LIJAH'S example declares,
Whatever distress may betide,
The saints may commit all their cares
To him, who will always provide.
When rain, long with-held from the earth,
Occasion'd a famine of bread,
The prophet, secur'd from the dearth,
By ravens was constantly fed.

2 More likely to rob than to feed,
Were ravens who live upon prey ;
But where the Lord's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way.
This instance to those may seem strange,
Who know not how faith can prevail ;
But sooner all nature shall change,
Than one of God's promises fail.

3 Nor is it a singular case ;
The wonder is often renew'd ;
And many may say, to God's praise,
By ravens he sendeth them food.

FALL OF MAN.

Thus worldlings, though ravens indeed,
Though greedy and selfish their mind,
If God has a servant to feed,
Against their own will can be kind.

4 Thus Satan, the raven unclean,
That croaks in the ears of the saint,
O'errul'd by a power unseen,
Administers oft to their wants :
God teaches them how to find food,
From all the temptations they feel :
This raven, who thirsts for my blood,
Has help'd me to many a meal.

5 How safe and how happy are they,
Who on the good Shepherd rely !
He'll give them out strength for the day
Their wants he will surely supply :
He ravens and lions can tame,
All creatures obey his command :
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

FALL OF MAN.

356. *Original and actual Sin confessed.* (L)

1 L ORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.

rage is thy grace :
No forms can make me clean :
Thy lie deep within.

No bird, nor bleeding beast,
No branch, nor sprinkling priest,
No brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

God, thy blood alone
Is sufficient to atone ;
Can make me white as snow ;
No types could cleanse me so.

No disturbance and breaks my peace,
No soul hath rest or ease ;
To hear thy pardoning voice,
My broken bones rejoice.

Sixty Days to Tobit 4 (C M)



FALL OF MAN.

- 3 Conceiv'd in sin, (O wretched state !)
 Before we draw our breath ;
The first young pulse begins to beat
 Iniquity and death.
- 4 How strong in our degenerate blood,
 The old corruption reigns ;
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
 Wanders through all our veins !
- 5 Wild and unwholesome as the root,
 Will all the branches be ;
How can we hope for living fruit,
 From such a deadly tree ?
- 6 What mortal power, from things unclear
 Can pure productions bring ?
Who can command a vital stream,
 From an infected spring ?
- 7 Yet, mighty God, thy wond'rous love,
 Can make our nature clean ;
While Christ and grace prevail above
 The tempter, death, and sin.
- 8 The second Adam shall restore,
 The ruins of the first ;
Hosanna to that sov'reign power,
 That new creates our dust.

358. *Conviction of Sin by the Moral Law.*

Rom. vii. 8, &c. (C. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience
 And felt no inward dread ;
I was alive without the law,
 And thought my sins were dead.

FALL OF MAN.

- 3 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.
- 4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own ;
Adam the second, from the dust,
Raises the ruins of the first.
- 5 By the rebellion of one man,
Through all his seed the mischief ran ;
And by one man's obedience now,
Are all his seed made righteous too.
- 6 Where sin did reign and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life ; there, glorious grace,
Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.

360. *Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification* (C. M.)

- 1 HOW sad our state by nature is !
Our sin how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive minds,
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word,
“ Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
“ And trust upon the Lord.”
- 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe thy promise, Lord ;
Oh ! help my unbelief.

reigning sins subdue ;
the old dragon from his seat,
ate my heart anew.

ty, weak, and helpless worm,
thy kind arms I fall ;
in my strength and righteousness,
Jesus, and my All.

Corrupt Nature from Adam. (C. M.)

ESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Adam our father stood,
He debas'd his soul to sense,
I eat forbidden food.

we are born a sensual race,
sinful joys inclin'd ;
man has lost its native place

FALL OF MAN.

5 Eternal Spirit ! write thy law,
Upon our inward parts ;
And let the second Adam draw,
His image on our hearts.

362. *The Madness of Sin.* Isaiah xxxiii. 14

- 1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless gr
Why in such dreadful haste to di
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly ?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams,
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames ?
- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of love unfold,
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold..

363. *The Danger of Wilful Sin.* Ezek. (P.M.)

- 1 STOP, poor sinner ! stop and think
Before you farther go ;
Will you sport upon the brink,
Of everlasting woe ?
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye ;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply ?
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose ?
Fear you not that iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes ?

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST, &c.

- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.**
- 3 Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise :
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.**
- 4 Eternal Father, who shall look,
Into thy secret will ?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open ev'ry seal ?**
- 5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well ;
Lo, in his hand, the sov'reign keys,
Of heav'n, and death, and hell !**
- 6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain,
For ever on thy head.**
- 7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with bl~~o~~
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to G~~e~~
And we shall reign with thee.**
- 8 The worlds of nature and of grace,
Are put beneath thy pow'r ;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.**

THE MEDIATION OF C

- 2 " Ye dying souls, that
 " In darkness and distr
 " Look from the borders c
 " To my recov'ring gra
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sc
 Their thankful tongues :
 " Our righteousness and :
 " In thee, the Lord, al
- 4 In thee shall Israel trust
 And see their guilt forgi
God will pronounce the su
 And take the saints to h

367. *Christ the Wisdom of God. I* (S. M.)

- 1 **S**HALL wisdom cry a
 And not her speech
The voice of God's eterna
Deserves it no regard ?
- 2 " I was his chief deligh
 " His everlasting Son,
 " Before the first of all his
 " Creation, was begun."
- 3 " Before the flying clou
 " Before the solid land,
 " Before the fields, before
 " I dwelt at his right ha
- 4 " When he adorn'd the
 " And built them, I was
 " To order when the sun s
 " And marshal every sta

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST, &c.

“ When he pour’d out the sea,

“ And spread the flowing deep ;

“ I gave the flood a firm decree,

“ In its own bounds to keep.

“ Upon the empty air,

“ The earth was balanc’d well ;

“ With joy I saw the mansion where

“ The sons of men should dwell.

“ My busy thoughts at first,

“ On their salvation ran,

“ Ere sin was born, or Adam’s dust,

“ Was fashion’d to a man.

“ Then come, receive my grace,

“ Ye children, and be wise ;

“ Happy the man that keeps my ways ;

“ The man that shuns them dies.”

8. *Christ the Son equal with the Father. (L. M.)*

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God !

Our spirits bow before thy seat,

To thee we lift an humble thought,

And worship at thine awful feet.

2 Thy power hath form’d, thy wisdom sways

All nature with a sov’reign word ;

And the bright world of stars obeys

The will of their superior Lord.

3 Mercy and truth unite in one,

And smiling sit at thy right hand ;

Eternal justice guards thy throne,

And vengeance waits thy dread command.

ADVENT OF CHRIST.

- 4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity ;
But who amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee ?
- 5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim,
A full equality with God.
- 6 Their glory shines with equal beams ;
Their essence is for ever one,
Though they are known by different name
The Father God, and God the Son.
- 7 Then let the name of Christ our King,
With equal honours be ador'd ;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

ADVENT OF CHRIST.

369. *The Deity and Humanity of Christ.* Job
Col. i. 16. (L. M.)

- 1 **E**RE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abr
From everlasting was the Word ;
With God he was ; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.
- 2 By his own power were all things made ;
By him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

ADVENT OF CHRIST.

- 4 To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears ;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.
- 5 " Go, humble swains," said he,
" To David's city fly ;
" The promis'd infant born to-day,
" Doth in a manger lie.
- 6 " With looks and heart serene,
" Go visit Christ your King ;
And straight a flaming troop was seen
The Shepherds heard them sing :
- 7 " Glory to God on high,
" And heav'nly peace on earth,
" Good-will to men, to angels joy,
" At the Redeemer's birth !"
- 8 In worship so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues,
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs :
- 9 " Glory to God on high,
" And heav'nly peace on earth,
" Good-will to men, to angels joy,
" At our Redeemer's birth."

371. *The same.* Luke ii. 13, 14. (P.M)

- 1 HARK ! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born king ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.

all ye nations, rise,
the triumphs of the skies ;
the angelic hosts proclaim,
it is born in Bethlehem !”

by highest heaven ador'd,
the everlasting Lord ;
time behold him come,
sing of a virgin's womb.

In flesh the Godhead see,
'incarnate Deity !
as man with men t' appear,
our Emmanuel here.

He heav'n-born Prince of Peace !
he Sun of Righteousness !
and life to all he brings,
with healing in his wings.

He lays his glory by,
that man no more may die ;
to raise the sons of earth,
to give them second birth.

desire of nations, come,
us thy humble home ;
the woman's conquering seed,
in us the serpent's head.

His likeness now efface,
thine image in its place ;
I Adam, from above,
estate us in thy love.

ADVENT OF CHRIST.

372. *The Incarnation of Christ.* 2 Cor. ix. 15. (C)

- 1 IN heaven the rapt'rous song began,
 I And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 2 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
 And loud the echo roll'd ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 3 Down through the portals of the sky,
 Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
 To bear the news to man.
- 4 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song ;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
 Th' harmonious, heavenly throng.
- 5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
 " Glory to God on high ;
" Good-will and peace are now complete,
 " Jesus was born to die." .
- 6 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail !
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend !
Though earth, and time, and life should fail
 Thy praise shall never end.

373. *Christ's Ministry and Work.* Luke iv. 18, 19 (C. M.)

- 1 HARK the glad sound, the Saviour com'
 The Saviour promis'd long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

ADVENT OF CHRIST.

**In him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.**

**He comes, the prisoners to release,
In satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.**

**He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.**

**He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.**

**Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring,
With thy beloved name.**

***The Saviour's Birth.* Luke ii. 11. (P. M.)**

**Lift up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn ;
Each heavenly power
Proclaims the glad hour,
Jesus the Saviour is born !**

**Holy be to God on high,
him the praise is due ;
The word is seal'd,
The Saviour's reveal'd,
Proves that the record is true.**

ADVENT OF CHRIST.

3 Let joy around like rivers flow,
Flow on, and still increase ;
Spread o'er the earth,
At Jesu's birth,
For heaven and earth are at peace.

4 Now the good will of heaven is shown,
To Adam's helpless race :
Messiah's come,
To ransom his own,
To save them by infinite grace.

5 Then let us join the heavens above,
Where hymning seraphs sing,
Join all glad powers,
For their Lord is ours,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

375. *When they saw the Star they rejoiced*

Matt. ii. 10. (P. M.)

1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long expected star,
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

2 Fear not hence that there should flow,
Wars or pestilence below,—
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ush'ring in the Prince of peace.

3 Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

ADVENT OF CHRIST.

3 Loud shall our praise arise,
For Jesu's matchless love ;
Who left yon blissful skies,
And " Royalties above ! "

Our souls to save,
He poor became ;
He bore our shame,
His life he gave.

4 O may this glorious light,
Shine, and o'erspread the earth ;
That heathens may delight,
To sing a Saviour's birth !

Blest with the rays,
Of truth divine ;
With us they'll join,
In Jesu's praise.

377. *Christ the long-expected Deliverer. Luke*

(P. M.)

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee :
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art ;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a king ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring :

KINGDOM OF CHRIST, &c.

379. *Miracles in the Life, Death, and Resurrection of Christ.* (L. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive !
Behold, the dead awake and live !
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own,
And seal the mission of the Son ;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies ! the heav'ns in mourning stood ;
He rises, and appears a God :
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die !
- 4 Hence and for ever from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

KINGDOM OF CHRIST, &c.

380. *The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.* (C)

- 1 JOY to the world, the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King ;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

KINGDOM OF CHRIST, &c.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

31. *Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.* (S. M.)

THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear ;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord ;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine ;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

How holy is his name !
How terrible his praise !
Justice, and truth, and judgment join,
In all his works of grace.

32. *Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.* (C. M.)

JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near the Father sit ;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

KINGDOM OF CHRIST, &c.

- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do.
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew
And own thy sov'reign grace.
- 3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
"When Aaron is no more.
- 4 " Melchisedek, that wond'rous priest,
" That king of high degree;
" That holy man who Abr'am blest,
" Was but a type of thee."
- 5 Jesus our Priest for ever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of his love.
- 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

383. *A Vision of the Kingdom of Christ and Men.* Rev. xxi. 1—4. (C. M.)

- 1 **L**O, what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes!
The earth and sea are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heav'n where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

KINGDOM OF CHRIST, &c.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule the saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice ;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

385. *The Kingdom of Christ. Zech. ix. 9. (P.)*

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King ;
Your God and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 The Saviour, Jesus, reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above :
Lift up your hearts, &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given :
Lift up your hearts, &c.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

KINGDOM OF CHRIST, &c.

- 4 By death and hell pursu'd in vain,
To thee the ransom'd seed shall go
Shouting their heavenly Sion gain
And pass through death triumphal
- 5 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no
And sin shall never enter there.
- 6 Where pure, essential joy is found
The Lord's redeem'd their heads all
With everlasting gladness crown'd
And fill'd with love, and lost in pr

388. *Jesus seen of Angels.* 1 Tim. iii. 10

- 1 O YE immortal throng,
Of angels round the throne
Join with our feeble song,
To make the Saviour known :
 On earth ye knew
 His wond'rous grace,
 His beauteous face
 In heaven ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the heaven-born child,
In human flesh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid :
 And praise to God,
 And peace on earth,
 For such a birth,
 Proclaim'd aloud.

KINGDOM OF CHRIST, &c.

Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd ;

And joy'd to crown
The victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before his frown.

round the bloody tree,
Impress'd with strong desire,
What wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire ;

And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropt it there
In sad surprise.

round his sacred tomb,
Willing watch ye keep ;
Till the blest moment come,
To rouse him from his sleep :
Then roll'd the stone,
And all ador'd
Your rising Lord,
With joy unknown.

When all array'd in light,
The shining conqueror rode,
He hail'd his rapturous flight,
To the throne of God ;

And wav'd around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

KINGDOM OF CHRIST, &c.

7 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise ;
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise :

And thou, my heart,
With equal flame,
And joy the same,
Perform thy part.

389. *The Works of Moses and the Lamb.*

Rev. xv. 3. (C. M.)

1 HOW strong thine arm is, mighty Go
Who would not fear thy name !
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are !
Who would not love the Lamb !

2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King ;
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea by Moses' hand,
Th' Egyptian host was drown'd ;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed ;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place ;
But Christ shall bring his followers home,
To see his Father's face.

KINGDOM OF CHRIST, &c.

en shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
d sweeter voices tune the song,
f Moses and the Lamb.

Christ, the Light of the World. Isa. ix. 2.

Luke ii. 32. (P. M.)

IGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death ;
 me ! and, by thyself revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath :
 e new heaven and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise !
 ttering all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes !

till we wait for thine appearing,
 Life and joy thy beams impart ;
 hacing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart :
 ome, and manifest the favour,
 Thou hast for the ransom'd race ;
 ome, thou dear exalted Saviour !
 Come, and bring thy Gospel-grace.

ave us, in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild pacific Prince !
 ive the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins :
 thine all-sufficient merit,
 Every burden'd soul release ;
 the teachings of thy Spirit,
 Guide us into perfect peace.

391. *Christ's Condescension and Glorification*
(C. M.)

- 1 O LORD, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name !
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.
- 2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light ;
- 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so ?
- 4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm !
- 5 Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Th' obedient seas and fishes own
His Godhead and his power.
- 6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet;
And fish, at his command,
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
Bring tribute to his hand.
- 7 These lesser glories of the Son,
Shone through the fleshly cloud ;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.

KINGDOM OF CHRIST, &c.

Let him be crown'd with majesty,
Who bow'd his head to death ;
And be his honours sounded high,
By all things that have breath.

Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name !
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

. *The Condescension of God.* (L. M.)

THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls ;
Will the Eternal dwell with us ?
What canst thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy chariot downward thus ?
Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs ;
But th' heav'nly majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

Great God, what poor returns we pay,
or love so infinite as thine !
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
it thy compassion's all divine.

The same. (L. M.)

To the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
everlasting praises fly,
tell how large his bounties are.

hat can shake the worlds he made,
ith his word, or with his rod ;
oodness how amazing great !
hat a condescending God !

KINGDOM OF CHRIST, &c.

- 3 God that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do ;
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.
- 4 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs ;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God ;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.
- 6 In vain might lofty princes try,
Such condescension to perform ;
For worms were never rais'd so high,
Above their meanest fellow-worm.
- 7 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace ;
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

394. *Christ's unchangeable Love.* Rom. viii. 33.
(L. M.)

- 1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead ;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead.

KINGDOM OF CHRIST, &c.

He lives, he lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there :
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?

Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
He that hath lov'd us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour ;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

Saints beloved in Christ. Eph. i. 3, &c. (L. M.)

“ESUS, we bless thy Father’s name ;
Thy God and ours are both the same :
What heav’nly blessings from his throne,
Now down to sinners through his Son !

“Christ be my first elect,” he said,
When chose our souls in Christ our head,
Where he gave the mountains birth,
And foundations for the earth.

“did eternal love begin,
raise us up from death and sin ;
Characters were then decreed,
Nameless in love, a holy seed.”

KINGDOM OF CHRIST, &c.

- 4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once ;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.
- 5 With Christ our Lord we share our pain
In the affections of his heart ;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his first belov'd.

396. *Christ's Sufferings and Glory.* (L. M.)

- 1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise,
To great Jehovah's equal Son !
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above,
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love.
- 3 Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high ;
He came t' atone almighty wrath ;
Jesus the God was born to die.
- 4 Hell and its lions roar'd aloud,
His precious blood the monsters spilt,
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.
- 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay,
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

KINGDOM OF CHRIST, &c.

6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string,
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

398. *Jesus Christ a true Friend.* Prov. xviii
(P. M.)

1 **O**NE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of FRIEND
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could, or would have shed their blood !
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God :
This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same ;
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We alas ! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above :
But when home our souls are brought
We will love thee as we ought.

KINGDOM OF CHRIST, &c.

- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable ;
 The first born sons of light,
Desire in vain its depth to see,
They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height
- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine :
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary at the master's feet ;
 Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
 To hear the Saviour's voice.
- 5 O that I could, with favor'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast !
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest.

401. *The same. (P. M.)*

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
L Joy of heav'n to earth come down !
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown :

KINGDOM OF CHRIST, &c.

esus ! thou art all compassion,
'ure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart !

Breathe ! O breathe thy loving spirit,
into ev'ry troubled breast !
Set us all in thee inherit,
Set us find thy promis'd rest :
Take away the pow'r of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come ! Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive !
Sudden return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave !
hee we would be always blessing,
Rve thee as thine hosts above,
ay, and praise thee without ceasing,
ry in thy precious love.

sh then thy new creation,
Unspotted may we be ;
Is see thy great salvation,
Actly restor'd by thee !
r'd from glory into glory,
In heav'n we take our place,
e cast our crowns before thee,
Wonder, love, and praise.

402. *The Sinner's only Plea. (C.)*

- 1 **H**OLY and just, and righteous
Before thy face we fall :
We dread thy sin-avenging rod,
But still for mercy call.
- 2 Mercy divine through Jesu's love,
Reveal'd the wond'rous plan ;
And justice joins the work t'approv'
Which saves rebellious man.
- 3 In Christ we full redemption crave,
Through his atoning blood ;
And endless praises Christ shall have,
Who brings us near to God.
- 4 Justice and law are magnified,
And all is peace and love ;
For sinners vile the Saviour died,
And we shall reign above.

403. *Jesus wept—he died—see how he loved!*
John ii. 15. (L. M.)

- 1 **S**O fair a face, bedew'd with tears !
What beauty e'en in grief appears !
He wept,—he bled,—he died for you ;—
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do ?
- 2 Enthron'd above, with equal glow
His warm affections downward flow ;
In our distress he bears a part,
And feels a sympathetic smart.
- 3 Still his compassions are the same,
He knows the frailty of our frame ;
Our heaviest burthens he sustains,
Shares in our sorrows and our pangs.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

*Godly Sorrow arising from the Sufferings of
Christ. (C. M.)*

LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed !
And did my Sov'reign die ?
ould he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I ?

y body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
bile all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious suff'rer stood !

as it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree ?
azing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

ell might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
hen God the mighty Maker dy'd,
For man the creature's sin.

us might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
ssolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

t drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
re, Lord, I give myself away,
Tis all that I can do.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

405. *Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.* (1)

- 1 I SING my Saviour's wond'rous death
He conquer'd when he fell :
" 'Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 " 'Tis finish'd," our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done ;
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid,
For glory and renown ;
When through the regions of the dead,
He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side,
Sits our victorious Lord ;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide,
The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints from his propitious eye,
Await their several crowns ;
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terrors of his frowns.

406. *The suffering Saviour.* John xix. 5. (1)

- 1 YE that pass by, behold the man !
The man of griefs condemn'd for
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.
- 2 See how his back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound !
The ploughers make long furrows there,
And cruel mockers stand around.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

- 2 But life attends the dreadful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound ;
The vital stream how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes.
- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, surprising grace !
Yet pass rebellious angels by,—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why ?
- 4 And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed !
And could the sun behold the deed ?
No, he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.
- 5 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain ?
- 6 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;
'Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief, and ardent love.

408. *Jesus the atoning Saviour.* Lam. i. 12.
(P. M.)

1 **A** LL ye that pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh ;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
 Our ransom and peace,
 Our Surety he is,
Come see if there ever was sorrow like hi

DEATH OF CHRIST.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name !
Hallelujah !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

410. *Finished Redemption.* John xix. 30

1 " 'TIS finish'd," the Redeemer sa
And meekly bow'd his dying
O wond'rous loving plan !
Come, sinners, and mark well the w
There view the conquests of our Lor
Complete for helpless man.

2 Finish'd the righteousness of grace,
Finish'd the pain that bought our pea
The sinner's debt is paid :
Accusing law, cancell'd by blood,
And wrath of an offended God,
In sweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now shall urge a second claim
The law no longer can condemn,
Faith a release can show :
Justice itself a friend appears,
The prison house a whisper hears,
" Loose him, and let him go."

4 O unbelief, injurious bar !
Source of tormenting fruitless fear,
Why dost thou yet reply ?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
" 'Tis finish'd," still may answer all,
And silence every cry.

Christ's Death and Resurrection.

Rom. iv. 25. (L. M.)

dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around !
Mn darkness veils the skies :
den trembling shakes the ground !
, saints, and drop a tear or two
im who groan'd beneath your load ;
ed a thousand drops for you,
usand drops of richer blood !
s love and grief beyond degree,
ord of glory dies for men !
! what sudden joys we see !
the dead revives again.

(sing God forsakes the tomb,
in the tomb forbids his rise !)
bic legions guard him home,
hout him welcome to the skies !

off your tears, ye saints, and tell
high our great deliverer reigns ;
ow he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
ed the monster, death, in chains.

live for ever, wond'rous King !
n to redeem, and strong to save !”
ask the monster, “ Where's thy sting ? ”
“ Where's thy victory, boasting grave ? ”

DEATH OF CHRIST.

Hail, thou agonizing Saviour !
 Bearer of our sin and shame !
By thy merits we find favour,
 Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid !
By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made :
All thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood ;
Open'd is the gate of heaven ;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide !
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side :
There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
 'Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give :
Help, ye bright angelic spirits !
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays !
Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;
 Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise.

413. *The Sufferings and Death of Christ.* (L.M.)

1 THERE hangs the Saviour of mankind,
 His visage marr'd, his head reclin'd,
His bleeding hands, his bleeding feet,
 Declare his love divinely great.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

His flesh is torn with whips and nails ;
His strength decays, his spirit fails ;
His side is pierc'd, his heart is broke :
Our sins upon himself he took.

3 The thieves, expiring on each side,
Proclaim the crimes for which they dy'd !
But what, dear Saviour, hast thou done ?
Thou dy'dst for sin, but not thine own.

4 Jesus, and didst thou bleed for me ?
O great, O boundless mystery !
I bow my head in deep amaze,
And silently adore thy grace.

14. *Christ, the Rock cleft for Sinners.*

1 Cor. x. 4. (P. M.)

1 **R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands,
Can fulfil thy law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow ;
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked come to thee for dress,
Helpless look to thee for grace ;
Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death ;
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on the judgment throne ;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

415. *It is finished.* John xix. 30. (L. M.)

- 1 'TIS finish'd ! lo, the Saviour cry'd,
T And meekly bow'd his head, and dy'd:
'Tis finish'd !—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought—the vict'ry won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd !—all that Heav'n decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd !—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
The Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finish'd !—this my dying groan,
Shall sins of ev'ry kind atone :
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finish'd !—Heav'n is reconcil'd,
And all the pow'rs of darkness spoil'd:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

417. *Kedron; or, Meditation on the Sufferings and Glory of Christ.* (P. M.)

1 THOU soft-flowing Kedron, by thy stream,
Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia beam
Shone bright on the waters, would often stray,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the

CHORUS.

Come, saints, and adore him, come bow at his throne;
O give him the glory, the praise that is due;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the heart.

2 How damp were the vapours that fell around his head !
How hard was his pillow ! how humble his bed !
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight;
And follow'd their Master with solemn行列。

CHORUS.

Come, saints, &c.

3 O garden of Olivet,—dear, honour'd spot !
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgotten;
The theme most transporting to seraphs :
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

CHORUS.

Come, saints, &c.

: *Love and Sufferings of Christ.* (P. M.)

O hath our report believed ?
Shiloh come is not received,
received by his own ;
s'd branch from root of Jesse,
s offspring sent to bless ye,
ies too meekly to be known.

ie, O thou favour'd nation,
is thy fond expectation ?
ie fair, spreading lofty tree ?
t worldly pride confound thee,
the lowly plants around thee,
rk the lowest—that is he.

t tender plant that's growing
e no waters, friendly flowing,
kind rains, refresh the ground :
ing, dying, we shall view him,
o charm to draw us to him,
re no beauty will be found.

essiah unrespected !
of griefs, despis'd, rejected !
ounds his form disfiguring ;
d his visage more than any,
e bears the sins of many,
our sorrows carrying.

ceit his mouth had spoken,
eless he, no law had broken,
t was number'd with the worst :
ecause the Lord would grieve him,
who saw it, did believe him,
his own offences curst.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

- 6 But while him our thoughts accused ;
He for us alone was bruised,
 Stricken, smitten for our guilt :
With his stripes, our wounds are cured,
By his pains, our peace assured,
 Purchas'd with the blood he spilt.
- 7 Love amazing ! so to mind us,
Shepherd come from heav'n to find us,
 Silly sheep all gone astray,
Lost, undone by our transgressions,
Worse than stripp'd of all possessions,
 Debtors without hope to pay.
- 8 Fear our portion, slaves in spirit,—
He redeem'd us by his merit,
 To a glorious liberty :
Dearly first his goodness bought us,
Truth and love then sweetly taught us,
 Truth and love have made us free.
- 9 Blessed be the pow'r who gave us,
Freely gave his Son to save us,
 Bless'd the Son who freely came :
Honour, blessing, adoration,
Ever, from the whole creation,
 Be to God, and to the Lamb.

COMPASSION OF CHRIST.

a Compassion to the Weak and Tempted.

b. iv. 16, 18. Matt. xii. 20. (C.M.)

H_o joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
t is made of tenderness,
ewels melt with love.

with a sympathy within,
ows our feeble frame:
s what sore temptations mean,
, has felt the same.

ess, innocent, and pure,
eat Redeemer stood,
atan's fiery darts he bore,
id resist to blood.

a days of feeble flesh,
l out his cries and tears,
is measure feels afresh,
every member bears.

er quench the smoking flax,
ise it to a flame;
sed reed he never breaks,
orns the meanest name.

our humble faith address
ercy and his power,
obtain deliv'ring grace,
distressing hour.

THE COMPASSION OF CHRIST.

420. Christ's Invitation to Sinners. Matt. xi. 28 (L. M.)

- 1 " COME hither, all ye weary souls,
 " Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
 " I'll give you rest from all your toils,
 " And raise you to my heav'nly home.
- 2 " They shall find rest that learn of me;
 " I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
 " But passion rages like the sea,
 " And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 " Blest is the man whose shoulders take
 " My yoke, and bear it with delight;
 " My yoke is easy to his neck,
 " My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith and hope and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

421. Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy Mark x. 4, 7. (P. M.)

- 1 JESUS ! full of all compassion,
 Hear thy humble suppliants cry;
 Let me know thy great salvation,
 See, I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief:
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, O send me quick relief.

Never should a wretch be flying,
To him who comfort gives ?
Never, from the dread of dying,
To him who ever lives ?

I view'd thee, wounded, grieving,
Blessed, on the cursed tree !
I'd feel my heart believing,
How suffered'st thus for me.

Thy righteousness and spirit,
More than angels blest ;
With thee, all things inherit,
And joy and endless rest.

But thee, the world possessing,
Would be a wretch undone !
Through heaven the land of blessing
Going good and finding none.

Then, blessed Saviour, hear me,
Soul cleaveth to the dust ;
The Comforter to cheer me,
In thee I put my trust.

A word thy blood hath sealed,
Is my everlasting all ;
Mine arm be now revealed,
Oh, stay me, lest I fall.

The world of endless ruin,
Never, Lord, be said,
Is a soul that perish'd suing,
He boasted Saviour's aid.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

- 10 Sav'd, the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptur'd with thy love.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

422. *The Triumph of the risen Saviour.*

Matt. xxviii. 2, 6. (P. M.)

- 1 ANGELS, roll the stone away,
Death, resign thy mighty prey :
See the Saviour quit the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 Shout, ye seraphs, Gabriel raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound,
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise ;
Troops of angels on the road,
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide !
Gracious Hero ! through them ride ;
King of glory ! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres :
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

424. *Christ risen Victorious.* Luke xxiv. 1—7. (P. M.)

- 1 **U**PRISING from the darksome tomb,
See the victorious Jesus come !
Th' almighty prisoner quits the prison;
And angels tell the Lord is risen ;
Angels, angels, angels, angels,—
And angels tell the Lord is risen.
- 2 **Y**e guilty souls, that groan and grieve,
Hear the glad tidings, hear, and live ;
God's righteous law is satisfied,
And justice now is on your side.
Justice, justice, &c.
- 3 **Y**our Surety, thus releas'd by God,
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood :
No new demand, no bar remains ;
But mercy now triumphant reigns.
Mercy, mercy, &c.
- 4 **B**elievers, hail your rising head,
The first begotten from the dead ;
Your resurrection's sure, through his,
To endless life, and boundless bliss.
Endless, endless, &c.

425. *Christ the King of Glory.* Psalm xxiv. (P. M.)

- 1 **H**AIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven !

URRECTION OF CHRIST.

" pompous triumphs waits,
ur heads eternal gates !
unfold the radiant scene,
he King of Glory in !"

ugh highest heaven receives,
ves the earth he leaves :
eturning to his throne,
e'er forget his own :
hem he intercedes,
his death he pleads ;
self prepares their place,
f the ransom'd race.

ards may we move,
n the wings of love ;
when our Lord shall come,
gasping after home !
y we with thee remain,
of thine endless reign ;
face unclouded see,
heaven of heavens in thee.

Lord is risen indeed. Luke xxiv. 34.

(P. M.)

the Redeemer rose,
Saviour left the dead,
our hellish foes,
d his conquering head ;
ild dismay,
guards around,
to the ground,
sunk away.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST

2 Lo, the angelic bands,
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet :
Joyful they come,
And wing their way,
From realms of day,
To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear :
Hark ! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air !
Their anthems say,
“ Jesus who bled,
“ Hath left the dead ;
“ He rose to-day.”

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell ;
And send the echo round,
The globe on which you dwell :
Transported cry,
“ Jesus who bled,
“ Hath left the dead,
“ No more to die.”

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood !
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God !
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain,
Beyond the skies.

SURRECTION OF CHRIST.

**I. Believer's risen with Christ. Col. iii
(P. M.)**

Yfaithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.
Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heav

There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign :
In him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place,
Emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

The Lord is risen ! Luke xxiv. 34. (S. M.)

THE Lord is risen indeed,”
And are the tidings true ?
We beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.

**He Lord is risen indeed,”
When Justice asks no more ;
C^y and truth are now agreed,
Who stood oppos'd before.**

**he Lord is risen indeed,”
When is his work perform'd ;
Captive surely now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarm'd.**

ATONEMENT.

- 4 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then hell has lost his prey :
With him is risen the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.
- 5 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Attending angels hear ;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
- 6 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord,
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

ATONEMENT.

429. *Christ our High Priest.* Rev. i. 5, 6, 7. (L.)

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood ;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus our atoning Priest,
To Jesus our superior King,
Be everlasting pow'r confess'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

ATONEMENT.

- 2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital blood :
- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl,
Where hell and horror reigns.
- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

432. *Redemption by Christ.* (C. M.)

- 1 WHEN the first parents of our race,
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin,
Had tainted all our blood.
- 2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son ;
Descending from the heav'nly court,
He left his Father's throne.
- 3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
- 4 His living power, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race,
To life and God again.

ATONEMENT.

6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

434. *The Priesthood of Christ.* (L. M.)

- 1 BLOOD has a voice to pierce the soul,
Revenge the blood of Abel cries,
But the dear stream when Christ was slain,
Speaks peace as loud from every vein
- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high,
Behold he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels that deserv'd his sword,
Become the favourites of the Lord.
- 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice;
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

435. *Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.* (S. M.)

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ the heav'nly Lamb
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

ATONEMENT.

My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

God reconciled in Christ. (C. M.)

Dearest of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God ;
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood ?

By the merits of thy death,
The Father smiles again ;
By thine interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.

God in human flesh I see,
Thoughts no comfort find ;
Holy, just, and sacred Three,
Terrors to my mind.

Immanuel's face appear,
Hope, my joy begins ;
He forbids my slavish fear,
Grace removes my sins.

Jews on their own law rely,
Greeks of wisdom boast ;
I incarnate mystery,
Here I fix my trust.

ATONEMENT.

437. *Christ our High Priest.* (P. M.)

- 1 **A** GOOD High Priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And taking up his room,
Dispensing life and grace ;
The law by Aaron's priesthood came
But grace and truth by Jesu's name.
- 2 He once temptations knew,
Of ev'ry sort and kind,
That he might succour shew
To ev'ry tempted mind.
In ev'ry point the Lamb was try'd
Like us, and then for us he dy'd.
- 3 He dies ! but lives again,
And by the altar stands ;
There shows how he was slain,
Op'ning his pierced hands :
Our Priest abides, and pleads the cause
Of us, who have transgressed his law.
- 4 I other priests disclaim,
And laws and off'rings too,
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do :
He shall have all the praise, for he
Hath lov'd, and liv'd, and dy'd for me.

438. *Christ the Fountain of Life.* Zech. x
(P. M.)

- 1 **H**AIL, everlasting spring !
Celestial fountain, hail !
Thy streams salvation bring,
The waters never fail :

ATONEMENT.

Still they endure,
And still they flow,
For all our woe,
A sov'reign cure.

2 Blest be his wounded side,
And blest his bleeding heart,
Who all in anguish dy'd,
Such favours to impart.

His sacred blood
Shall make us clean
From ev'ry sin,
And fit for God.

3 To that dear source of love,
Our souls this day would come ;
And thither from above,
Lord, call the nations home ;
That Jew and Greek,
With rapt'rous songs
On all their tongues,
Thy praise may speak.

9. *The wounded Lamb.* (L. M.)

O COME, thou wounded Lamb of God !
Come, wash us in thy cleansing blood ;
Give us to know thy love ; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee :
Seal thou our breast, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

ATONEMENT.

- 3** How can it be, thou heav'ly King,
That thou shouldst man to glory bring !
Make slaves, the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown !
- 4** Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable !
- 5** First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow ;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live !

440. *Precious Blood.* 1 Peter i. 19. (P.M.)

- 1** LET the bold sceptic still deride,
My hope in Jesus crucify'd,
When he for sinners stood,
Their surety, and a ransom paid,
When all my sins were on him laid ;
How precious is his blood !
- 2** To satan and to sin a slave,
Nor pow'r to rescue or to save,
From thraldom or from woe !
Jesus appear'd, and set me free ;
By " precious blood" he rescued me,
From my infernal foe !
- 3** Justice appear'd ! the law I broke,
In wrathful accents daily spoke,
My sentence to proclaim ;
But now my Maker can forgive ;
By " precious blood" shall I receive
Pardon through Jesus' name !

SALVATION BY CHRIST.

y boast is Jesus crucify'd,
, " precious blood" I'm justify'd,
Accepted in my Lord :
is blood shall cleanse from every stain,
nd peace and purity I gain,—
Its wonders I record ?

o trembling sinners, thankful hear
e voice of mercy, nor despair,
Nor weep a useless flood !
Hold the Lamb, for sinners slain,
ardon and peace you shall obtain,
Through Jesu's " precious blood!"

SALVATION BY CHRIST.

Salvation by Grace. Titus iii. 3. 7. (C. M.)

ORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been ;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

t, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
He turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,
Of folly, sin, and shame.

s not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done ;
it we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

SALVATION BY CHRIST.

- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God,
That all our hopes begin ;
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew ;
And justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

442. *The same.* 2 Tim. i. 9, 10. (L. M.)

- 1 NOW to the pow'r of God supreme,
Be everlasting honours giv'n ;
He saves from hell, (we bless his name,)
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.
- 2 Not for our duties, or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun,
To rescue rebels doom'd to die ;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known !
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

SALVATION BY CHRIST.

- 2 See where it shines in Jesu's face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaims the wise, and pow'rful God !
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands ;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes,
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesu's name !
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground !
- 6 O may I live to reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face !
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold !

445. *Salvation. (C. M.)*

- 1 **S**ALVATION ! O the joyfu soun
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

SALVATION BY CHRIST.

447. *One thing is needful.* (P. M.)

- 1 ONE thing is needful ; why should I
So many vain expedients try,
My happiness to raise ?
Surely if I this one thing gain,
A solid good shall I attain,
To bless me all my days !
- 2 One thing is needful ; all beside,
I may possess, and yet be wide
Of happiness and God :
All earthly good may I acquire,
Yet my immortal soul's desire
Be roving still abroad.
- 3 This one thing needful will I choose,
All, in comparison, refuse ;—
“ Be mine this better part ; ”
I soon must leave my dwelling here,
This one thing shall my spirit cheer,
Revive my failing heart.

448. *The Saviour's Invitation.* (P. M.)

- 1 SAY, sinner, wilt thou go with me,
And leave yon gay delusive scene,
Where dang'rous snares are laid for thee
And ruin smiles with treach'rous mien ?
Ah ! quit awhile the flatt'ring bait,
While I my gentle suit declare,
All heav'nly charms around me wait,
For I am fairest of the fair.

SALVATION BY CHRIST.

or thee I left the realms of light,
or cast one sorrowing look behind :
or thee endur'd the darkest night,
nd bore the blast of winter's wind.
cloth'd myself in mortal clay,
umble my birth, and hard my fare,
by hopeless sorrows to allay,
hough I am fairest of the fair.

Come, and I'll pardon all thy sin,
nd take thy load of guilt away,
'll make thy spotted nature clean,
nd turn thy darkness into day ;
hrough life I'll guide thee with my eye,
nd make thee my perpetual care,
or ev'ry want there's rich supply,
me the fairest of the fair.

nd in the shade, when thou must die,
will receive thy parting breath,
ill soften each expiring sigh,
nd cheer with smiles the bed of death.
ngels shall watch thy breathless clay,
nd dry the fond survivor's tear,
hen waft thee on their wings away,
l' embrace the fairest of the fair.

ASCENSION AND ADVOCACY OF CHRIST.

Christ ascending and reigning. (C. M.)

) FOR a shout of sacred joy,
To God the sovereign King !
et every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

ASCENSION AND ADVOCACY OF CHRIST

- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high,
 His heavenly guards around,
Attend him rising through the sky,
 With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King
 Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honour sing ;
 O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound
 Let knowledge lead the song,
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
 He lov'd that chosen race ;
But now he calls the world his own,
 And heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The British islands are the Lord's,
 There Abraham's God is known ;
While powers and princes, shields and swords
 Submit before his throne.

450. *Christ's Intercession.* (S. M.)

- 1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone,
 To appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
 With his atoning blood.
- 2 No fiery vengeance now,
 Nor burning wrath comes down ;
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
 The Saviour shows his own.

ENSION AND ADVOCACY OF CHRIST.

Before his Father's eye,
Our humble suit he moves ;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

Now may our joyful tongues,
Our Maker's honours sing ;
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high,
Hosanna to the God of grace,
“ That lays his thunder by.

“ On earth thy mercy reigns,
“ And triumphs all above ;”
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains,
To speak immortal love !

How jarring and how low,
Are all the notes we sing !
Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.

1. *Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.* (C. M.)

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes,
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame ;
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And vengeance was his name.

ASCENSION AND ADVOCACY OF CHRIST

- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesu's blood,
That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.
- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
Are open'd by the Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.
- 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high ;
And glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his fury by.

452. *I go to prepare a Place for you.* John xiv.
(P. M.)

- 1 **A**ND art thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me ?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there for ever sit with thee ?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in thy glorious name.
- 2 Should I to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its harmless frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own ;
What shame would fill me in that day,
When thou thy glory will display !

ENSION AND ADVOCACY OF CHRIST.

what is man, and what his smile ?
The terror of his anger, what ?
grass he flourishes awhile,
it soon his place shall know him not.
Through fear of such a one, shall I,
The Lord of heaven and earth deny ?

let the world cast out my name,
and vile account me if they will :
confess the Lord be shame,
purpose to be viler still :
For thee, my God, I all resign,
Content if I can call thee mine.

It transport then shall fill my heart,
When thou my worthless name will own ;
Then I shall see thee as thou art,
and know as I myself am known !
From sin and fear and sorrow free,
My soul shall find its rest in thee.

Christ ascending to Glory.

Psalm xxiv. 7—10. (L. M.)

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
the powers of hell are captive led,
ragg'd to the portals of the sky.
here his triumphal chariot waits ;
and angels chaunt the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
Ye everlasting doors, give way !”

oose all your bars of massy light,
nd wide unfold the radiant scene ;
he claims those mansions as his right,
eceive the King of glory in.

ASCENSION AND ADVOCACY OF CHRIST.

- 4 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!"
"Ye everlasting doors, give way."
- 6 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all for ever bless'd.

454. *Christ our Intercessor.* Heb. vii. 25. (L. M.)

- 1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives!
(What joy the blest assurance gives!)
And now before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts,
Above our fears, above our faults,
His pow'rful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In ev'ry dark distressing hour,
When sin and Satan join their pow'rs,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

TYPES OF CHRIST.

Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On him our humble hopes depend :
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

TYPES OF CHRIST.

Christ the true David. (L. M.)

FOR ever shall my song record,
The truth and mercy of the Lord ;
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heaven, establish'd by his hand.

Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
“ With thee my cov'nant first is made ;
“ In thee shall dying sinners live,
“ Glory and grace are thine to give.
“ Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest ;
“ Thy children shall be ever blest ;
“ Thou art my chosen King ; thy throne
“ Shall stand eternal, like my own.
“ There's none of all my sons above,
“ So much my image or my love ;
“ Celestial powers thy subjects are,
“ Then what can earth to thee compare ?
“ David, my servant, whom I chose,
“ To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
“ And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
“ Was but a shadow of my Son.

Now let the church rejoice, and sing
Jesus her Saviour and her King :
Angels his heavenly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

TYPES OF CHRIST.

- 6** But Christ by his own powerful blood
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.
- 7** Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Sion's heav'nly hill,
Looks like a lamb that has been slain
And wears his priesthood still.
- 8** He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

459. *Characters of Christ, borrowed from inanimate Things in Scripture.* (L.)

- 1** GO worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2** The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord
Nature, to make his beauties known
Must mingle colours not her own.
- 3** Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be
That flesh, that dying blood of thine
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.
- 4** Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That righteous branch, that fruitful
Is David's root and offspring too.

TYPES OF CHRIST.

Is he a rose ? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrance in all her fields ;
Or, if the lily he assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.

Is he a vine ? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit :
O let a lasting union join
My soul the branch to Christ the vine !

Is he a head ? Each member lives,
And owns the vital powers he gives ;
He saints below, and saints above,
Worn'd by his Spirit and his love.

Is he a fountain ? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death ;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

Is he a fire ? He'll purge my dross,
But the true gold sustains no loss ;
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.

Is he a rock ? How firm he proves ?
The rock of ages never moves ;
Let the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

Is he a way ? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood ;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.

Is he a door ? I'll enter in ;
Behold the pastures large and green,
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.

TYPES OF CHRIST.

- 13 Is he design'd a corner-stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.
- 14 Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and power;
And still to this most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.
- 15 Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning-star.
- 16 Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears,
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.
- 17 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his power abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.
- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor star,
Nor heav'n, his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

460. *The Names and Titles of Christ.* (P.M.)

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore:

on descending ways,
ur Redeemer use,
h his heav'nly grace !

eyes with joy
wonder see,
t forms of love
ears for me.

in mortal flesh,
an angel stands,
lds the promises,
rdons in his hands :
mission'd from
Father's throne,
ake his grace
ortals known.

Prophet of my God,
gue would bless thy name ;
the joyful news

TYPES OF CHRIST.

O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way.

- 6 I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eye shall keep,
My wand'ring soul among,
The thousands of his sheep :
 He feeds his flock,
 He calls their names,
 His bosom bears
 The tender lambs.
- 7 To this dear Surety's hand,
Will I commit my cause ;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws :
 Behold my soul
 At freedom set !
 My Surety paid
 The dreadful debt.
- 8 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
 His powerful blood
 Did once atone ;
 And now it pleads
 Before the throne.
- 9 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high,
The Father bows his ear,
And lays his thunder by :

TYPES OF CHRIST.

461. Old Testament Gospel. (P.M.)

- 1** **I**SRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too :
The types and figures were a glass
In which they saw the Saviour's fa
- 2** The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once apply'd with power,
Would teach the need of other bl
To reconcile an angry God.
- 3** The Lamb, the dove set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood, of matchless wor
Should be the soul's defence ;
For he, who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.
- 4** The scape-goat on his head,
The people's trespass bare,
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more :
In him our Surety seem'd to say,
“ Behold, I bear your sins away.”
- 5** Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free ;
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea ;
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'

TYPES OF CHRIST.

463. *The Offices of Christ. (P. M.)*

- 1 **A**S a shepherd loves to keep,
A Watch, and lead, and feed his sh
So the gracious Son of God,
Saves the purchase of his blood.
- 2 As a father's manly care,
Proves his heart to be sincere ;
So the Lord his love displays,
Mix'd with majesty and grace.
- 3 As a mother loves to rest,
Tender babes upon her breast ;
So each babe of grace shall find
Jesus Christ divinely kind.
- 4 As a husband loves his bride,
Like himself, and none beside ;
Did not Christ this love excel,
When he sav'd his bride from hell ?
- 5 As a friend sincere and kind,
In his heart sweet love we find ;
So in Jesus Christ we prove
Sweet displays of changeless love.
- 6 As a brother, dearer still
Than a friend, so Jesus will,
Manifest a brother's care,
Freely make us his joint-heir.
- 7 As a prophet, good and wise,
Gives the meek his best advice ;
So does Christ delight to guide
Those that men for fools deride.

TYPES OF CHRIST.

8 As a priest devotes to God,
Incense and atoning blood ;
So the dear redeeming Lamb,
Bore the cross, and scorn'd the shame.

9 As a king with loving sway,
Bends his people to obey ;
So does Christ the rebel win,
Gains his heart, and slays his sin.

64. *Christ our Shepherd.* (C. M.)

1 **M**Y Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name ;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways ;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay ;
A word of thy supporting breath,
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God,
Attend me all my days ;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise !

TYPES OF CHRIST.

6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come,
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

465. *The Kind Shepherd.* (P. M.)

1 **O**UR Shepherd alone, the Lord let us know,
Who reigns on his throne, the prince of peace ;
Who evermore saves us by shedding his blood.
All hail, holy Jesus, our Lord and our God !

2 We daily will sing thy merits, thy praise,
Thou merciful spring of pity and grace;
Thy kindness for ever to men we will tell,
And say, our dear Saviour redeems us from sin.

3 Preserve us in love, while here we abide,
Nor ever remove, nor cover, nor hide,
The glorious salvation, till joyful we see,
The bright open vision completed in thee.

466. *A Sacred Pastoral.* Psalm xxiii. 1, 4. (P.M.)

1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

TYPES OF CHRIST.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray ;
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

7. *The same. (P. M.)*

THE Lord is my shepherd, my guardian and
guide ;
Whate'er I want he will kindly provide ;
In the sheep of his pastures his mercies abound,
In care and protection his flock will surround.

THE Lord is my shepherd ; what then shall I fear ?
What danger can frighten me whilst he is near ?
Or when the time calls me to walk thro' the vale
Of the shadow of death, shall my heart ever fail.

Though afraid of myself to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be my comfort and stay ;
Or I know by thy guidance, when once it is past,
A fountain of life it will bring me at last.

THE Lord is become my salvation and song,
His blessings have follow'd me all my life long ;
His name will I praise while I have any breath,
Content all my life, and resign'd in my death.

TYPES OF CHRIST.

468. *Christ the Foundation.* (C. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD, the sure foundation sto
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'ly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe, and prie
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withst
Yet must this building rise :
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

469. *Union with Christ.* (L. M.)

- 1 HOW bless'd the union, how divi
That humble saints with Jesus
They feel him as the living vine ;
He claims them as his constant care.
- 2 As branches from the fruitful tree,
Their nourishment and sap derive ;
So by sweet fellowship with thee,
Dear Lord, thy faithful followers live.
- 3 If thou thine influence remove,
Straight we begin to faint and die ;
And under thy restoring love,
Again we feel immortal joy.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST.

- 3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspir'd their breast ;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern giv'n ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heav'n.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST

472. *The Robe of Righteousness.* Isaiah lxi. 10.
(C. M.)

- 1 A WAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
A Prepare a tuneful voice ;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine ;
Upon a poor polluted worm,
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot,
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST.

- ¶ How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear !
These ornaments, how bright they shine !
How white the garments are !
- ¶ The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace ;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.
- ¶ Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three !
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

73. *The Value of Christ and his Righteousness.*

Phil. iii. 7—9. (L. M.)

- L **N**O more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done ;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- B Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss ;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- B Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss, for Jesu's sake :
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake !
- ¶ The best obedience of my hands,
Dares not appear before thy throne ;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST.

474. *The Lord our Righteousness.* Jer. xiii. (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea;
" Jesus hath liv'd and died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay!
Fully through thee absolv'd I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O ! let the dead now hear thy voice;
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice:
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

475. *The Sun of Righteousness.* (L. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD what sweet reviving rays,
The Sun of Righteousness display,
How fast his beams, divinely bright,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST.

- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean ;
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness ;
Thou art our mighty All, and we,
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

477. *Christ our only Happiness. Psalm lxxiii.*
(C. M.)

- 1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all ;
I've none but thee, in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light :
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon ;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST.

4 Son of God, my dearest Lord,
All my crown and my reward :
Thou who freely diedst for me,
Shalt alone my bridegroom be.

479. *Jesus Christ the only Way to God* (L. M.)

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief, my burden, long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
“ Come hither, soul, I am the way.”

5 Lo, glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am ;
My sinful self to thee I give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, “ Behold the way to God !”

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST.

The Saviour's Name. (L. M.)

JESUS ! that sweet, that charming name,
Sets all my languid pow'rs on flame ;
All virgin-souls, who feel its pow'r,
not but love him and adore.

His name shall be my only trust,
which the brightest seraphs boast ;
It heals the wounded, cheers the faint,
consolates the dying saint.

His dear unchanging name's my prop,
life of my expiring hope ;
Sovereign balm for every grief,
All distress a sure relief.

His pow'rful name, by faith apply'd,
Les ev'ry guilty fear subside ;
It yields my soul a cheering light,
In darkest shades of gloomy night.

Then I this sweet, this lovely name,
In all that it imports can claim ;
Faith is strong, my hopes increase,
Heart o'erflows with joy and peace.

No foes nor trouble do I fear,
Christ, my all in all, is near ;
Those name to know, and person love,
Peace, and joy, and heav'n above.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

481. *Hosanna to Christ.* Matt. xxi. 9. (C.)

- 1** **H**OSONNA to the Royal Son,
Of David's ancient line,
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.
- 2** The root of David here we find,
And offspring is the same ;
Eternity and time are join'd,
In our Immanuel's name.
- 3** Bless'd he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n ;
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given.
- 4** Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and b
Their silence into songs.

482. *Christ worshipped by all.* Rev. v. 11. (

- 1** **C**OME let us join our cheerful song
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongue
But all their joys are one.
- 2** “ Worthy the Lamb that dy'd,” they c
“ To be exalted thus :
“ Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
“ For he was slain for us.”

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn :
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.
484. *Praise to the Redeemer.* (C. B)
- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark d
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hop
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of t
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongue
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest n
His love can ne'er be told.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r ;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues ;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
“ Ye blessed children, come ; ”
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.
- 5 There shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

487. *The same.* 1 Peter ii. 7. (C. M.)

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name
‘Tis music to mine ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven may hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust ;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet ;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

race still dwells upon my heart,
I sheds its fragrance there !
oblest balm of all its wounds,
cordial of its care.

eak the honours of thy name,
th my last labouring breath ;
speechless clasp thee in my arms,
antidote of death.

The same. Rev. v. 13. (P. M.)

LORY to God on high :
Let heaven and earth reply,
Praise ye his name !”
gels, his love adore,
o all our sorrows bore ;
I saints, cry evermore,
Worthy the Lamb !”

they around the throne,
erfully join in one,
raising his name :
who have felt his blood
ling our peace with God,
nd his dear name abroad,
Worthy the Lamb !”

all the ransom'd race,
Lord and God to bless ;
raise ye his name !
im we will rejoice,
sing a cheerful noise ;
I shout, with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb !”

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

4

Though we must change our place
Yet shall we never cease
Praising his name :
To him we'll tribute bring ;
Hail him our gracious King :
And without ceasing sing
“ Worthy the Lamb !”

489.

The same. (C. M.)

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end
The numbers of thy grace ?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore ;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King !
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell
Shall thy salvation sing.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

My tongue shall all the day proclaim,
My Saviour and my God ;
As death has brought my foes to shame,
And drown'd them in his blood.

Awake, awake, my tuneful powers ;
With this delightful song,
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

The Name of Jesus. (C. M.)

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear ?
It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place ;
My never-failing treas'ry fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King :
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

491. *Jesus crowned Lord of all.* (C. M.)

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesu's name,
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small ;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
There join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

Not ashamed of Jesus. (L. M.)

SUS, and can it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
I'd be the thought by rich and poor,
soul shall scorn it more and more.

am'd of Jesus ! sooner far
' ev'ning blush to own a star !
am'd of Jesus, just as soon,
midnight blush to think of noon.

am'd of Jesus ! yes I may,
n I've no crimes to wash away ;
ears to wipe, no joys to crave,
no immortal soul to save !

m'd of Jesus ! that dear friend,
whom my hopes of heaven depend !
when I blush, be this by shame,
I no more revere his name.

then,—nor is the boasting vain ;
then I boast a Saviour slain :
O may this my portion be,
Saviour's not ashamed of me.

Praise to the Saviour. (C. M.)

YOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee :
music's like thy charming name,
or half so sweet can be.

t us ever hear thy voice,
mercy to us speak ;
in our Priest will we rejoice,
hou great Melchisedec.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favour'd throng ;
Then will we sing more sweet, more low
And Christ shall be our song.

494. *The same.* Rev. v. 9. (L. M.)

- 1 JOIN, ye redeemed heirs of grace,
In a new song of lofty praise ;
Jesus is worthy to receive,
The utmost glories ye can give.
- 2 Worthy, thou dear atoning Lamb,
From ev'ry kindred, tongue, and name,
Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.
- 3 Bless'd be thy name, for ever bless'd,
Of wisdom, power, and strength posses
Honour and might, and glory too,
We give thee, as thine endless due.
- 4 More than ten thousand thousand tong
With thousand thousands join in songs
With all their pow'rs their God to own
And the dear Lamb who fills the throne
- 5 Unnumber'd hosts thy glories sing,
They hail thee as their Lord and King
Not one bright crown is worn above,
But what is own'd a gift of love.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part,
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

497. *Breathing after the Holy Spirit.* (C.)

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 This tongue, with blasphemies defil'd,
These feet, to erring paths beguil'd,
 In heavenly league agree :
Who could believe such lips could praise,
Or think my dark and winding ways
 Should ever lead to thee ?
- 3 These eyes, that once abus'd their sight,
Now lift to thee their watery light,
 And weep a silent flood ;
These hands ascend in ceaseless pray'r,
O wash away the stains they wear,
 In thy redeeming blood !
- 4 These ears, that pleas'd could entertain
The midnight oath, the lustful strain,
 When round the festal board ;
Now, deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
 And press to hear thy word.
- 5 Thus art thou serv'd in every part ;
O would'st thou more transform my heart,
 This drossy thing refine ;
That grace might nature's strength control,
And a new creature, body, soul,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine !

500. *Longing for Heaven.* (L. M.)

- 1 A T anchor laid, remote from home,
A Toiling, I cry, " Sweet Spirit, come !
" Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
" But swell my sails, and speed my way.
- 2 " Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
" And loose my cable from below ;
" But I can only spread my sail ;
" Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious g

THE TRINITY.

3 Impress upon my wand'ring heart,
The love that Christ to sinners bore;
Then mourn the wounds my sins produc'd,
And my redeeming God adore.

THE TRINITY.

503. *A Song of Praise to the ever blessed Trinity.*
(L. M.)

- 1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls,
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give thee, Sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore ;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

504. *The same. (P. M.)*

- 1 WE give immortal praise,
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above ;
He sent his own eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

THE TRINITY.

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

- 3 The God of Abr'ham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me, all my happy days
In all his ways :
He calls a worm his friend !
He calls himself my God !
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.

PAUSE.

- 4 The God who reigns on high,
The mighty angels sing ;
And " Holy, holy, holy," cry,
" Almighty King !
" Who was, and is, the same ;
" And evermore shall be ;
" Jehovah, Father, GREAT I AM,
" We worship thee."
- 5 Before the Saviour's face,
The ransom'd nations bow ;
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
For ever new :
He shows his prints of love ;
They kindle to a flame !
And sound through all the worlds above,
" The slaughter'd Lamb."
- 6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high ;
" Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !"
They ever cry :

THE TRINITY.

I, Abr'ham's God and mine !
in the heavenly lays ;
ght and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

A Hymn to the Trinity. (P. M.)

OME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
elp us to praise !
er all-glorious,
all victorious ;
ie, and reign over us,—
ncient of Days !
is, our Lord, arise,
ter our enemies,
nd make them fall !
thine almighty aid,
sure defence be made,
souls on thee be stay'd ;
ord, hear our call !
ne, thou Incarnate Word,
d on thy mighty sword ;—
ur prayer attend !
ne, and thy people bless,
I give thy word success ;
rit of holiness,
n us descend !
ne, Holy Comforter,
sacred witness bear,
n this glad hour !
u who almighty art,
w rule in every heart,
I ne'er from us depart,
pirit of power !

THE SCRIPTURES.

5 To the great One in Three :
Eternal praises be,
Hence—evermore !
His Sovereign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
Love and adore !

THE SCRIPTURES.

507. *Instruction from Scripture.* (C. M.)

- 1 HOW shall we, Lord, secure our he
And guard our lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'ly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.
- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise ;
I hate the sinner's road ;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

THE SCRIPTURES.

- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word ;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

509. *The Rule of Scripture. (C. M.)*

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my
To keep his statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will !
- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart !
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip ;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

- 3 This is the field where hidden lies,
 The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise,
 Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows,
 To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
 Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
 Where wit and reason fail ;
My guide to everlasting life,
 Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
 My roving feet command ;
Nor I forsake the happy road
 That leads to thy right-hand.

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

512. *The Beauty of the Church.* (S. M.)

- 1 FAR as thy name is known,
 The world declares thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
 Their songs of honour raise.
- 2 With joy let Judah stand
 On Sion's chosen hill ;
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
 And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
 The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground
 And mark the building well ;

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there!

514. *The Church is the Garden of God.* (C. M.)

- 1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above:
Not Lebanon with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive;)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

515.

Going to Church. (C. M.)

- 1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
" In Zion let us all appear,
" And keep the solemn day!"
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints ;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest !
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest !

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

16. *The same. (P.M.)*

1 HOW pleas'd and bless'd was I,
To hear the people cry,
“ Come, let us seek our God to day !”
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round ;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

- 3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest!
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!
- 5 My tongue repeats her vows,
“ Peace to this sacred house!”
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

517. *A Church established.* (C. M.)

- 1 NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes,
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.
- 2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.
- 3 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

PAUSE.

ise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest !
! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

ater with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word ;
ll that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

ere, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread ;
ess the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

ere let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine ;
ustice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

ere let him hold a lasting throne ;
And as his kingdom grows,
esh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

The Blessedness of Gospel Times.

Isaiah v. 2. (S. M.)

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill !
ho bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
“ He reigns and triumphs here.”

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light !
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold,
Their Saviour and their God.

519. *The Church the Garden of Christ.*

Cant. iv. 12. (L. M.)

- 1 WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground
A little spot inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand
Planted by God the Father's hand ;
And all his springs in Sion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume ;
Spirit Divine, descend, and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

- 3 How sweet that voice, how sweet that
Which leads to pastures fair,
Shows Canaan's milk and honey land,
Provided by thy care !
- 4 As one in heart we all rejoice,
The sinner's Friend to praise :
The Shepherd dy'd ; Oh ! 'tis his voice,
He'll us to glory raise.

521. *The same. (P. M.)*

- 1 LEADER of faithful souls, and God
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come thou, and with us now abide,
Who would alone on thee rely ;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place;
And hasten through the vale of woe,
And restless to behold thy face ;
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 Patient th' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind ;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The new Jerusalem to find :
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the new Jerusalem.
- 4 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God ;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

BLESSINGS AND INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

A Blessed Gospel. (C. M.)

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

'heir joy shall bear their spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
sr'el, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

The Invitation of the Gospel. Isaiah lv. 1. (C. M.)

LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

Ho ! all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind.

Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetite
The rich provision taste.

THE BLESSINGS AND INVITATIONS

- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.**
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.**
- 6 Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin.**
- 7 Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.**
- 8 Dear God ! the treasures of thy love,
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins !**
- 9 The happy gates of gospel grace,
Stand open night and day ;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.**

524. *The Promises of the Covenant of Grace* (C.M.)

- 1 IN vain we lavish out our lives,
IN To gather empty wind ;
The choicest blessings earth can yield,
Will starve a hungry mind.**

OF THE GOSPEL.

and the Lord shall feed our souls
more substantial meat ;
uch as saints in glory love,
such as angels eat.

od will ev'ry want supply,
fill our hearts with peace ;
es by cov'nant, and by oath,
riches of his grace.

and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
wash away our stains,
dear fountain that his Son
'd from his dying veins.

ilt shall vanish all away,
igh black as hell before ;
is shall sink beneath the sea,
shall be found no more.

st pollution should o'erspread
inward pow'rs again,
pirit shall bedew our souls,
purifying rain.

art, that flinty stubborn thing,
terrors cannot move,
ears no threat'nings of his wrath,
l be dissolved by love.

can take the flint away,
would not be refin'd,
om the treasures of his grace,
ow a softer mind.

shall his Sacred Spirit dwell,
deep engrave his law,
'ry motion of our souls,
wift obedience draw.

THE BLESSINGS AND INVITATIONS

10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

525. *The Beatitudes.* Matt. v. 3—12. (L. M.)

- 1 BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.
- 2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Bless'd are the meek who stand afar,
From rage and passion, noise and war:
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supply'd and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Bless'd are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of sin:
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

and shame for Jesu's sake ;
uls shall triumph in the Lord,
d joy are their reward.

Christ's Commission. John iii. 16, 17.

(C. M.)

E, happy souls, approach your God,
th new melodious songs ;
ender to almighty grace,
ribute of your tongues.

age, so boundless was the love,
pity'd dying men,
her sent his equal Son,
ve them life again.

ids, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
a revenging rod :
l commission to perform
engeance of a God.

was mercy, all was mild,
wrath forsook the throne,
Christ on the kind errand came,
brought salvation down.

inners, you may heal your wounds,
wipe your sorrows dry ;
the mighty Saviour's name,

THE BLESSINGS AND INVITATION:

- 5 Lions and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the lamb ;
Whilst the wild world esteems it stran-
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too ;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

530. *The Gospel Jubilee.* Lev. xxv. 8—1 (P. M.)

1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow !
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound :

CHORUS.

The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the world proclaim.

3 Ye, who have sold for nought,
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back, unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.

THE BLESSINGS AND INVITATIONS

- 2 Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome!**
God's free bounty glorify :
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh ;—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,**
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him :
This he gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,**
Lost and ruin'd by the fall !
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,**
Lo, your Maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
“ It is finish'd ! ” .
Sinners, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo, th' incarnate God ascended,**
Pleads the merit of his blood :
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

OF THE GOSPEL.

Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb :
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name,
 Hallelujah !

Sinners here may sing the same.

I. *There yet is room.* Luke xiv. 22. (P. M.)

YE dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you :
Ye perishing and guilty come,
In Jesu's arms there yet is room.

No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame ;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame :
All things are ready, sinners, come,
For every trembling soul there's room.

Believe the heavenly word,
His messengers proclaim ;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name :
Backsliding souls, return, and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near ;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear !
Let whosoever will now come :
In mercy's arms there still is room.

THE BLESSINGS AND INVITATIONS

534. *The Gospel Trumpet.* (P. M.)

- 1 **H**ARK, hark ! the gospel trumpet sound
Thro' the wide earth the echo bound
Pardon and peace by Jesu's blood,
Sinners are reconcil'd to God,
And led into the heav'nly road,
By grace divine !
- 2 Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuse ;
Mercy and justice here combine,
Goodness and truth harmonious join,
While boundless love in ev'ry line,
Invites you near.
- 3 Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre :
Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire :
Let both the Saviour's love proclaim,
And spread abroad his matchless fame ;
For ever worthy is the Lamb,
Of endless praise.

535. *The Gospel, good Tidings.* (P. M.)

- 1 **O**JESUS, our Lord, thy name be ador'd
For all the rich blessings convey'd thro'
thy word.
- 2 In spirit we trace thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.
- 3 The ancient of days his glory displays,
And shines on his chosen with cherishing !
- 4 The trumpet of God is sounding abroad,
The language of mercy, salvation thro' blood

THE INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

- 4 Our Saviour, by free grace alone,
 His building shall complete,
With shouting bring forth the head stone,
 Crying, grace, grace to it.
- 5 May I be found a living stone,
 In Salem's streets above,
And help to sing before the throne,
 Free grace, and dying love.

538. *Invitation to Sinners.* (L. M.)

- 1 SINNERS, the gladsome tidings hear,
 The messengers of truth declare ;
Pointing the way that leads to God,
 Salvation through a Saviour's blood.
- 2 Ye weeping souls, dry up your tears,
Grace calls you to renounce your fears ;
Justice was fully satisfied,
 When on the cross our Jesus died.
- 3 Yea, let the vilest come to him,
Who a vile thief did once redeem ;
Hearts base and hard he can controul,
 And spread new pow'rs throughout the whole.
- 4 O be ye reconcil'd to God,
'Tis grace, free grace, that sounds abroad ;
How bright the beams of mercy shine
 In this salvation so divine.

539. *The same.* (P. M.)

- 1 THE voice of free grace, cries, escape to
 mountain,
For Adam's lost race, he hath open'd a fountain :
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
 His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.

HEAVEN.

- 3 What sinners value, I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake, and find me there ?
- 5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God !
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surpris
And in my Saviour's image rise.

541. *Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of*

1 Peter i. 3—5. (C. M.)

- 1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.
- 3 What tho' our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

HEAVEN.

Thus shall their mighty bliss renew,
Thro' the vast round of endless years,
And the soft hand of sov'reign grace,
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

543. *Heaven invisible and holy.* 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10.

(C. M.)

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd,
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord,
Reveals a heav'n to come ;
The beams of glory in his word,
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar,
Pollution, sin, and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found ;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive,
To tread the heav'nly ground.

544. *Death and immediate Glory.* 2 Cor. v. 1.

(C. M.)

1 THERE is an house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high,
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

HEAVEN.

- 1 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall ;
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all !
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King !
- 5 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love ?

546. *A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.* (C. M.)

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

HEAVEN.

- 5 O ! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes !
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.
47. *The humble Worship of Heaven.* (C. M.)
- 1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode ;
I'd leave thy earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God !
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight ;
But to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne ;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 There all the heav'nly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.
- 5 When at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall ;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before th' eternal All.

HEAVEN.

6 There I would vie with all the host,
 In duty and in bliss,
While less than nothing I can boast,
 And vanity confess.

7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
 The humbler I shall lie ;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
 Unmeasurably high.

548. *Freedom from Sin and Misery in Heaven* (C. M.)

1 OUR sins, alas, how strong they be !
 And like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
 And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise !
 How loud the tempests roar !
But death shall land our weary souls,
 Safe on the heav'nly shore.

3 There to fulfil his sweet commands,
 Our speedy feet shall move ;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
 Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
 The wonders of his grace,
Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
 And smile in every face.

5 For ever his dear sacred name
 Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be,
 The close of every song.

HEAVEN.

- 8 Lord, let our spirits now aspire,
 To see thy bless'd abode ;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
 To our incarnate God.
- 9 And whilst our faith enjoys this sight,
 We long to leave our clay,
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
 To fetch our souls away.

550. *Meditation of Heaven; or, the Joys of Fa* (C. M.)

- 1 MY thoughts surmount these lower ~~shades~~
 And look within the veil ;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
 The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
 The blessed Three in One ;
And strong affections fix my sight
 On God's incarnate Son.
- 3 His promise stands for ever firm,
 His grace shall ne'er depart ;
He binds my name upon his arm,
 And seals it on his heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings ;
 How short our sorrows are,
When, with eternal future things,
 The present we compare !
- 5 I would not be a stranger still,
 To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell,
 Near my Redeemer's face.

HEAVEN.

logue. Rev. vii. 12—17. (L. M.)

LTED high, at God's right hand,
urer the throne than cherubs stand,
ry crown'd, in white array,
ering soul says, Who are they ?

o the saints, belov'd of God,
re their robes in Jesu's blood ;
tless than the purest white,
ne in uncreated light.

than angels, lo, they shine,
ries great, and all divine ;
heir origin, and say,
er what, and whence came they ?

tribulation great they came,
e the cross, and scorn'd the shame ;
he living temple blest,
hey dwell, and on him rest.

s the cross thus prove their gain ?
l they thus for ever reign ?
o sapphire thrones to praise
ders of redeeming grace ?

they ne'er shall feel again,
ing thirst shall they sustain ;
of living waters led,
the Lamb, for ever fed.

o to mortal ears, they sing
at glories of their King ;
he subject of their lays,
nce their loud exalted praise.

HEAVEN.

8 4. Jesus the Saviour is their theme,
They sing the wonders of his name;
To him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.

9 Amen, they cry to him alone,
Who dares to fill his Father's throne;
They give him glory, and again
Repeat his praise, and say, Amen.

552. *A View of Heaven.* (P.M.)

1 **H**APPY beyond description be,
Who, in the paths of piety,
Loves from his youth to run :—
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are joy and peace,
And heav'n on earth begun.

2 If this felicity be mine,
I every other may resign,
With just and holy scorn :
Cheerful will I my way pursue,
And, with the promis'd land in view,
Singing to God return !

553. *A Glimpse of Glory.* (P. M.)

1 **A** WAY with our sorrow and fear!
Believers will soon be at home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come:
From earth we shall quickly remove,
Fly up to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

HEAVEN.

Ah ! who upon earth can conceive
The bliss that in heaven they share ?
And who this dark world would not leave,
And cheerfully die to be there ?
Where Christ is our Light and our Sun,
And we by reflection shall shine ;
With him everlastingly one,
And bright in effulgence divine.
'Tis good at thy word to be here ;
'Tis better in thee to be gone ;
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share of thy throne :
The tears shall be wip'd from our eyes,
When thee we behold in the cloud ;
And echo the joys of the skies,
And shout to the trumpet of God.

¶. Seeking Heaven. Heb. xi. 4. (P. M.)

FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah !

We are on our way to God.
To Canaan's sacred bound,
We haste with songs of joy ;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah !—&c.

There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er ;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah !—&c.

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 But, hark, those distant sounds,
That strike our list'ning ears!
They come from Canaan's happy bounds,
Where God our King appears.
Hallelujah!—&c.
- 5 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptur'd myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.
Hallelujah!—&c.
- 6 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransom'd there.
Hallelujah!—&c.
- 7 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast:
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah!—&c.

THE CHRISTIAN.

555. *Conversion to God.* John i. 13. (C. M.)

- 1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.
- 2 The sov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

THE CHRISTIAN.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world that grace has made,
I would for ever dwell.

557. *Repentance and Faith.* (C. M.)

1 O GOD of mercy ! hear my call,
My loads of guilt remove,
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone ;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient, and alone.

4 A soul opprest with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise ;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

558. *Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.*

Luke xv. 7—10. (L. M.)

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born ?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love ;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

THE CHRISTIAN.

The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew ;
And saints, and angels, join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

9. *Look on Him whom they pierced, and mourn.*
(C. M.)

INFINITE grief ! amazing woe !
Behold my bleeding Lord ;
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain,
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
His sacred body tore !

But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
In vain do I accuse ;
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were :
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guilty head ;
Break, break, my heart, O burst, mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed.

Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
Till melting waters flow ;
And deep repentance drown mine eyes,
In undissembled woe.

THE CHRISTIAN.

560. *A Prayer for Seriousness.* Psalm xxxix.
(P. M.)

- 1 THOU God of glorious majesty !
To thee, against myself, to thee—
A worm of earth I cry ;
A half awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure—insensible :
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart,
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou, with clouds, shall come,
To judge the nations at thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom ?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry, and fear,
My future bliss t' insure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

THE CHRISTIAN.

¶ Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from the vale, to live
And reign with thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

51. *Sinners called to Repentance. Acts xvii. 30.*

(C. M.)

- ¶ REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay :
The wretch that scorns the mandate, dies,
And meets a fiery day.
- ¶ No more the sov'reign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
His heralds are dispatch'd abroad,
To warn the world of sin.
- ¶ The summons reach through all the earth ;
Let earth attend and fear :
Listen, ye men of royal birth,
And let their vassals hear.
- ¶ Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess ;
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with the grace.
- ¶ Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar ;
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.
- ¶ Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days !
Our hearts subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

THE CHRISTIAN.

562. *The contrite Heart.* Isaiah lvii. 15. (C. M.)

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
 A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Insensible as steel;
If ought is felt, 'tis only pain,
 To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
 To love thee if I could;
But often feel another mind,
 Averse from all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint, and few,
 I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
 Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
 And love thy house of pray'r;
I therefore go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice, or ache;
 Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
 And heal it, if it be.

563. *The Penitent pardoned.* (L. M.)

1 GUILTY, and vile, before my God
 I dread the vengeance of thy rod
My sins, like lofty mountains grown,
 Might justly bring thy vengeance down.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Thy justice dreadful glory claims,
And bids me sink to endless flames ;
And while I hear thy thunders roar,
own thy justice, and adore.

But there's a throne of grace above,
Where Jesus sits, and rules by love :
He'll send his grace and mercy down,
And all his grace with glory crown.

Jesus, to thee alone I fly ;
And wilt thou let a sinner die ;
Whilst, trusting on thy sacred blood,
I seek no other way to God ?

Thy tender heart will sure forgive,
And bid a guilty sinner live ;
For all that come, his grace is free,
For Saul, and Magdalen, and me.

Penitence and Prayer. (P. M.)

YE troubled seas of earthly joy,
No more my wishes ye employ,
I seek a nobler prize :
To higher bliss would I aspire,
And calmer pleasures fain desire,
Nor build below the skies.

To Satan's yoke I bid adieu,
And sins embitter'd service too,
My soul doth now resign :
Jesus, I'll seek my rest in thee,
No refuge can I elsewhere see,
But thine is all divine.

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3** 'Tis true my sins have risen high,
Nor can I name a reason why
Thou shouldst thy favour give:
But Jesus died—in him I'll trust,
And in his righteousness I'll boast,
And thou the praise receive.
- 4** Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
Thy powerful influence may I prove,
My sinful heart renew:
Let Jesu's image in me shine;
And mark me as a child of thine;
Give me that token true.
- 5** May I pass thro' this vale of tears,
With stedfast faith and watchful fears,
And holy caution blest:
And when my warfare here is past,
Jesus shall take my soul at last,
Into eternal rest.

565. *The Stony Heart.* (L. M.)

- 1** O H ! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2** The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3** To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt :
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

THE CHRISTIAN.

6 This shall invite thy saints to pray ;
When, like a raging flood,
Temptations rise, our strength and stay,
Is a forgiving God.

567. *Justification by Faith.* Rom. iii. 19, 22.
(C. M.)

1 **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men,
On their own works have built ;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmur'ring word ;
And the whole race of Adam stand,
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since, to convince and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace !
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness,
That makes the sinner just.

568. *Forgiveness of Sins on Confession.* (S. M.)

1 **O** BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er !
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord,
Imputes their guilt no more !

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

THE CHRISTIAN.

3 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

570 *The opened Fountain.* Zech. xiii. 1. (C.M.)

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
'Till all the ransom'd church of God,
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save ;
When this poor lisping, stammering tong'
Lies silent in the grave.

571. *Adoption.* 1 John iii. 1. (S. M.)

1 BEHOLD what wond'rous grace,
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God !

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3** 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
 'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4** 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
 By a celestial power ;
This is the grace that shall prevail
 In the decisive hour.
- 5** Faith must obey her Father's will,
 As well as trust his grace ;
A pard'ning God is jealous still,
 For his own holiness.
- 6** When from the curse he sets us free,
 He makes our natures clean,
Nor would he send his Son to be
 The minister of sin.
- 7** His Spirit purifies our frame,
 And seals our peace with God ;
Jesus, and his salvation, came
 By water and by blood.

573. *Walking by Faith.* (L. M.)

- 1** **T**IS by the faith of joys to come,
 We walk through deserts dark as
Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2** The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.

THE CHRISTIAN.

And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace,
There wait the welcome message,
That bids us go in peace.

2 Lord, we are helpless creatures,
Full of the deepest need,
Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid, and inly dead :
Our strength is perfect weakness,
And all we have is sin,
Our hearts are all uncleanness,
A den of thieves within.

3 In this forlorn condition,
Who shall afford us aid !
Where shall we find compassion,
But in the church's Head ?
Jesus, thou art all pity,
Oh, take us to thine arms,
And exercise thy mercy,
To save us from all harms,

4 We'll never cease repeating
Our numberless complaints,
But ever be intreating
The glorions King of Saints :
Till we attain the image,
Of Him we inly love,
And pay our grateful homage,
With all the saints above.

5 Then we, with all in glory,
Shall thankfully relate
Th' amazing, pleasing story,
Of Jesu's love so great :

THE CHRISTIAN.

In this blest contemplation,
We shall for ever dwell,
And prove such consolation,
As none below can tell.

3. *The Anchor of Hope.* (P. M.)

HOPE, sweetest comfort, steady friend,
Who ever dost thy succours lend,
Whene'er my mind's opprest ;
Oft have I found thy genial rays,
Dispel the clouds of darkest days,
And set my soul at rest !

But ah ! on earth I dare not cast,
Hope's precious anchor, lest the blast
Of time's rude winds should shake,
And loose its hold, and in this gale,
Of snares and tempests, me should fail,
And my fond schemes should break.

The safest hope's in heaven above !
Stable and firm 'twill ever prove,
For God will ne'er deceive ;
'Tis in his Son that I confide,
And with his promise satisfy'd,
I safe and joyful live !

7. *Joy on the Remembrance of God's Care.* Isaiah xlix. 13. (C. M.)

NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song,
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2** God on his thirsty Sion-hill,
Some mercy drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love,
To shower salvation down.
- 3** Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions and complaints ?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints ?
- 4** Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And, 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room ?
- 5** " Yet," saith the Lord, " should nature chang
" And mothers monsters prove,
" Sion still dwells upon the heart,
" Of everlasting love.
- 6** " Deep on the palms of both my hands,
" I have engrav'd her name,
" My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
" And build her broken frame."

578. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.* (S. M.)

- 1** COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2** The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place ;
Religion never was design'd,
To make our pleasures less.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God ;
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King,
May speak their joys abroad.

The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas ;

This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He shall send down his heav'nly powers,
To carry us above.

There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;

There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.

The men of grace have found,
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

THE CHRISTIAN.

579. *Spiritual and Eternal Joys.* (C. M.)

- 1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds ;
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave ;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasur'd space ;
I'll spend a long eternity,
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes,
Shall o'er thy beauties rove ;
And endless ages I'll adore,
The glories of thy love.
- 5 Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine,
Shall fresh endearments bring ;
And thousand tastes of new delight,
From all thy graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul,
Up to thy blest abode ;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

580. *Christ's Commission.* (S. M.)

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs,
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord ! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

582. *The Triumph of Faith.* Isaiah xlix. 16.

(P. M.)

- 1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring :
The terrors of law, and of God,
With me can have nothing to do ;
My Saviour's obedience and blood,
Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work, which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet :
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below, nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

THE CHRISTIAN.

2 My gracious Saviour and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honours of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoners free :
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

585. *Praise for the Displays of Grace.*

1 Sam. vii. 12. (P. M.)

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise :
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount,—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love !

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home :
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God :
He, to save me from the danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Oh ! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace, now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee !
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart—O take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

3. *Rejoicing before the Cross. (P. M.)*

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood ;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye :
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Love I much ? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.
Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death :
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

THE CHRISTIAN.

587. *The Fear of the Lord.* Prov. xiv. 26. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**APPY, beyond description, he
Who fears the Lord his God;
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.
- 2 **F**EAR, sacred passion, ever dwells
With its fair partner love;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above.
- 3 **L**ET terrors fright th' unwilling slave,
The child with joy appears;
Cheerful he does his father's will,
And loves, as much as fears.
- 4 **L**ET fear and love, most holy God,
Possess this soul of mine;
Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste thy joys divine.

588. *The Description of Christ the Beloved.*

Cant. v. 9. (L. M.)

- 1 **T**HE wond'ring world inquires to know,
Why I should love my Jesus so:
"What are his charms," say they, "above
"The objects of a mortal love?"
- 2 **Y**ES, my beloved, to my sight,
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white:
All human beauties, all divine,
In my beloved meet and shine.
- 3 **W**Hite is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

THE CHRISTIAN.

His head the finest gold excels,
There wisdom in perfection dwells ;
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.

Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound ;
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.

His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold ;
Those heav'ly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

Though once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies ;
Now on the throne of his command,
His legs like marble pillars stand.

His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove :
No more shall trickling sorrows roll,
Through those dear windows of his soul.

His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting saints :
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.

All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd ;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

589. THE CHRISTIAN.
Christ unseen and beloved. 1 Pe

- 1 NOT with our mortal eyes
 Have we beheld the Lord ;
 Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
 And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
 Of our Redeemer's face,
 Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
 To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
 Our joys divinely grow,
 Unspeakable, like those above,
 And heav'n begins below.

590. Religion vain without Love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
 And nobler speech than angels use,
 If love be absent, I am found,
 Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
 All that is done in heav'n and hell ;
 Or could my faith the world remove,
 Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
 To feed the bowels of the poor,
 Or give my body to the flame,
 To gain a martyr's glorious name ;
- 4 If love to God, and love to men,
 Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
 Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
 The work of love can e'er fulfil.

THE CHRISTIAN.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

53. *The same. (C. M.)*

- 1 MY God, what endless pleasures dwelt
Above at thy right hand !
Thy courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand !
- 2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note ;
The lark mounts upwards to the skies,
And tunes his warbling throat :
- 3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
We shout with joyful tongues :
Or sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.
- 4 While Jesus shines with quick'ning grace,
We sing and mount on high ;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.
- 5 Just as we see the lonesome dove,
Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wand'ring, she flies thro' all the groves,
And mourns her loving mate.
6. Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove ;
Just so we droop and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides his love.

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name !
- 3 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?
- 4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin, a grief, and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
- 5 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhor'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?
- 6 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou who art thy people's Sun ;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 7 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to day.

596.

The same. (C. M.)

- 1 HARK, my soul ! it is the Lord ;
"Tis thy Saviour, hear his word
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee ;
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?"

THE CHRISTIAN.

I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

Can a woman's tender care,
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
Oh for grace to love thee more.

7. *Christian Love.* Gal. iii. 28. (S. M.)

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Let envy, child of hell,
Be banish'd far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below,
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

598. *The same. (P. M.)*

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree ;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid all jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove ;
Each to each unite, endear ;
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind :
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care,
Each another's burden bear ;
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove,
To thy family above ;
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

THE CHRISTIAN.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then,
 Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
 And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
 Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too,
 That strikes our comforts dead.

601. *A resigned and submissive Heart.*
 Psalm cxix. 80. (C. M.)

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God!
 A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood,
 So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life, nor death, can part
 From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
 And fill'd with love divine,
Devout, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
 And melts at human woe:
Jesus, for thee distress'd I am,
 I want thy love to know.

THE CHRISTIAN.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
 Yet would I not repine ;
Before they were possess'd by me,
 They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmur'ring word,
 Though the whole world were gone ;
But seek enduring happiness
 In thee, and thee alone.

4 What is the world, with all its store ?
 'Tis but a bitter sweet ;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
 A pricking thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
 The honey's mix'd with gall :
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends
 Be Thou my all in all.

604. *The same. (C. M.)*

1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
 And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
 And make thy pleasures mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at thy gracious hand,
 That wipes away my tears ?

3 No, let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engag'd to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both ?

A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth !

But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;

Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

35. *Prayer for quickening Grace. (C. M.)*

¶ **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust ;
Lord, give me life divine ;
From vain desires, and ev'ry lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

¶ I need the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in thy way ;
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

¶ When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Thy word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God ?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heav'nly road ?

THE CHRISTIAN.

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace!

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word;
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r,
To draw me near the Lord.

306. *The Pilgrim's Prayer.* Psalm xlviij. 14 (P. M.)

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
Feed me now, and evermore.

2 Open now the chrystral fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

THE CHRISTIAN.

17. *Wrestling Jacob. (P. M.)*

- L **C**OME, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee :
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold :
Art thou the man that died for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 3 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech thee tell ;
To know it now resolv'd I am :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long ?
I rise superior to my pain ;
When I am weak, then I am strong :
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with thee, my Lord, prevail.

PAUSE.

- 5 Yield to me now, for I am weak ;
But confident in self-despair !
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer :
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love ?

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 6 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend ;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end :
Thy mercies never shall remove ;
Thy nature, and thy name is Love.
- 7 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end ;
All helplessness, all weakness I,
On thee alone for strength depend :
Nor have I power from thee to move ;
Thy nature, and thy name is Love.
- 8 Lame as I am, I take the prey !
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome !
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature, and thy name is love.

608. *Ask what I shall give thee.* 1 Kings iii. 5
(P. M.)

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer :
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin :—
Lord, remove this load of sin !
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast !
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

As the image in the glass,
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance here.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer :
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do ;
Ev'ry hour my strength renew :
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

). *Prayer for Contentment. (C. M.)*

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sov'reign will denies ;
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :

“ Give me a calm and thankful heart,
“ From every murmur free ;
“ The blessings of thy grace impart,
“ And make me live to thee.

“ Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
“ My life and death attend ;
“ Thy presence through my journey shine,
“ And crown my journey's end.

THE CHRISTIAN.

610. *Prayer for Direction.* (L. M.)

- 1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou wouldest have
Suggest whate'er I think or say,
Direct me in the narrow way.
- 2 Prevent me lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my pow'r, my all, from thee.
- 3 Enrich me alway with thy love,
My kind protector ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.
- 4 Assist, and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorr'st, that may I flee,
And love alone what pleases thee.
- 5 O may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine fulfil;
Let all my time, and all my ways,
Be spent, and ended to thy praise.

611. *Surrender of Heart.* (C. M.)

- 1 TAKE my poor heart just as it is,
Set up therein thy throne;
So shall I love thee above all,
And live to thee alone.
- 2 Complete thy work, and crown thy grace
That I may faithful prove;
And listen to that small still voice,
Which only whispers love.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Which teaches me what is thy will,
And tells me what to do ;
Which covers me with shame when I
Do not thy will pursue.
This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching from my Lord ;
And learn obedience to thy voice,
Thy soul reviving word.

12. *Our own Weakness, and Christ our Strength.*

2 Cor. xii. 7—10. (L. M.)

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
“ Strength shall be equal to thy day ; ”
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
glory in infirmity,
that Christ’s own power may rest on me ;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there ;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

13. *Parting with Carnal Joys.* (L. M.)

I SEND the joys of earth away ;
Away, ye tempters of the mind ;
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul,

614. *God's Presence is Light in Darkness.* (C.)

- 1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning-star,
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heav'ns around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, "I am his!"

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

15. *Christ the Believer's Support.* (C. M.)

- 1 IN all my troubles sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies ;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear my spirits up ;
I trust a faithful God ;
The sure foundation of my hope,
Is in a Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud Hallelujahs sing my soul
To thy Redeemer's name ;
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

16. *Consolation.* (C. M.)

- 1 WHEN langour and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place,
Where Jesus pleads above.

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name,
In life's fair book set down :
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid.
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death :
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.
- 7 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be ?
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
Immediately from thee !

617.

The same. (P. M.)

- 1 **M**Y God, I am thine ; what a comfort di'
What a blessing to know that my Je-
mine !
In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound o'
name.

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 Thee, mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years,
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode,
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

620. *I will trust, and not be afraid.* Isa. xii. 2

(P. M.)

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And, for my relief, will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:
Tho' cisterns are broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he hath spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer, I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite th-

THE CHRISTIAN.

622. *Trust in God, in every Condition.* (S. M.)

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid ev'ry string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above,
We ev'ry moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heav'nly flame ;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears,
Subside at his controul ;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee !
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

623. *Confidence in God.* (C. M.)

- 1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

THE CHRISTIAN.

One privilege my heart desires ;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God !

There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still,
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory,
Within thy temple sound.

I. *The Christian Warfare.* (L. M.)

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite,
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps, and endless night.

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 What though thine inward lusts rebel,
Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end thy strife.
- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.
- 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies,
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

625. *Christian Fortitude. (C. M.)*

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease ;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas.
- 3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord !
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 4 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine,
In robes of vict'ry thro' the skies,
The glory shall be mine.

THE CHRISTIAN.

6. *The Heavenly Voyage. (P. M.)*

JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep ;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep :
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.

Thou art my pilot wise ;
My compass is thy word :
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord !
I trust his faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

Though rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye ;
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And I each boist'rous storm out-ride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest :
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesu's breast !
O may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more !

5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss ;
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss :
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

THE CHRISTIAN.

6 Come, heav'nly wind, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace,
To waft from all below
To heav'n, my destin'd place!
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

27. *The Triumph of Faith.* (P.M.)

1 **H**EAD of the Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear,
Thy members here,
Shall sing like those in glory;
We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise,
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting,
In thine almighty favour,
The love divine,
Which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people,
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
Whilst thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.

THE CHRISTIAN.

The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes ;
 By thee we shall
 Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.
By faith we see the glory,
To which thou shalt restore us ;
 The cross despise
 For that high prize
Which thou hast set before us ;
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand
 At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

True, and false Zeal. (C. M.)

WHILE carnal men, with all their might,
 Earth's vanities pursue ;
ow slow th' advances which I make,
 With heav'n itself in view.
spire my soul with holy zeal ;
Great God, my love inflame ;
eligion without zeal and love,
 Is but an empty name.
o gain the top of Zion's hill,
I would with fervour strive ;
nd all these pow'rs employ for thee,
 Which I from thee derive.

Communion with God. (P. M.)

HOU Shepherd of Israel divine,
 The joy of the contrite in heart ;
or closer communion they pine,
 Still, still to reside where thou art ;

THE CHRISTIAN.

The pasture, O when shall we find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed ; on thy bosom reclin'd,
Are screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah ! show us that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstacy gaze,
And rest in the Saviour, their God !
Thy love for lost sinners declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree,
Our spirits to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only we'd covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast :
'Tis there we would always abide,
And never a moment depart ;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

630. Walking with God. Gen. v. 24. (C.M.)

1 O H ! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'ly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word ?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be ;
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

1. *Gratitude. (P. M.)*

WHAT shall we render unto thee,
Thou glorious Lord of life and pow'r !
Teach us to bow the humble knee,
Teach us with thankfulness t' adore ;
To praise thee as thy saints above,
To praise thee for thy wond'rous love.

When, like lost sheep, we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful Shepherd's eye ;
When borne along the impetuous tide
Of this world's sin and vanity ;
Then Jesus from the heav'ns came down,
To save us by his grace alone.

He bore our sins upon the tree,
To seek and save the lost he came ;
There was he bound to set us free
From death, and everlasting shame :
The captive flock from hell was freed,
And ransom'd when their Shepherd bled.

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 Before the Father's awful throne,
Our merciful High Priest yet stands,
And interceding for his own,
The purchas'd remnant now demands :
His people's everlasting Friend,
Who loving—loves them to the end.
- 5 May we, his banish'd ones, rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own ;
And take him for our only choice,
And cleave to him in love alone ;
Still growing up in holiness,
Till call'd to meet in realms of bliss.
- 6 Then shall our grateful songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be wip'd away :
No sin, no sorrow, shall be found,
No night o'erspread the endless day.
O praise him ! all beneath—above,
O praise him ! praise the God of love !

632. *Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.* (C.M.)

- 1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so ?
Awake, my sluggish soul !
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants for one poor grain,
Labour, and tug, and strive ;
Yet we, who have an heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live !
- 3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move ;
We for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above.

THE CHRISTIAN.

634. *Will ye also go away?* John vi. 67-69.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas what numbers do !)

Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
“ Wilt thou forsake me too ? ”

2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast ;
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
To save a wretch like me ;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee ?

4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd,
Thou art the Christ of God ;
Who hast eternal life secur'd
By promise, and by blood.

5 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart ;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

635. *The Christian Warfare.* (P. M.)

1 HARK ! how the watchmen cry !
Attend the trumpet's sound,
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The pow'rs of hell surround :
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare ;
The day of battle is at hand !
Go forth to glorious war !

THE CHRISTIAN.

See on the mountain-top,
The standard of your God !
Jesu's name I lift it up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
His standard-bearer I,
To all the nations call ;
t all to Jesu's cross draw nigh :
He bore the cross for all.

Go up with Christ your head,
Your Captain's footsteps see :
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given ;
He ever reigns the same :
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesu's name.

Only have faith in God ;
In vain your foes assail ;
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell :
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule the lower world.

6. *Watchfulness. (P. M.)*

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky ;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil :
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

THE CHRISTIAN.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give !
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely ;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

637. *Desiring Growth in Grace.* (C. M.)

- 1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry sinful heart :
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.
- 2 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear :
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 3 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 4 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride ;
Give us in heav'n a happy lot,
With all the sanctify'd.

638. *The universal Law of Equity.* Matt. viii (L. M.)

- 1 BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine
“ To do to all men just the same,
“ As we expect or wish from them.”

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch ; nor baleful star
Darts his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord ; his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from every snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no power ;
And in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

640. *Preservation by Day and Night.* (L. M.)

- 1 To heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid :
The Lord, that built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom he designs to keep ;
His ear attends the softest call,
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest powers,
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours,
Against surprising harm.
- 4 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord ;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Just and holy is thy name,—
I am all unrighteousness ;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity !

642.

An Hiding Place. (L. M.)

- 1 **H**AIL, sov'reign grace, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul an hiding place.
- 2 Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole ;
No flaming bolt could daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.
- 3 On him almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell ;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became their hiding place.
- 4 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the songs of grace,
And see my glorious hiding place.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Safety in Christ. (P. M.)

RE there not in the labourer's day,
Twelve hours, wherein he safely may
His calling's works pursue?
No' sin and Satan still are near,
or sin, nor Satan will I fear,
With Jesus in my view.

or all the pow'rs of hell can fright
soul that walks with Christ in light;
He walks, and cannot fall:
Early he sees, and wins his way,
Nining unto the perfect day,
And more than conquers all.

ight of the world, thy beams I bless;
n thee, bright Sun of Righteousness,
My faith hath fix'd its eye:
uided by thee, through all I go,
or fear the ruin spread below,
For thou art always nigh.

en thousand snares my path beset,
et shall I, Lord, the work complete,
Which thou to me hast giv'n:
iperior to the pains I feel,
ose by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heav'n.

ill may I strive, and labour still,
ith humble zeal, to do thy will,
And trust in thy defence!
y soul into thy hands I give;
nd, if he can obtain thy leave,
Let Satan pluck me thence.

THE CHRISTIAN.

(i) 44. *Mercies and Thanks.* (C. M.)

- 1 **H**OW can I sink with such a prop,
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heav'ns abroad?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives,
From mine exalted head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

645. *The Happiness of the Christian.* (L. M.)

- 1 **H**APPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessings of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description he,
Who knows, "the Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heav'nly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price,
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd to her.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise ;
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honour that descends from God.

O purest joys she all invites,
Haste, holy, spiritual delights ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.

Happy the man who wisdom gains,
Hrice happy who his guest retains ;
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heav'n are one.

6. *The Christian's Treasure.* 2 Cor. iii. 21, 22, (L. M.)

HOW vast the treasure we possess !
How rich thy bounty, King of grace !
This world is ours, and worlds to come :
Earth is our lodge, and heav'n our home.

All things are ours ; the gifts of God ;
The purchase of a Saviour's blood :
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use, and to improve them too.

If peace and plenty crown my days,
Help me, Lord, to speak thy praise :
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

Father, I wait thy daily will ;
Thou shalt divide my portion still :
Leave me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

'THE CHRISTIAN.

647. *The Privileges of the People of God. (P.)*

- 1 **B**LESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own blood
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.
- 2 God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun ;
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe.
- 3 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace ;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day.
- 4 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness ;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.
- 5 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of an heav'nly birth ;
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure seed remains within.
- 6 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood :
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
- 7 Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers quite to this world's mirth ;
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasure which can never cloy.

THE CHRISTIAN.

649.

Humility. (C. M.)

1 **I**S there ambition in my heart?
I Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild ;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward :
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

650. *The Pharisee and the Publican.*

Luke xviii. 10, &c. (L. M.)

1 **B**EHOLD, how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee !
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands ;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows ;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee ;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

THE CHRISTIAN.

1. A Prayer for Humility. (P. M.)

LORD, if thou the grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart;
I shall as my master be,
Rooted in humility.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.

Father! fix my soul on thee,
Ev'ry evil let me flee;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy, happy in thy love!

O! that all may seek and find,
Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore!

2. Self-abasement. (P. M.)

SAVIOUR! and can it be,
That thou should'st dwell with me!
From thine high and lofty throne,
Throne of everlasting bliss;
Will thy Majesty stoop down,
To so mean an house as this!

I am not worthy, Lord,
So vile, and self-abhorr'd,
Thee, my God, to entertain,
In this polluted heart:
I am a frail sinful man,
All my nature cries, "Depart!"

THE CHRISTIAN.

3 Yet come, thou Heav'ly Guest,
And purify my breast !
Come thou great, and glorious King,
While before thy cross I bow,
With thyself salvation bring,
Cleanse the house by entering now !

653. *Holiness and Grace.* Titus ii. 10—13. (L. M.)

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God ;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

654. *Inward Religion.* James i. 29. (C. M.)

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern,
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
Twill fit us for declining age,
Or for the awful tomb.

Let may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own.

Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove,
My heart to be sincere.

Let lively hope my soul inspire ;
Let warm affections rise ;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.

. *The World's three chief Temptations.*

(C. M.)

WHEN in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too !

Honour's a puff of noisy breath ;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust ;
They rob the serpent of his food,
They indulge a sordid lust.

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 The pleasures that allure our sense,
Are dang'rous snares to souls !
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.
- 5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice ;
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.
- 6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew ;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heav'n for you.

656. *Satan's various Temptations.* (C. M.)

- 1 I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath ;
The serpent takes a thousand forms,
To cheat our souls to death.
- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear ;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption, or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, " how easy 'tis
" To walk the road to heav'n ;"
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
" They cannot be forgiv'n."
- 4 He bids young sinners, " yet forbear
" To think of God or death ;
" For prayer and devotion are
" But melancholy breath."

THE CHRISTIAN.

He tells the aged, “ They must die ;
“ And 'tis too late to pray ;
“ In vain for mercy now they cry,
“ For they have lost their day.”

Thus he supports his cruel throne,
By mischief and deceit ;
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness, and the pit.

Almighty God, cut short his pow'r,
Let him in darkness dwell ;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

7. *Conflict and Temptation. (L. M.)*

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky :
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide, and guard me through the storm ;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, say, “ Peace, be still.”

Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

Dangers of ev'ry shape and name,
Attend the foll'wers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

THE CHRISTIAN.

5 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
My Saviour, through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main,
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

658. *Restoring and preserving Grace.* (L.M.)

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 Angels that make the church thy care,
Shall witness my devotion there ;
While holy zeal directs my eyes,
To thy fair temple in the skies.

3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
Not all thy works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

4 To God I cry'd when troubles rose,
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes ;
He did my rising fears controul,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

5 The God of heav'n maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

THE CHRISTIAN.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, thro' thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart :
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy grief unknown ;
Turn, and look, &c.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die ;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye :
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down ;
Turn, and look, &c.

4 Look, as when thine eye pursu'd
The first apostate man,
Saw him, weltering in his blood,
And bade him rise again :
Speak my Paradise restor'd,
Redeem me by thy grace alone :
Turn, and look, &c.

5 Look, as when thy weeping eye,
The bloody city view'd,
Those who ston'd, and doom'd to die,
The prophets, and their God :
I deserve their sad reward,
But this my gracious day I own :
Turn, and look, &c.

6 Look, as when thy grace beheld
The harlot in distress,
Dried her tears, her pardon seal'd,
And bade her go in peace :

THE CHRISTIAN.

'oul, like her, and self-abhorr'd,
I, at thy feet, for mercy groan :
'urn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

. *Hardness of Heart complained of. (C. M.)*

MY heart, how dreadful hard it is !
How heavy here it lies ;
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice !

Sin like a raging tyrant sits,
Upon this flinty throne,
And every grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this heart of mine.

How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above !
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

When smiling mercy courts my soul,
With all its heav'nly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing,
Would thrust it from my arms.

Against the thunders of thy word,
Rebellious I have stood ;
My heart it shakes not at the wrath,
And terrors of a God.

Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine,
In thine own crimson sea :
None but a bath of blood divine,
Can melt the flint away.

THE CHRISTIAN.

662.

Flesh and Spirit. (C. M.)

- 1 **W**HAT different powers of grace and sin !
Attend our mortal state ;
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign :
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.
- 3 So darkness struggles with the light,
Till perfect day arise ;
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.
- 4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace ;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

663.

Unfruitfulness. (C. M.)

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound,
Of thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain ;
How small a portion of thy grace,
My memory can retain !
- 3 My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known,
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne !

THE CHRISTIAN.

How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !

Great God, thy sov'reign power impart,
To give thy word success :
Write the salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

Show my forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

4. *Remember me. (C. M.)*

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

When groaning, on my burden'd heart,
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love, remember me.

Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee ;
O give me strength, Lord, as my day,
For good remember me.

Distress'd with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief :
Hear, and remember me.

THE CHORAL BOOK.

- 4 If we are thine, for thy dear name,
Thine And representatives here:
All bad research, and wrongdone done,
If thou remember me.
- 5 The hour is near, consign'd to death,
I own the just decree;
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, remember me!

665. Praise thy Grace. Jude, 20, 25. A. L.

- 1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King:
Let all the saints below the skies,
Their humble praises sing.
- 2 Thine almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present his saints,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys immensely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne:
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

Glory Redemer God,
Thy name and pow'r belongs:
To give us of thyself,
A glorious reign.

THE CHRISTIAN.

i. *Saints in the Hand of Christ.*

John x. 28, 29. (C. M.)

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust ;
If I am found in Jesu's hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.
His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep ;
All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.
Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast ;
In the dear bosom of his love,
They must for ever rest.

ii. *The Days of thy Mourning shall be ended.*

(P. M.)

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heav'n thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove :
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above !
Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source ;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face ;
Upwards tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

THE CHRISTIAN.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and you know,
 Happy entrance will be given ;
All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchang'd for heav'n !

668. *Love of Christ. (C. M.)*

1 T'O our Redeemer's glorious name,
 Awake the sacred song !
O may his love (immortal flame !)
 Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach !
 What mortal tongue display !
Imagination's utmost stretch,
 In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,
 And gratitude and joy ;
Jesus be our supreme delight,
 His praise our best employ.

4 Jesus, who left his throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss ;
And came to earth to bleed and die :
 Was ever love like this !

5 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay,
 Our humble thanks to thee,
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
 “ The Saviour dy'd for me !”

THE CHRISTIAN.

May the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue !
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

Longing for Heaven. (C. M.)

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee.

When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
And pearly gates behold ;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold.

O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend ;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end.

There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain or woe,
Or feel at death, dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Forward press towards perfection,
Watch, and pray, and all things prove ;
Seek to know your God's election,
Know his everlasting love.

Dread backsliding, scorn dissembling,
Now salvation's near in view ;
Work it out with fear and trembling,
'Tis your God that works in you.

I. *God, our everlasting Light.* Isa. lx. 20.
(C. M.)

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light ;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, resplendent orb of day
In brighter flames array'd ;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light,
Shall there his beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes ;
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amidst those brighter skies.

THE CHRISTIAN.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite ;
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight.

672. *Comfortable Prospect of Death and Judgment.* (P. M.)

1 YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake ;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take :
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heav'nly Bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are :
Make ready for your free reward ;
Go forth, with joy, to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend ;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend :
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace,
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye, that have here receiv'd
The unction from above,
And in his spirit liv'd,
And thirsted for his love :
Jesus shall claim you for his bride ;
Rejoice with all the sanctify'd.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Rejoice, in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up,
To stand before his throne ;
all'd to partake the marriage-feast,
and lean on our Immanuel's breast.

The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
above those angel-powers
In glorious joy to live :
'ar from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound ;
To see our Lord appear,
Watching, may we be found !
With that blest wedding-robe indu'd,
The blood and righteousness of God.

True and false zeal. (C. M.)

ZEAL is that pure and heav'nly flame
The fire of love supplies ;
While that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.

True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear ;
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace ;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
 Its end is satisfy'd,
If sinners love the Saviour's name,
 Nor seeks it ought beside.
- 5 But self, however well employ'd,
 Has its own ends in view,
And says, as boasting Jehu cry'd,
 " Come, see what I can do."
- 6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
 And be applauded here ;
But zeal the best applause will gain,
 When Jesus shall appear.
- 7 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
 And from our hearts remove ;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
 But that which springs from love.

674. *Prospect of Glory.* (P. M.)

- 1 SHOUT, all our elder brethren,
 While we record the story
 Of Him who came,
 And suffer'd shame,
To bring us back to glory :
 Angels in deep amazement,
 Who round our altars hover,
 Adoring, gaze !
 And sing the grace
 Of an eternal Lover.
- 2 By faith we grasp the mantle
 Of his atoning merit,
 By faith embrace
 His righteousness,
Through his enabling Spirit ;

MISCELLANEOUS.

We rest beneath his shadow,
Till in death's chariot driven,
From earth we rise,
And mount the skies,
To meet our Lord in heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

75. *The Books opened.* Rev. xx. 12. (L. M.)

BEHOLD ! the last great day is come ;
Methinks I hear the trumpet's sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.

• The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command ;
Both small and great, now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand !

Behold, the awful books display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men ;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.

To every soul the books assign
The joyous, or the dread reward :
Sinners, in vain, lament, and pine,
No pleas the Judge will here regard.

5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve ;
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

MISCELLANEOUS.

376. *Precious in the Sight of the Lord, is the Death of his Saints.* (P. M.)

- 1 **A**H ! lovely appearance of death,
No sight upon earth is so fair ;
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with this dead body compare ;
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.
- 2 How blest the believer, bereft
Of all that can burthen the mind !
How easy the soul that hath left
This wearisome body behind !
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see ;
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain !
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex them again :
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay,
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
This quiet immoveable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more :
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble, and torturing pain :
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 Riches and all that deck the great,
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring:
The tribute pour before his seat,
And hail the triumphs of our King.
- 5 Wisdom and strength are his alone,
He rais'd the top-stone, shouting grace;
Honour has built his lofty throne,
And glory shines upon his face.
- 6 From heav'n, from earth, loud bursts of prai
The mighty blessings shall proclaim:
Blessings that earth to glory raise;
The purchase of the wounded Lamb.
- 7 Higher, still higher, swell the strain;
Creation's voice the note prolong:
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign:
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

678. *Self-Dedication.* (P. M.)

- 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One;
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.
- 2 If so poor a worm as I,
May to thy great glory live;
All mine actions sanctify,
All my thoughts and words receive:
Claim me for thy service—claim
All I have, and all I am.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Take my soul and body's pow'rs,
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will,
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, and speak, and do :
Take my heart—but make it new.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One ;
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done :
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

). *The Church's Glory.* Psalm lxxxvii. 3. (P.M.)

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God !
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode ;
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
To supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove :
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
Grace, which like the Lord the giver,
Never fails, from age to age.

MISCELLANEOUS.

3 Saviour, if of Zion's city,
I thro' grace a member am ;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name :
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

680. *Celebrating Free Grace.* (C. M.)

1 GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those
Who feel they sinners are !
Sunk and distress'd, they taste and know
Their heav'n is only there.

2 Let me, my Saviour and my God,
On sov'reign grace rely ;
And own 'tis free, because bestow'd
On one so vile as I.

3 Free grace alone can wipe the tears
From my lamenting eyes,
And raise my soul from guilty fears,
To joy that never dies.

4 Free grace can death itself out-brave,
And take the sting away :
Can sinners to the utmost save,
And them to heav'n convey.

5 May I be found a living stone,
In Salem's streets above ;
And help to sing, before the throne,
Free grace, and dying love.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I. *Jesus seen of Angels.* (C. M.)

BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
The great Redeemer dwells.

Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine,
At his right hand with golden harps,
To offer songs divine.

Hail, Prince ! they cry—for ever hail !
Whose unexampled love
Mov'd thee to quit those glorious realms
And royalties above.

Whilst he did descend on earth,
To suffer scorn and pain,
They cast their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.

Through all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend ;
Oft wond'ring how, and where at last,
This mystic scene would end.

They saw his heart, transfix'd with wounds,
With love and grief run o'er ;
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er brake before.

They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne ;
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cry'd,
“ The glorious work is done !”

MISCELLANEOUS.

182. *To the Holy Ghost.* (P. M.)

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.
- 2 **H**ear, O hear, our supplication,
Loving Spirit, God of peace:
Rest upon this congregation,
Great distributor of grace!
- 3 **C**ome, thou best of all donations,
God can give, or we implore :
Having thy sweet consolations,
We can ask or wish no more.
- 4 **A**uthor of our new creation,
Bid us all thine influence prove ;
Make our souls thy habitation,
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

683. *The Resurrection of Christ.* (P. M.)

- 1 **J**ESUS, who dy'd, the world to save,
Revives and rises from the grave,
By his almighty pow'r :
From sin and death he sets us free,
He captive leads captivity,
He lives to die no more.
- 2 **C**hildren of God, look up and see,
Your Saviour cloth'd with majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb :
Cease, cease to grieve, cast off your fear
In heav'n your mansion he prepares,
And soon will take you home.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 How well thy blessed truths agree !
How wise and holy thy commands !
Thy promises how firm they be !
How firm our hope and comfort stands !
- 5 Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss,
Could raise such pleasures in the mind ;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.
- 6 Should all the forms that men devise,
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

686. *Brotherly Love.* (C. M.)

- 1 **L**O ! what an entertaining sight,
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety !
- 2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring
Descend to every soul,
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.
- 3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aaron's rev'rend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews,
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jesus precious. (P. M.)

LE^T earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind !
adore the great atoning Lamb,
and bless the sound of Jesu's name.

Jesus, transporting sound !
The joy of earth and heav'n ;
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n,
y which we can salvation have,
t Jesus came the world to save.

Jesus, harmonious name !
It charms the hosts above :
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love :
'is all their happiness to gaze,
'is heav'n to see our Jesu's face.

His name the sinner hears,
And is from guilt set free ;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory ;
ew songs do now his lips employ,
nd dances his glad heart for joy.

God our Shepherd. (L. M.)

MY Shepherd is the living Lord ;
Now shall my wants be well supply'd
[is providence and holy word,
ecome my safety and my guide.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 In pastures where salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest:
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.
- 3 My wandering feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my shepherd's with me there.

689. *The Happiness of the Christian.* (C. M.)

- 1 O HAPPY soul, that lives on high ;
While men lie grov'ling here !
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine,
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God ;
His God in secret sees :
Let earth be all in arms abroad ;
He dwells in heav'nly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
- 4 Whilst all the stars around her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What tho' in solemn silence all,
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,
What tho' no real voice nor sound,
Amidst the radiant orbs be found :
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice :
For ever singing as they shine—
“ The hand that made us is divine.”

692. *The Glories of Immanuel.* (L. M.)

- 1 WHEN Jesus first at Heav'n's command,
Descended from his azure throne,
Attending angels join'd his praise,
Who claim'd the kingdoms for his own ;
Hail Immanuel ! Immanuel we'll adore,
And sound his Name from shore to shore.
- 2 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
The pow'rs of darkness trembling stood,
To hear the dire decree, and feel
The vengeance of the mighty God.
- 3 Not with the sword that warriors wear,
But with a sceptre dipt in blood,
He bends the nations to obey ;
And rules them by the love of God.

MISCELLANEOUS.

694. *Rejoicing in Hope.* (P. M.)

- 1 I SHALL not always make my moan,
Nor worship thee a God unknown ;
But I shall live to prove,
Thy people's rest, thy saints' delight,
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Oh, that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess ;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
An howling wilderness. .
- 3 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in ;
Sprinkle thy blood, forgive my sin,
My unbelief remove :
The purchase of thy death divide,
And, oh ! with all the sanctiy'd,
Give me a lot of love.

695. *The Last Judgment.* (P. M.)

(Martin Luther's Hymn.)

- 1 G REAT God, what do we see and hear ?
The end of things created ?
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead, which they contain'd before
Prepare, my soul, to meet him !

MISCELLANEOUS.

Backslidings and Returns. (C. M.)

WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day,
With thee, no more by night?

Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

When my forgetful soul renewes
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

But ere one fleeting hour is pass'd,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

Rifles of nature or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude upon my thoughtless heart,
And thrust thee from my arms.

When I repent and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so,
Where will those wild affections roll,
That let a Saviour go!

When's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief.

MISCELLANEOUS.

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
 He draws with loving bands ;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
 And pardon in his hands.

9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
 In chase of false delight !
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
 Rather than lose thy sight.

10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
 And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
 My God, my Saviour's breast.

697. *An Evening Hymn. (P. M.)*

1 **W**HAT though my frail eye-lids refuse
 Continual watching to keep,
And, punctual as midnight renewes,
 Demand the refreshment of sleep :
A sovereign protector I have,
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand,
Unchangeable, faithful to save,
 Almighty to rule and command.

2 From evil secure, and its dread,
 I rest if my Saviour is nigh,
And songs, when awake on my bed,
 His presence shall nightly supply ;
He smiles—and my comforts abound,
 His grace as the dew shall descend,
And walls of salvation surround
 The soul he delights to defend.

3 Kind Author and Ground of my hope,
 Thee, thee for my God I avow,
My glad Ebenezer set up,
 And own thou hast help'd me till now

MISCELLANEOUS.

I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou hast
Nor wilt thou relinquish at last,
A sinner so signally lov'd.

Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing
And while they protect my repose
They chant to the praise of my
I, too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love, and adore without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

- At the Funeral of a Young Person.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched
By death's resistless hand,
Or hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
Pity prompts the rising sigh;
I may this truth, imprest
The awful pow'r,—I too must die,—
Ink deep in ev'ry breast.
This vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
As us seize the present hour,
Morrow death may come.
Voice of this alarming scene,
Y ev'ry heart obey:
The heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
Is fly, to Jesus fly,
whose pow'ful arm can save;
All our hopes ascend on high
Triumph o'er the grave,

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 699.** *Exhortation to Prayer.* (L. M.)
- 1 **W**HAT various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat !
Yet who, that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Pray'r makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight ;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Isr'el's side ;
But when thro' weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words ? ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent ;
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
“ Hear what the Lord has done for me.”

700. *The Nativity of Christ.* (C. M.)

- 1 **S**HEPHERDS rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away ;
News from the region of the skies,
A Saviour's born to-day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

2 Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
 Comes down to dwell with you,
To-day he makes his entrance here,
 But not as monarchs do.

3 Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
 And see his humble throne ;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
 Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.

4 Glory to God who reigns above,
 Let peace surround the earth ;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
 At their Redeemer's birth.

5 Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,
 And men no tunes to raise ?
O may we lose these useless tongues,
 When we forget to praise.

6 Glory to God, who reigns above,
 That pitied us forlorn ;
We join to sing our Maker's love,
 For there's a Saviour born.

01. *God our Refuge.* (C. M.)

1 MY hiding place, my refuge, tow'r,
 And shield, art thou, O Lord ;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
 On thine unerring word.

2 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
 The mighty promise shines !
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
 Those everlasting lines.

MISCELLANEOUS.

3 The sacred word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies ;
The voice which rolls the stars along,
Spake all the promises.

4 My hiding place, my refuge, tow'r,
And shield, art thou, O Lord ;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thine unerring word.

702. *God glorious, and Sinners saved.* (C. M.)

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise ;
Known through the earth by thousand signs
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill ;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy great design,
To save rebellious worms ;
Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms :

4 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dare a creature guess,
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice, or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb,
Adorn the heav'nly plains ;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

MISCELLANEOUS.

6 O, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song,
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

703. *The Benefit of Affliction.* (P. M.)

1 HOW happy the sorrowful man,
Whose sorrow is sent from above !
Awak'd by a visit of pain,
Chastis'd by omnipotent love :
The author of all his distress,
He comes by affliction to know ;
And God, he in heaven shall bless,
That ever he suffer'd below.

2 Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And hear the intent of his rod ;
The marks of adoption receive,
The strokes of a merciful God :
With nearer access to his throne,
My burthen of folly confess,
The cause of my miseries own,
And cry for an answer of peace.

3 O Father of mercies, on me,
On me in affliction bestow
A pow'r of applying to thee,
A sanctify'd use of my woe :
I would in a spirit of prayer,
To all thy appointments submit ;
The pledge of my happiness bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

4 Then, Father, and never till then,
I all the felicity prove,
Of living a moment in pain,
Of dying in Jesus's love :

MISCELLANEOUS.

A sufferer here with my Lord,
With Jesus above I sit down,
Receive an eternal reward,
And glory obtain in a crown.

704. *The Holy Spirit implored.* (S. M.)

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood ;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell therefore in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

705. *A Morning Hymn.* (L. M.)

- 1 WAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run :
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

MISCELLANEOUS.

08. *Admiration of the Love of Christ.* (L. M.)

THE fairest of ten thousand fairs,
Bends down his chariot from the skies ;
Infinite grace his way prepares,
Infinite love adorns his eyes.

O ! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love !

When, as a traitor doom'd to fire,
I stood condemn'd to endless pains ;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood ?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God ?

Now may my tongue in ceaseless praise,
Make known the wonders he hath done ;
May all my heart admire his grace,
And all my life be his alone.

09. *A happy Prospect.* (C. M.)

L ORD, when this mortal frame decays,
And ev'ry weakness dies :
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

Then shall my joyful pow'r's unite,
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light,
In everlasting praise.

MISCELLANEOUS.

710. *Prayer and Hope. (P. M.)*

- 1 SON of God ! thy blessing grant,
Still supply my ev'ry want ;
Tree of life, thine influence shed,
With thy fruit my spirit feed !
- 2 Tend'rest branch, alas ! am I,
Wither without thee, and die :
Weak as helpless infancy—
O confirm my soul in thee.
- 3 Unsustain'd by thee I fall,
Send the strength for which I call !
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on thee depend,
Love me ! save me to the end !
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise !

711. *Christ our Wisdom, &c. (S. M.)*

- 1 HOW heavy is the night,
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light,
O'er our dark souls arise !
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven ;
But, in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiv'n.
- 3 Unholy and impure,
Are all our thoughts and ways ;
His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Thy mis-spent moments past redeem ;
Each present day, thy last esteem :
Thy talents to improve take care ;
For the great Judgment-day prepare.

In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear :
Think, how th' all-seeing God, thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept !
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake !

Lord ! I my vows to thee renew ;
Disperse my sins, as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill !

Direct, controul, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures, here below :
Praise him above, angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

6. *Redeeming Mercy. (P. M.)*

AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood ?
Died he for me, who caus'd his pain,
For me ! who him to death pursu'd ?
Amazing love ! how can it be,
That thou, my God, shouldst die for me ?

MISCELLANEOUS.

2 'Tis mystery all : the Immortal dies ;
Who can explore this strange design ?
In vain the first-born seraph tries,
To sound the depths of love divine ;
'Tis mercy all ! let earth adore ;
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,
(So free, so infinite his grace !)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race ;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O, my God, it found out me !

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night :
Thine eye diffus'd a quick'ning ray ;
I woke ; the dungeon flam'd with light !
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread ;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine :
Alive in him, my living Head,
And cloth'd in righteousness divine ;
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my o-

707. *Praise and Confidence.* (P. M.)

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend ;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And never knows measure nor end :

2 'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come

MISCELLANEOUS.

The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain ;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God,
Thy sov'reign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

} *On the New Year. (L. M.)*

GOD of my life ! thy constant care,
With blessings crowns the op'ning year ;
This guilty life thou dost prolong,
And wake anew my annual song.

How many kindred souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since from this day, the cheering sun
Through his last yearly period run !

We yet survive, but who can say,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
“ I will retain this vital breath,”
Thus far, at least, in league with death.

That breath is thine, eternal God,
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode ;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

To thee our spirits we resign,
Make them, and own them still as thine ;
So shall they smile, secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

713. *The Lord's Supper.* (C. M.)

- 1 WHEN Christ our Lord a table spread
And heav'ly food prepares ;
Shall we, unmindful of his love,
Prefer our earthly cares ?
- 2 Let vain pursuits, and vain desires,
Be banish'd from the heart ;
The Saviour's love fill ev'ry breast,
And light and life impart.
- 3 He knew how frail our nature is,
Our souls how apt to stray ;
How much we need his gracious help,
To keep us in the way.
- 4 For these kind pledges of his love,
His mercy did ordain,
To bring refreshment to our souls,
And faith and hope sustain.
- 5 Since such his condescending grace,
Let us with hearts sincere,
Obedient to his holy will,
His table now draw near.
- 6 And while we join to celebrate
The suff'rings of our Lord,
May we receive new strength and pow'r,
To obey his holy word.

714. *On Opening a Place of Worship.** (C. M.)

- 1 WILL God in very deed descend,
And dwell with men below ?
An ear to mortal worship lend,
To us his glory show ?

* Sung at the opening of Banchory Chapel, 1832.

MISCELLANEOUS.

716. . . *Invitation to Christ.* (P. M.)

- 1 SWEET as the shepherd's tuneful reed,
From Sion's mount I heard the sound;
Gay sprang the flow'rets of the mead,
And gladden'd nature smil'd around.
The voice of peace salutes mine ear;
Christ's lovely voice perfumes the air.
- 2 Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks the note of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow.
Behold, the precious balm is found,
Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound.
- 3 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
Unburthen here the weighty load;
Here find thy refuge, and thy rest,
Safe on the bosom of thy God.
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word!
That sheaths th' avenger's glitt'ring sword.
- 4 As spring the winter, day the night,
Peace sorrow's gloom shall chase away;
And smiling joy, a seraph bright,
Shall 'tend thy steps, and near thee stay,
Whilst glory weaves th' immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own.

DOXOLOGIES AND DISMISSESS.

DOXOLOGIES AND DISMISSESS.

717. (L. M.)

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

718. (S. M.)

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

719. (L. M.)

DISMISSESS us with thy blessing, Lord ;
Make us to feed upon thy word :
Our faith confirm, our sins forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood :
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

720. (C. M.)

FAITHER, before we hence depart,
Send thy good Spirit down :
Let him reside in ev'ry heart,
And bless the seed that's sown.

DOXOLOGIES AND DISMISSESS.

3 Thou fountain of eternal love,
Who gav'st thy Son to die,
Let thy sweet unction, from above,
Enlighten and apply.

721. (P. M.)

- 1** **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
 O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.
- 2** Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound,
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
 Ever faithful,
To the truth may we be found.
- 3** So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever,
Reign with Christ in endless day !

722. (S. M.)

- 1** **O**NCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name:
Record his mercies ev'ry heart,
Sing ev'ry tongue the same.
- 2** Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practise what you know.

DOXOLOGIES AND DISMISSESSONS.

3 Now to God the Three in One,
Be eternal glory done ;
Raise, ye saints, the sound again,
Ye nations, join the loud Amen.

727. (C. M.)

GLORY to the Almighty Lord,
Who gave to all things breath ;
Glory unto the gracious word,
Who sav'd us by his death ;
Glory unto the Spirit be,
By whom all things do move :
All glory to the Trinity,
One glorious God above.

728. (P. M.)

TO God, the Father, King supreme,
And Christ, who did his Church redeem
And to the Holy Ghost,
In essence One, in persons Three,
Immortal praise and glory be,
By all the heav'nly host.

729. (P. M.)

GIVE glory to God, ye children of men
And publish abroad, again and again :
The Son's glorious merit, the Father's free grace,
The gifts of the Spirit, to Adam's lost race.

730. (P. M.)

YE sons of men, your voices raise,
And sing th' eternal Father's praise,
And glorify the Son.
Give glory to the Holy Ghost,
And join with all th' angelic host,
To bless the great Three-One.

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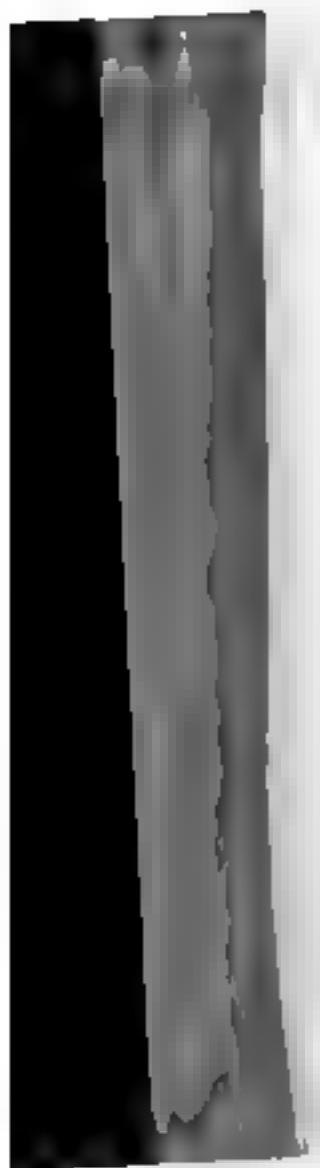
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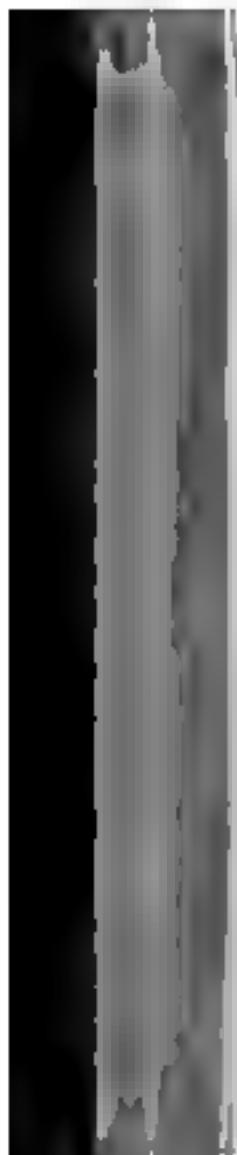
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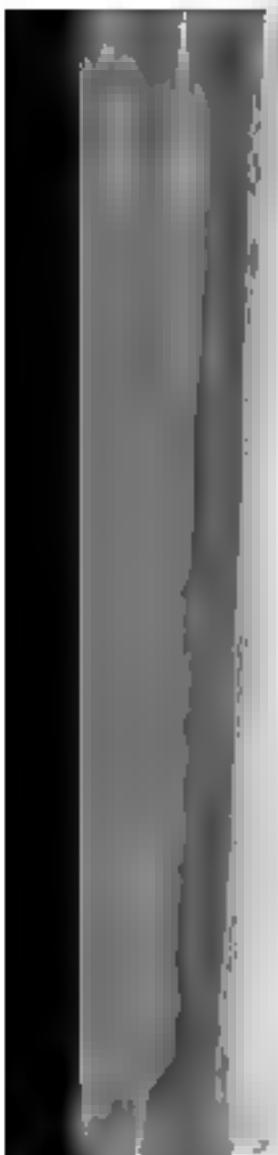
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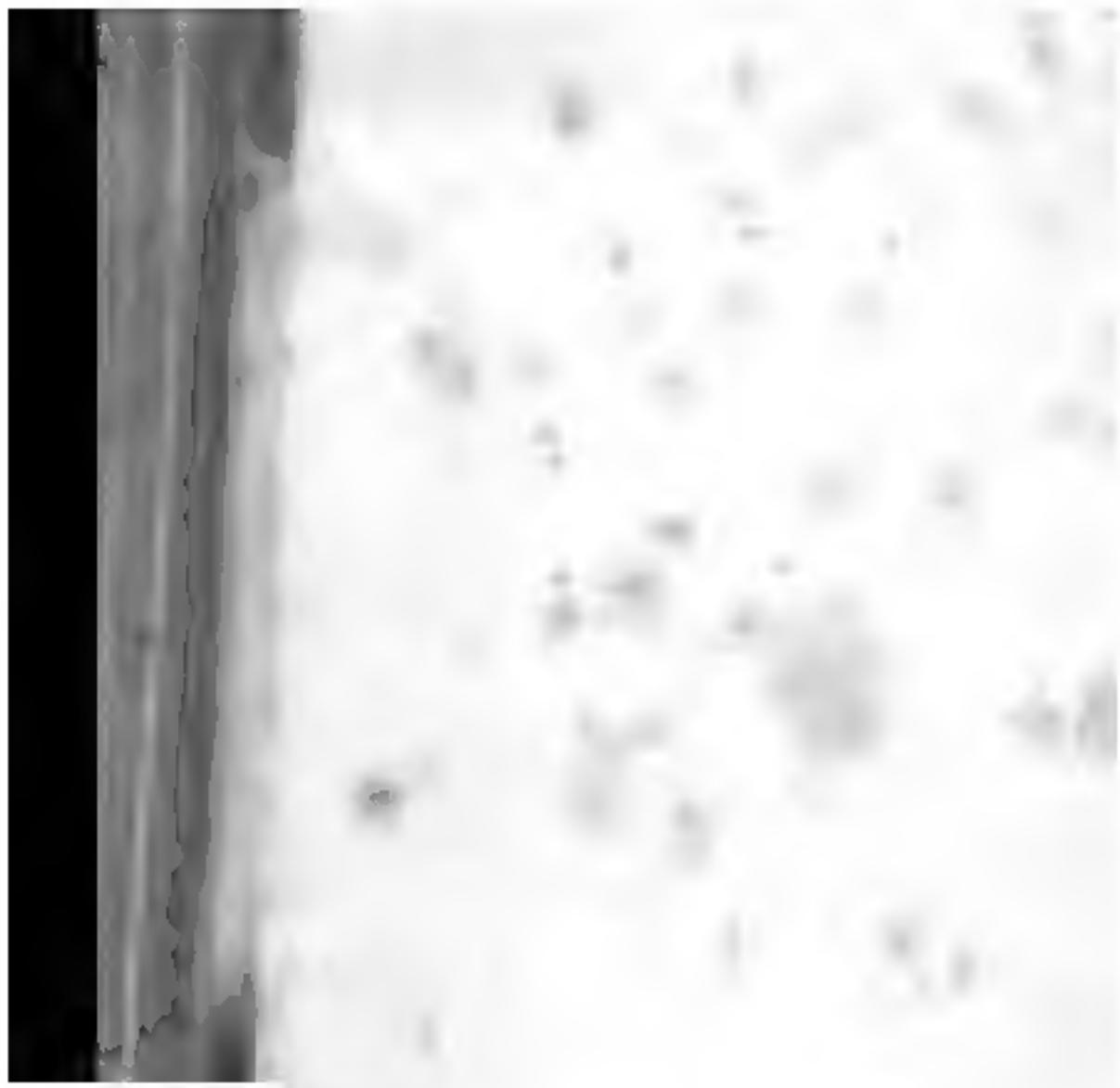


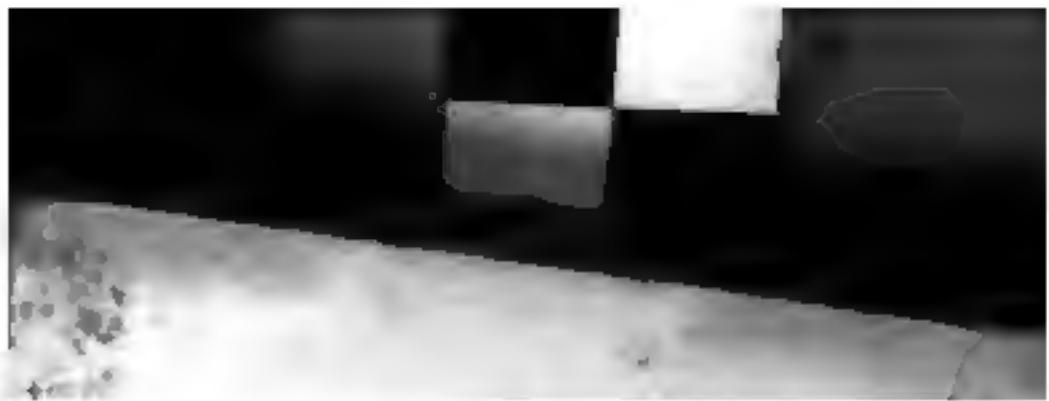












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